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Compleat Angler
or the
Contemplative man's
Recreation.

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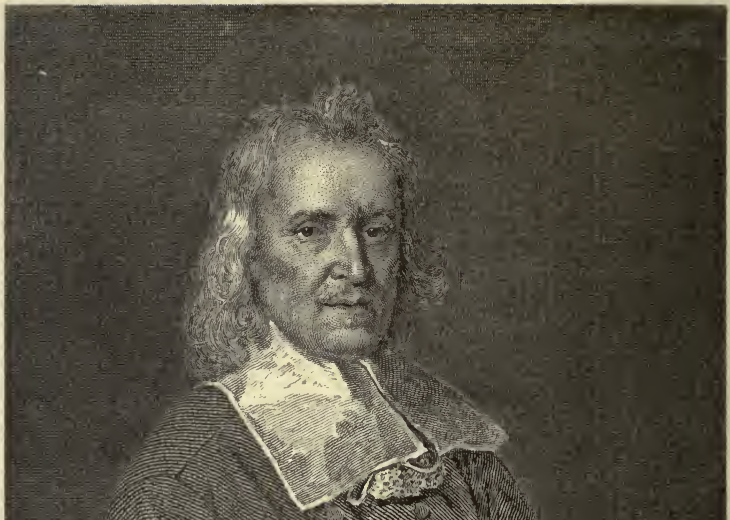
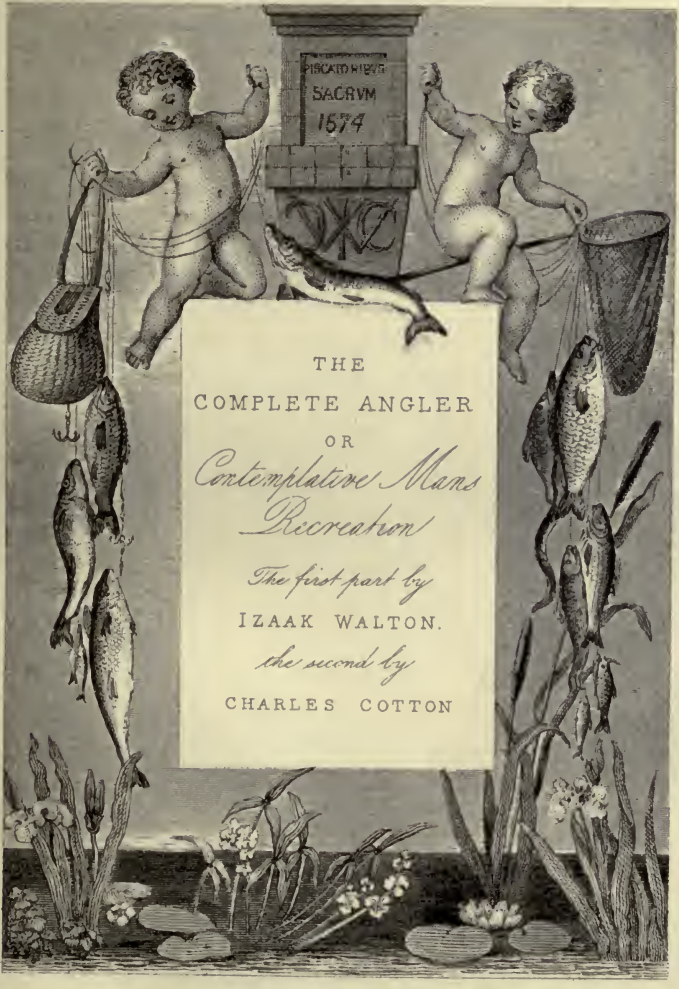


PORTRAIT OF WALTON

FROM A PICTURE BY HOUSEMAN



PISCATORIBVS
SACRVM
1674

THE
COMPLETE ANGLER
OR
*Contemplative Mans
Recreation*
The first part by
IZAAK WALTON.
the second by
CHARLES COTTON

ENGRAVED TITLE, DESIGNED BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

OR

The Contemplative Man's Recreation

BEING A DISCOURSE OF RIVERS FISH-PONDS
FISH AND FISHING WRITTEN BY

IZAAK WALTON

AND

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR
GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM BY

CHARLES COTTON

WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIRS AND NOTES BY
SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G.

And Sixty Illuſtrations from Deſigns by Stothard and Inſkipp

London
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1875

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

To the

REVEREND HERBERT HAWES, D.D

Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury,

This Edition of the Complete Angler,

As a Mark of Respect

for the Descendant of its venerable Author, and in Acknowledgment

of the

Assistance which he has afforded towards its Completion,

is respectfully inscribed by his most obedient

humble Servant,

N. HARRIS NICOLAS.

A
1875

PREFACE.

THE extreme popularity of the Complete Angler has been so fully proved by its numerous editions, that it can scarcely be necessary to solicit the favour of the public towards one more carefully edited, and more highly embellished, than any that has hitherto appeared.

Although much had been done to illustrate that beautiful Pastoral, it was still susceptible of pictorial embellishments of a superior character; and although great trouble had already been taken to discover information respecting Walton and Cotton, the subject was not exhausted.

The following observations will show the particular claims of these volumes to the patronage of the public.

Of the embellishments little need be said, because the merits or demerits of works of art speak for themselves. The scenery was painted on the spot by the late Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A., by whose ingenious pencil all the other Illustrations,

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except the Portraits and Fishes, were drawn. The Fishes were painted from nature by James Inskipp, Esq., who, to distinguished ability in his profession, unites the knowledge and ardour of a skilful angler. To his pencil the publisher is likewise indebted for the charming portraits of Walton and Cotton, "in their vocation;" and Mr Inskipp's favours have been much enhanced by the cordiality and zeal with which he has executed this important department of the work.

To general readers, as well as to Anglers, the portrait of the venerable Walton, engraved by Mr Humphrys, after the original by Housman, in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, Prebendary of Salisbury, will perhaps prove the most attractive illustration. From that picture all the engraved portraits are said to have been taken; but a single glance will show that in none of them have the real features been preserved. The present engraving is, however, no less faithful to the original than remarkable for its excellence as a work of art; and it may be said that a perfect resemblance of the patriarch of Anglers is now, for the first time, published.

With respect to the literary improvements which are presumed to have been made, and the plan which has been pursued, in this edition of the Complete Angler, it is to be observed that the text is that of the fifth edition, published in 1676, which was the last that was revised by the author; and the variations between it and the four previous editions are carefully indicated at the foot of each page. These variations are often curious, it being well known that Walton very considerably enlarged the second and the fifth edition of his work. As, however, a full account of the different editions of the Complete Angler will be found in the Memoir of Walton, it is unnecessary to say more on the subject.

Many original notes have been added to a selection of the most valuable of those which had appeared in preceding editions; and though the former are chiefly on points of a literary nature, some new piscatory illustrations, from the pens of experienced Anglers, will be found among them.*

A striking feature in the arrangement of this edition ought to be mentioned. All the previous editions of the Complete Angler are divided into chapters only, without any reference to the chronological plan of the work. The dialogue of the First Part occupies five separate days, and the conclusion of the first four of them is distinctly marked by the parties separating for the night. Except in the original edition of 1653, in which what is termed a "space" occurs at those places, there is no apparent division of time; and the dialogue proceeds, without any pause, from the "good-night" of the preceding evening, to the greeting and sports of the ensuing day, whilst the break, caused by a new chapter, is often found in the middle of a conversation, without the slightest change in the situation of the parties, merely because a different subject, or rather a new branch of the same subject, is introduced.

The inconsistency of this arrangement of a work so dramatic in character as the Complete Angler is evident; and it is really surprising that the unities of the piece should have hitherto been so completely lost sight of.

In this edition, the dialogue naturally forms five divisions, marked "The First Day," "The Second Day," "The Third

---

* The following explanation of the initials of the authors affixed to them will identify the respective contributors:—

H. indicates Sir John Hawkins, the editor of the edition published in 1760.

E. Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., editor of the edition published by Mr Bagster, 1815.

T. Richard Thomson, Esq., of the London Institution, the editor of the edition published by Mr Major, 1823.

Eu. H. is the signature of the late Mr Haslewood.

B. is the initial of Mr John Baker.

For the notes which are undistinguished the Editor is himself responsible.

Day," "The Fourth Day," and "The Fifth Day;" and no other notice is taken of the chapters than by stating at the head of each day the chapters which it contains, and inserting, in the margin, the number and title of each of them as they occur in the fifth edition.

A similar plan has also been adopted with respect to the Second Part of the work, by Charles Cotton, the dialogue of which occupies three days.

The research which has been used in seeking for new materials for the Lives of Walton and Cotton has been rewarded with great success; and it is not a little remarkable, that the sources which have proved most fertile were as accessible to his former as to his present biographer. The prefaces to Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, as well as those memoirs themselves, abound in anecdotes or traits of character of their amiable author, which had been unaccountably neglected. Walton's other pieces were scarcely less valuable for this purpose; and the same remark applies to the various productions of Charles Cotton. To every other source of information diligent application has also been made; and many new facts, especially as to family connections, have been brought to light. The plan upon which the Memoirs of Walton and Cotton have been written, was to introduce every word in which they have alluded to themselves, so as to render them, as far as was practicable, their own biographers. With this view, all their Letters which could be found, and the prefaces and dedications to their works, have been printed at length, whenever they, in any way, illustrated the character of the writers.

The pleasing duty remains of offering both the Publisher's and the Editor's thanks to those numerous persons from whom they have derived assistance. The list is long, and contains some names distinguished in literature, forming strong evidence of the homage which, at the distance of nearly two centuries, is paid by genius to the worth of "HONEST IZAAK."

Among the individuals by whose contributions this edition has been enriched, the names of Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum; the Rev. Dr Bliss, of the Bodleian Library; Charles George Young, Esq., York Herald; George Frederick Beltz, Esq., K.H., Lancaster Herald; the Rev. Joseph Hunter; Richard Thomson, Esq., of the London Institution; Mr John Baker; Sir Francis Sykes, Bart.; Mr Cafe; Thomas B. Chinn, Esq., of Lichfield; Edward Jesse, Esq., of Hampton Court; the late Joseph Haslewood, Esq.; B. H. Bright, Esq.; and Mr Hatcher, of Salisbury, are deserving of particular commemoration.

As the Editor was well aware of his incompetency to make any addition to the science of halieutics, he undertook with reluctance the task of superintending an edition of the Complete Angler. He felt that, on such matters, he might, like Alexander Brome, in his address to Walton, ask himself,

> "What make I here, to write of that
> I'm unskill'd in, and talk I know not what?"

His reluctance was, however, but of short duration, for no one who daily witnessed the Publisher's enthusiasm could possibly withstand its influence. He relieved him from all his difficulties by selecting the notes which relate to the art; while his own attention was entirely bestowed on the literary and biographical parts of the work. It has been to his friend Mr Pickering literally a labour of love. Neither time nor expense was spared to produce an edition of the Complete Angler worthy of the state of the Arts at the present day, and of the importance which was, in his opinion, due to the subject;

and during seven years in which the work has been in progress, his ardour never for a moment abated. It is now for the public to judge of the result of his efforts; and the Editor, who has so often benefited by his bibliographical knowledge, cannot deny himself the pleasure of expressing a hope that he to whose taste and exertions these volumes owe nearly all their value, may derive from them the credit which he so well deserves.

N. HARRIS NICOLAS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MEMOIR OF IZAAK WALTON xvii
  Notice of Sir Henry Wotton's Fishing-house, near Eton cxxix

APPENDIX TO THE MEMOIR OF WALTON.
  Pedigrees of the Families of Walton, Hawkins, Hawes, and Cranmer cxxxii
  Extracts from Wills, Probates, and Letters of Administration of Persons of the name of Walton cxxxvii
  Entries from Izaak Walton's Copy of the Book of Common Prayer cxl
  Copy of the Will of Dr Donne the younger . . . cxli
  Walton's Memoranda respecting John Hales . . . cxliii
  List of the Books formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury cxlvii
  Account of Walton's Charities to the Town of Stafford . cxlix
  List of Portraits of Walton's Family, in the possession of his Descendant, the Rev. Dr Hawes cli
  Notices of Izaak Walton, from the Parish Books of St Dunstan's in the West clii

MEMOIR OF CHARLES COTTON clix
  Pedigree of Cotton ccii
  Pedigrees of the Families of Ken and Chalkhill . . cciv

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Walton's Dedication of the Complete Angler 1
His Epistles to the Reader in the First, Second, and Fifth Editions 3, 4, 6
Commendatory Verses, addressed to Walton on the Publication of the Complete Angler 9

THE FIRST DAY :—
  Containing the First Chapter, being "A Conference betwixt an Angler, a Falconer, and a Hunter, each commending his Recreation" 19

PAGE

THE SECOND DAY :—
Containing the Second Chapter, "On the Otter and the Chub" 58

THE THIRD DAY :—
Containing Part of the Second Chapter, "On the Otter and the Chub" 61
The Third Chapter, containing Directions "How to Fish for and to Dress the Chavender or Chub" . . 66
The Fourth Chapter, "On the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to Fish for him" . . . 71
And Part of the Fifth Chapter, "On the Trout" . . 84

THE FOURTH DAY :—
Containing the remainder of the Fifth Chapter, "On the Trout" 90
The Sixth Chapter, "On the Umber or Grayling" . . 120
The Seventh Chapter, "On the Salmon" . . . 122
The Eighth Chapter, "On the Luce or Pike" . . 129
The Ninth Chapter, "On the Carp" . . . 140
The Tenth Chapter, "On the Bream" . . . 148
The Eleventh Chapter, "On the Tench" . . . 153
The Twelfth Chapter, "On the Perch" . . . 155
The Thirteenth Chapter, "Of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales" 158
The Fourteenth Chapter, "Of the Barbel" . . 166
The Fifteenth Chapter, "Of the Gudgeon, the Ruffe, and the Bleak" 171
The Sixteenth Chapter, "Of Nothing, or of Nothing worth" 173

THE FIFTH DAY :—
Containing the Seventeenth Chapter, "Of Roach and Dace" . 181
The Eighteenth Chapter, "Of the Minnow or Penk, Loach, Bullhead, or Miller's-Thumb, and the Sticklebag" . 192
The Nineteenth Chapter, "Of Rivers, and some Observation of Fish" 194
The Twentieth Chapter, "Of Fish-ponds" . . 198
And Chapter Twenty-first 201
A short Discourse, by way of Postscript, touching the Laws of Angling 212

THE SECOND PART OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Letter from Charles Cotton to Izaak Walton . . . 217
Walton's Reply thereto 218
The Retirement, Stanzes Irreguliers to Mr Izaak Walton . . 219

PAGE

THE FIRST DAY :—

Containing the First and Second Chapters . . . 222

THE SECOND DAY :—

Containing the Third Chapter 236
The Fourth 240
The Fifth 241
The Sixth 246
The Seventh and Eighth, containing a List of Artificial Flies 251

THE THIRD DAY :—

Containing the Ninth Chapter 264
The Tenth 265
The Eleventh 266
The Twelfth 271

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND APPENDIX TO THE COMPLETE ANGLER 274

INDEX 293

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

PLATE
1. Portrait of Walton, from a Picture by Housman, in the Possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, of Salisbury, copied by Mr Derby, engraved by W. Humphrys . . *Frontispiece*
2. Vignette of the Device of Walton, impaling the Arms of his two Wives, viz., Fludd and Ken ; and the Arms of Cotton, impaling his two Wives, viz., Hutchinson and Russell, drawn by Mr Willement, engraved on wood by Byfield . *Preface*
3. View of Sir Henry Wotton's Fishing-house on the Banks of the Thames, near Eton, drawn by Mr Edward Hassell, engraved by J. Adcock cxxix
4. View from the Lawn of Sir H. Wotton's Fishing-house, with Windsor Castle and Eton College in the distance, drawn by Mr Hassell, engraved by Adcock cxxxi
5. Portrait of Charles Cotton, Esq., from a Picture by Sir Peter Lely, in the Possession of John Beresford, Esq., at Ashbourne, copied by Mr Inskipp, and engraved by W. Humphrys clxiii
6. Portrait (whole length) of Izaak Walton, from a Painting by Mr Inskipp, engraved by H. Robinson . . . 1
7. Engraved Title, designed by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by A. Fox 1
8. Madeley Manor, the Seat of John Offley, Esq., engraved by Augustus Fox 1
9. Facsimile of the Title-page of the First Edition of the Compleat Angler, 1653 5
10. Vignette of a Mill-dam, drawn by Delamotte, engraved by Fox 8
11. The Greeting at Tottenham High Cross, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 19
12. Vignette, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. H. Worthington 19
13. Interior of Theobalds, from a Print by Sparrow, from an Original Picture then in the Collection of Earl Poulet, at Hinton St George, engraved by Fox 35
14. Exterior of Theobalds, from a Picture by Vinkenboom, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, engraved by J. Richardson 180

PLATE
15. THE THATCHED HOUSE, Hoddesdon, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 56
16. AMWELL HILL, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke 56
17. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 58
18. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 61
19. THE BREAKFAST, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 65
20. THE CHUB, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 65
21. MASTER AND SCHOLAR ANGLING, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 68
22. BLEAK HALL, drawn by W. Hixon, engraved by J. Richardson 78
23. THE MILKMAID'S SONG, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 79
24. THE TROUT, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 84
25. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 90
26. THE SYCAMORE-TREE, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 99
27. GEORGE INN, WARE, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 115
28. THE FLY-FISHER, from a Picture by Mr Inskipp, engraved by H. Robinson 120
29. THE GRAYLING, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox 121
30. THE SALMON, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 126
31. THE PIKE, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 135
32. BASKET OF PIKE, painted by Sir Francis Sykes, Bart., engraved by J. G. Armytage 140
33. THE CARP, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 145
34. THE BREAM, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 149
35. THE TENCH, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 154
36. VIGNETTE OF MILL-DAM, near St Cross, Winchester, drawn by Delamotte, engraved by Fox . . . 155
37. THE PERCH, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 157
38. THE EEL, painted by Mr Hixon, engraved by Fox . 163
39. THE BARBEL, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Fox . 168
40. THE ROACH, DACE, GUDGEON, BLEAK, RUFFE, BULLHEAD, MINNOW, AND LOACH, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by W. J. Wilkinson 171
41. THE SUPPER, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 174
42. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 181

PLATE
43. OLD LONDON BRIDGE, from a Drawing by Pine, engraved by Roberts 182
44. THE PARTING AT TOTTENHAM, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 207
45. VIGNETTE OF A YOUTH ANGLING, painted by T. S. Cafe, Esq., engraved by W. J. Wilkinson 211
46. PORTRAIT (whole length) OF CHARLES COTTON, ESQ., from a Painting by Mr Inskipp, engraved by W. Humphrys . 215
47. WOODCUT of the FISHING-HOUSE, from a Sketch by Worthington, engraved on wood by J. Thompson . . 216
48. PIKE POOL, near Beresford Hall, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 221
49. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 222
50. VIEW OF ASHBOURN, from the Old Road, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke . . . 227
51. HANSON TOOT IN DOVE DALE, with Alstonefield Church in the distance, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke 233
52. BERESFORD HALL, the seat of C. Cotton, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke . . . 234
53. PICKERING TOR, AND THE IRON CHEST, DOVE DALE, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke . 235
54. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 236
55. DISTANT VIEW OF THE FISHING-HOUSE AND THE RIVER DOVE, winding "like a snake," drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke 237
56. THE FISHING-HOUSE, front view, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 238
57. THE BACK FRONT OF THE FISHING-HOUSE, "in a kind of peninsula, with a delicate clear river about it," drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke . . 239
58. LANDING THE GRAYLING, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Fox 249
59. VIEW OF PIKE POOL, painted by Mr Inskipp, engraved by Freebairn 250
60. BERESFORD HALL, "from the Hill," drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by W. J. Cooke . . . 251
61. VIGNETTE, Head-piece, drawn by T. Stothard, R.A., engraved by Worthington 264

LIFE OF IZAAK WALTON.

> "WALTON, crime it were to leave unsung
> Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong;
> And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
> Thy guileless manners, and thy hallowed age."

IZAAK WALTON was born at Stafford on the 9th of August 1593, and was baptized there on the 21st of September following.[1] He was the son of Jervis Walton of that town, who is presumed to have been the second son of George Walton, sometime bailiff of Yoxhall,[2] a small village about fifteen miles from Stafford; beyond whom the pedigree cannot be traced with certainty.[3]

The name of WALTON existed in Staffordshire at an early period, and was general in that county about the middle of the sixteenth century, at which time the family were substantial yeomen. Of Izaak Walton's father, Jervis Walton, nothing has been discovered, except what occurs in the register of St Mary's Church at Stafford, from which it may be inferred that he had a second son named Ambrose, who was buried on the 3d March 1595–6, and who probably died young. Jervis Walton died early in February 1596–7, and was buried at St Mary's on the 11th of that month. Of his wife, not even the name has been discovered; and it is doubtful whether she survived her husband.

At the tender age of four years, IZAAK WALTON seems, therefore, to have been thrown upon the world an orphan. Of his childhood, his guardians, or the means by which he was supported, nothing whatever is known. He received a good, though not, strictly speaking, a classical education, and it is likely that he was sent to the grammar-school of his native town; but not a single fact can be stated respecting him from the time of his baptism, until he attained his twentieth year, when he appears to have been a resident of London. Neither the cause nor the period of his removal from Stafford to the metropolis has been ascertained; though it is probable that he was apprenticed, when very young, to a distant relation of the name of Henry Walton, who was haberdasher at Whitechapel.[4]

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[1] "1593, Septem. Baptiz. fuit Isaac filius Jervis Walton xxj die mensis et anni prædict."—Register of St Mary's, Stafford. The date of his birth is shown by the preamble to his will.

[2] See Pedigree, No. I. in the Appendix. To the signature to his will he added "late baylie of Yoxhall."

[3] Some remarks on the pedigree of the Walton family will be found in note K in the Appendix.

The earliest notice[5] of Walton after his birth is of a very interesting nature, as it is intimately connected with those literary pursuits, to which he is indebted for the regard of posterity. In 1619 a small poem was published, entitled "The Love of Amos and Laura, written by S. P." which was dedicated to Walton in the following verses :

---

[4] This conjecture is principally founded on the following facts. It is well known that Izaak Walton followed the trade of a sempster or haberdasher. Henry Walton, "citizen and haberdasher, of Whitechapel," is so described in the will of his cousin Samuel Walton, of St Mary's, Cray, in Kent, gentleman, son of Henry Walton, citizen and cloth-worker, of London, dated on the 2d, and proved on the 9th of April 1631; and his connection with the county of Stafford is shown by the testator's mentioning his *uncle* John Walton, of Mathfield, in that county, who may have been the father of the said Henry Walton, of Whitechapel. An abstract of Henry Walton's will is inserted in Note L in the Appendix, where other reasons are stated for thinking the hypothesis correct. The records of the Haberdashers' Company do not contain the names of Henry or Izaak Walton between 1600 and 1630. Sir John Hawkins supposes that Walton first settled in London as a shopkeeper in the Royal Exchange, under the patronage of Sir Thomas Gresham, but his opinion has been shown to be erroneous. See Anthony Wood, Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss. I. 698.

[5] It is necessary to advert to an article which appeared in a weekly publication called The Freebooter, on the 18th of October 1823, where it is stated that "there is a manuscript in the Lansdowne Collection of the British Museum, which throws some light upon the early life of Izaak Walton. By whom it was written, and at what precise date, does not appear; but the handwriting is evidently of about the time of the Revolution, and in it the author speaks of Walton as 'not long since deceased, to the great grief of all his loving friends.'"

The MS., it is said, refers very much to the interval between his birth in 1593 and 1624: "it fixes the place of his education at Stafford, where he was born, and from whence he removed to London, where he was regularly apprenticed to one Holmes, a sempster, with whom he lived until he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Sir J. Hawkins conjectures that he married about 1632, but on what ground it is difficult to discover: now the author of this MS. asserts that Walton 'took a wife' before he was twenty-four years old, and while he held a shop near the Exchange. The date of his removal into Fleet Street is not supplied with precision, but it is clear that it was at least as early as 1618, and after his marriage; but the document is written in a rough, sketchy style, and consists generally rather of biographical hints and anecdotes than of regular details of events relating to any of the persons mentioned in the volume, of which the notice of Walton forms a very small part." "The author of the MS. speaks of Walton as a very sweet poet in his youth, and more than all in matters of love."

In consequence of this statement considerable trouble has been taken to discover the MS. alluded to; but no trace of it can be found in the British Museum; and it is presumed that the article is a mere fiction. No reference is given to the volume in which it is said to occur; and if such an interesting account of Walton really existed in a collection so well known and so fully catalogued as the Lansdowne MSS., it is impossible to suppose that it would not long since have been brought to light; or that it would have escaped the particular search which has been recently made for it. Be this however as it may, little reliance could be placed on the article, even if it were genuine, because one of the few facts stated in it can be disproved, as it is said that Walton married before he was twenty-four years of age, whereas his marriage took place in December 1626, when he was about thirty-three; and there is not the slightest cause to suppose that he had a former wife. But the article in question is not the only doubtful statement which has been published respecting Walton: his residence in the Royal Exchange; his retirement in 1643 to a cottage in Staffordshire, where Dr Morley is said to have found an asylum; and his having written the epitaph of an old servant called "David *Hookham!*" (a name very appropriately chosen for the purpose), who died in 1647, ætat. 63 (vide Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. C. part II. p. 296), are equally apocryphal.

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH-RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ. WA.

To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,
  I too unworthy of so great a bliss ;
These harsh-tuned lines I here to thee commend,
  Thou being cause it is now as it is :
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivious night.

If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
  And disavow my title to the verse :
But being bad, I needs must call them mine.
  No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.
Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended. S. P."[6]

It is evident that Walton either suggested various improvements in, or had written part of the poem, whilst two of the lines prove that it was printed at his recommendation. The poem was first published in 1613, six years before, together with three others ; but in the only known copy of that edition,[7] which is unfortunately imperfect, the verses to Walton do not occur ; and it is doubtful whether they were omitted, or have been abstracted from that particular copy. As there is no variation (excepting of a single word) between the two editions, the alterations, which the author so gratefully acknowledges, must have been made in the original manuscript ; and as Walton was only twenty years of age in 1613, the love of literature, which never deserted him, must have commenced at a very early period of his life. Much light would perhaps be thrown upon this part of Walton's career, if "his more than thrice beloved friend," S. P., could be identified ; but the attempt to discover him has not been successful, though some circumstances render it likely that the initials were those of Samuel Purchas, the author of "The Pilgrimage," who is known to have

[6] Attention was first drawn to this poem by J. Payne Collier, Esq., in the Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 111. A copy of "The Love of Amos and Laura," 18mo ed. 1619, will be found in the British Museum. It was again printed in 4to in 1628. See Note 7.

[7] In the library of Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq. The title is "Alcilia. Philoparthens louing folly. whereunto js added Pigmalions Image: with the Loue of Amos and Lavra and also Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. never before imprinted. London for Richard Hawkins dwelling in Chancery Lane near Sarjeants Inn, 1613." 4to. At the end of Alcilia [edit. 1619] are the initials, J. C. [John Chalkhill ?] Pigmalion's Image is by John Marston, and the Epigrams by Sir John Harington. Amos and Laura in this copy is without the dedication, and is imperfect at the end.

written various miscellaneous pieces, besides the works which bear his name.

Sir John Hawkins states, on the authority of a deed in his possession, that in 1624 "Walton dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow, and that his house was then in the joint occupation of himself and a hosier called John Mason."[8] Before that time the celebrated Dr Donne became vicar of St Dunstan in the West; and an intimacy arose between Walton, who was then one of his parishioners, and himself, which ended only with Donne's life. The veneration which Walton entertained for his learned friend is exhibited in the memoir which he prefixed to the publication of his sermons, as well as in the elegy which he wrote upon his decease.

It was probably through Dr Donne that Walton became acquainted with Sir Henry Wotton, Dr Henry King, son of the Bishop of London, John Hales of Eton, and some other eminent persons, particularly divines. He was also slightly known to Ben Jonson;[9] he speaks of Drayton, on one occasion, as his "honest old friend," and on another as his "old deceased friend;"[1] and he appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men of his age.

Such part of his time as was not occupied by his business, seems, therefore, to have been passed in the society of men whose acquaintance is sufficient proof of the esteem in which his talents were held; whilst the friendship of Donne, King, and Wotton, is ample evidence of his moral worth. As some of the individuals alluded to were fond of the amusement of angling, it is probable that many of his leisure hours were passed with them in piscatory excursions on the banks of the river Lea; and his amiable and placid temper, his agreeable conversation, and unaffected benevolence, inspired them with esteem and regard.

After having been more than ten years in business, Walton thought himself justified in incurring the expense and cares of married life. His biographers have fallen into great mistakes respecting his wives; for, according to Sir John Hawkins and Dr Zouch, he was only once married; and the latter describes him to have derived an hereditary attachment to the Protestant religion, from his mother having been the daughter of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and niece of Archbishop Cranmer. Subsequent writers have doubted the accuracy of these statements; and whilst they have indulged in various conjectures on the subject, without arriving at the fact, every edition of "The Complete Angler," except the first, has contained proof of the name of his wife.[2]

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[8] Sir John Hawkins's Life of Walton, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., and prefixed to the edition of the Complete Angler published by Bagster in 1815.

[9] Vide postea.

[1] Vide pp. 124, 197, postea.

It is not unlikely that Walton's acquaintance with Dr King was the cause of his being introduced to the family of Floud of Canterbury, which was closely connected with that of Cranmer, whom King, many years afterwards, called his "old friends."[3] Susannah, daughter of Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury (son of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and grand-nephew of Archbishop Cranmer), was born in August 1579, and married a gentleman of the name of Floud,[4] who is presumed to have been Robert, the son of John Floud, fifth son of Sir Thomas Floud, of Milgate, in the parish of Bradsted, in Kent, and the descendant of a family of considerable antiquity in Shropshire.[5] He died before his wife, leaving two sons, John and Robert Floud, and a daughter of the name of Rachel.

Of the sons very little is known. Robert, the eldest, was of John's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B.A. in 1627:[6] he was executor to his mother in 1635; and wrote the commendatory verses to his "dear brother-in-law, Mr Is. Walton, on his Complete Angler,"[7] which were prefixed to the second edition of that work, in 1655. John Floud, the second son, was under twenty-eight years of age at the death of his mother in 1635; and in 1655, at which time he was Master of Arts, he also addressed verses to his "dear brother-in-law, Mr Iz. Walton, upon his Complete Angler."

Their sister, Rachel Floud, who was probably born about the year 1605, was married to Izaak Walton, in the Church of St Mildred, at Canterbury, on the 27th of December 1626.[8] Soon after Walton's marriage, Mrs Floud, his wife's mother, appears to have removed to London; and there is reason to believe that she resided with them until her decease. In the following passage in the Life of Hooker, Walton thus speaks of his connection with the Cranmer family;[9] and the two sisters of William Cranmer, with whom he says he had a "happy cohabitation," were probably his mother-in-law, Mrs Floud, and the widow of Dr Spencer:

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[2] This fact was first pointed out in the New Series of the Retrospective Review, vol. ii. p. 341, by the Author of this Memoir.

[3] Vide postea.

[4] Vide the accompanying pedigree of Cranmer, for which the Editor is indebted to George Frederic Beltz, Esq., Lancaster Herald.

[5] Harleian MS. 1548, f. 69^b, and Additional MS. 5507, in the British Museum.

[6] Additional MS. 5885, fo. 93.

[7] To his signature to these verses the letter "C" is added, the meaning of which has not been discovered.

[8] Extract from the Register of "Maryagyes" in the parish of St Mildred, Canterbury, for the year 1626. "ISAACK WALTON and RACHEL FLOUDD weare maryed the 27th day of December."

> "About forty years past (for I am now in the seventieth of my age) I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer (now with God), grand-nephew unto the great archbishop of that name, a family of noted prudence and resolution. With him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship: one of them was the wife of Dr Spencer, a bosom friend, and some time com-pupil with Mr Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after president of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in this following discourse; as also their brother, of whose useful abilities my reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others. This William Cranmer and his two forenamed sisters had some affinity and a most familiar friendship with Mr Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house when he was parson of

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[9] The connections of the Cranmer family afford information about some of the persons to whom Walton became known, and elucidate many points in his history. George, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, and uncle of Mrs Walton, was born in 1578; he was educated by Richard Hooker, the author of the Ecclesiastical Polity; became a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford; and afterwards entered the service of his relation, William Davison, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth. Upon the fall of that statesman, Cranmer became secretary to Sir Henry Killigrew in his embassy to France; and, after Killigrew's death, he accompanied Sir Edwyn Sandys in his travels into Germany and Italy, and was at Florence and Vienna about November 1596. [See a letter from Francis Davison, the eldest son of the secretary, to his father, printed in the memoir prefixed to Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, ed. 1826, p. xxxii.] Soon after his return he accepted the appointment of secretary to Lord Mountjoy in Ireland, but was slain in an action with the Irish at Carlingford on the 13th of November 1600, and died unmarried [Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, I. 700]. Camden and Lloyd speak in strong terms of his abilities and learning, and he is often mentioned by Walton. The second son, Thomas Cranmer, was living in 1617. William Cranmer, the third son, who was a particular friend of Walton's, was a merchant in London, and left a son, Sir William Cranmer, who was governor of the Merchants Adventurers of England, and died unmarried in his sixty-seventh year, on the 21st of September 1697. [Vide the inscription on the monument erected to his memory in the Church of St Mildred, Canterbury, by his nephew and executor, Mr John Kenrick.] The daughters of Thomas Cranmer were Dorothy, born in 1575, married to an individual of the name of Field (possibly Dr Richard Field, Dean of Gloucester, the friend of Hooker, who is mentioned as "that great schoolman" in Walton's introduction to the collected edition of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert), she was living in 1635. Rachel, the second daughter, was born in 1577, married in 1597 John Blowfield, gentleman, and died in August 1600, leaving one son of the name of George [M. I. in Margate Church, printed in Cozens' Tour through the Isle of Thanet, p. 452]. Elizabeth, the third daughter, was born in 1574, married in 1592 Alexander Norwood, gentleman, and was living in 1617; Susannah, the fourth daughter, married Mr Floud; Jane, the fifth daughter, was born in 1580; the sixth daughter, Anne, married in 1581 John Sellar, had issue, and was living in 1617; and Margaret, the youngest daughter, who was born in 1585, was living in 1604. It is supposed that two of the daughters married persons of the names of Boote and Parry; but it is certain that one of them was the wife of Dr John Spencer, president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the bosom friend and fellow-pupil of Hooker, and the editor of his works. Dr Spencer died in 1614 [Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, II. 145], and was probably the father of the Dr John Spencer who is described in the will of Mrs Floud in 1635 as "her cousin."

Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, in which city their good father then lived. They had, I say, a great part of their education with him, as myself, since that time, a happy cohabitation with them."[1]

The maiden name of the mother of Mrs Walton has not been positively ascertained; but it is nearly certain that she was Anne, the sister of John Carpenter, second son of John Carpenter, of Rye, in Sussex, who married Anne, the sister of Secretary Davison, which alliance would explain the connection that is known to have existed between the families of Davison and Cranmer,[2] and may have induced Walton to insert "The Beggars' Song," which, he says, in the "Complete Angler," was written by Francis Davison, the secretary's eldest son.

On the 31st of March 1631, Walton lost his revered friend, Dr Donne. About three weeks before his death, Donne, to use Walton's words, "sent for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction."[3] It would seem that Walton was not one of the friends there alluded to; but with Dr King, Dr Winniff (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), and Dr Montfort, then a residentiary of St Paul's, he attended Donne in almost his last hours, and received his dying wishes. This fact may be inferred from King's letter to Walton upon his Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, which will be again noticed, wherein he said, "I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable friend, Dr Donne, late Dean of St Paul's Church, who not only trusted me as his executor, but three days before his death delivered into my hands those excellent sermons of his, now made public; professing before Dr Winniff, Dr Montfort, and, I think, yourself, then present at his bedside, that it was by my restless importunity that he had prepared them for the press; together with which (as his best legacy) he gave me all his sermon-notes, and his other papers, containing an extract of near fifteen hundred authors. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger for them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain."[4] As the younger Donne bequeathed his father's collection of extracts to Bishop King to be given to the son of Izaak Walton,[5] it may be inferred that Dr Donne's eldest son was the person who desired Walton to claim his father's MSS. from King.

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[1] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, 1817, vol. i. pp. 304, 305. In another place (p. 446) Walton says, "Dr Spencer's wife was my aunt, and sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken."

[2] A letter is preserved in the State Paper Office from John Carpenter to his brother-in-law, Secretary Davison, dated 7th October 1586, in which he speaks of his "*brother Cranmer*," to whom he had written respecting *his son George*, who was the George Cranmer mentioned in the preceding page.

[3] Life of Donne, ed. Zouch, I. 155.

Some time before his death, Dr Donne caused several seals to be made of helitropium, or blood-stone, and engraved with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, instead of the cross—a beautiful emblem of the Christian faith—which he presented to his most intimate friends, among whom were Sir Henry Wotton, Dr Hall, then Bishop of Exeter, Dr Duppa, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Dr King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, George Herbert, the author of "The Temple,"[6] and Walton. Donne adopted this device instead of the crest of his family, a sheaf of snakes; and the seal sent by him to Herbert was accompanied by some verses on the subject, which, with Herbert's reply, were printed by Walton in his Life of Donne. They are full of the quaint conceits with which the poetry of the time abounded, and however agreeable to the taste of that age, they have few charms for the present. Walton always used the seal[7] that was given to him by Donne, of which an accurate engraving will be found in a subsequent page.

Walton wrote the following Elegy upon Donne, and, with similar tributes to his worth by Dr King, Sir Lucius Carey, Endymion Porter, and several other persons, it was printed at the end of an edition of Donne's Poems, in 1633, of which work it is not improbable that Walton was the editor.[8] The Elegy is more remarkable for fervour than elegance; but it contains a few passages illustrative of the writer's own feelings and situation, which render it of interest:

"Is DONNE, great DONNE, deceased? then, England, say
Thou hast lost a man where language chose to stay,[9]

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[4] Life of Donne, ed. Zouch, I. pp. 22–24.

[5] Vide postea, p. lxx.

[6] Ibid. pp. 124–126.

[7] It is impressed on his will, and also on that of his son.

[8] The work was printed for John Marriott, and contained an address "from the Printer to the Understanders," which does not bear sufficient resemblance to Walton's style to justify its being positively attributed to his pen; but it is not unlikely that the following "Hexastichon Bibliopolæ" was written by Walton, notwithstanding that the name of the publisher is affixed to it:

"I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet; in 'Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone;
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead—these, if you buy,
You have him living to eternity. JO. MAR."

[9] The following variations occur in the next edition of Donne's Poems, which was printed in 1635:

"Our Donne is dead; England should mourn, may say
We had a man whose language chose to stay."

And show its[1] graceful power. I would not praise
That, and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud), but as they serv'd to unlock
That cabinet, his mind: where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent.
And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not; for when a general loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the Cross,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.
Dull age! Oh I would spare thee; but th'art worse;
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with miraculous DONNE, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Was all philosophy? Was every sin
Character'd in his Satires? made so foul
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
Freer[2] by reading verse? Did he give days
Past marble monuments to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious, holy numbers weave
A Crown of sacred sonnets,[3] fit to adorn
A dying martyr's brow; or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit[4]
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physic, but, because
'Twas mercenary, waiv'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so
As none but he did, or could do? They know[5]
(Such as were blest to hear him know) 'tis truth.
Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral;
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably (as poison'd fumes

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[1] Her.

[2] Safer.

[3] "La Corona," a Holy Sonnet on the Crown of Thorns, printed in Donne's Poems, ed. 1633, p. 28, and commencing thus:

"Deign at my hands this *Crown* of prayer and praise."

[4] For piety, for wit.

[5] As since St Paul none did, none could! those know
(Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth.

Do waste the brain), make silence a safe way
T' inlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay
(Materials of this body), to remain
With DONNE in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have; for, with him, all
Are satisfied with joys essential.
  My thoughts, dwell on this joy, and do not call[6]
Grief back by thinking of his funeral;
Forget he loved me; waste not my sad years
(Which haste to David's seventy), fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;
Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his convert. Oh, my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My vows[7] of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause, I
Write no *Encomium*, but an[8] *Elegy*;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give[9]
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as DONNE's matchless worth. IZ. WA."[1]

It has been remarked that in these verses Walton calls himself Donne's "convert;" but he perhaps meant no more than that he had been induced by his sermons and example to take a proper view of religion, in which sense the word is used in a preceding line.

A second edition of Dr Donne's Poems was published in 1635, with a portrait of the author, engraved by Marshall, from a picture painted in 1591, when he was in his eighteenth year; and the following lines by Walton were placed under it:

"This was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time
Most count their golden age; but 'twas not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refin'd
From youth's dross, mirth and wit, as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last best days.
  Witness this book (thy emblem) which begins
With love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins. IZ. WA."

Sir Henry Wotton having intended to write the life of Donne, he requested Walton, who readily undertook the task, to collect materials for the purpose; but several years having elapsed without any progress being made in the work, Walton reminded him of his purpose in a "most ingenuous letter," the answer to which is printed in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ." The date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Walton, wherein he expresses a wish for his

[6] Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call.
[7] Flows.
[8] This.
[9] This and the three following lines are added from the edition of 1635.
[1] Donne's Poems, ed. 1633, pp. 382–384.

"ever-welcome company" in the approaching fishing season, does not occur; but the allusion to Dr King's appointment as Dean of Rochester, in which office he was installed on the 6th of February 1638–9,[2] fixes it to the early part of the year 1639:

> "MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am not able to yield any reason, no, not so much as may satisfy myself, why a most ingenuous letter of yours hath lain so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer, save this only, the pleasure I have taken in your style and conceptions, together with a meditation of the subject you propound, may seem to have cast me into a gentle slumber. But being now awaked, I do herein return you most hearty thanks for the kind prosecution of your first motion, touching a just office due to the memory of our ever-memorable friend, to whose good fame, though it be needless to add anything (and my age considered, almost hopeless from my pen); yet I will endeavour to perform my promise, if it were but even for this cause, that in saying somewhat of the life of so deserving a man, I may perchance over-live mine own. That which you add of Dr King (now made Dean of Rochester, and by that translated into my native soil), is a great spur unto me: with whom I hope shortly to confer about it in my passage towards Boughton Malherb, which was my genial air, and invite him to a friendship with that family where his predecessor was familiarly acquainted. I shall write to you at large by the next messenger (being at present a little in business), and then I shall set down certain general heads, wherein I desire information by your loving diligence; hoping shortly to enjoy your own ever-welcome company in this approaching time of the *Fly* and the *Cork*. And so I rest, your very hearty poor friend to serve you, H. WOTTON."[3]

Sir Henry Wotton died in the ensuing December; and on Walton's hearing that Dr Donne's Sermons were about to be published without a life of the author, he determined to supply the deficiency. His motives for becoming Donne's biographer are explained in so natural and pleasing a manner in his "Introduction," dated on the 15th February 1639 (1640), that it ought not to be omitted:

> "If that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these sermons, he had presented the world with the author's life exactly written; and it was pity he did not; for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom, and the author, there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And though their bodies were divided, their affections were not: for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave: which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most

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[2] Le Neve's Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ. [3] Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, ed. 1685, p. 360.

> gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen; but then death prevented his intentions. When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these sermons were to be printed and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable; indignation or grief (indeed I know not which) transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it. And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was;—(the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore, with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master: and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans)—'Who art thou that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?' so, who am I that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain. But wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! but be this to the disadvantage of the person represented, certain I am it is to the advantage of the beholder; who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress which ought to beget faith in what is spoken: for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted. And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory: for, whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven."[4]

The first volume of Donne's Sermons, to which his life was prefixed, was published in 1640 in folio, by John Marriott, probably the father of the Richard Marriott who was Walton's friend as well as publisher for nearly half a century.

Walton's first essay as a biographer was highly applauded by his contemporaries. King Charles the First, whose private virtues and literary acquirements gave greater value to his opinion than even his exalted rank, honoured it with his approbation;[5] and the learned and "ever-memorable" John Hales, who was styled from his vast erudition "the walking library," told Dr King that "he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr Donne." But the following letter to Walton from Donne's eldest son, thanking him for having written the life of his father, and sending him, as a token of his gratitude, a copy of the volume of sermons[6] in which it occurred, was probably more agreeable to Walton's feelings than the praises of the great and the learned :

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[4] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I. pp. 37–40.

[5] See Walton's Dedication of the reprint of the Life of Donne in 1658, postea.

> "SIR,—I send this book rather to witness my debt than to make any payment. For it would be uncivil in me to offer any satisfaction for that that all my father's friends, and indeed all good men are so equally engaged. Courtesies that are done to the dead being examples of so much piety, that they cannot have their reward in this life, because lasting as long, and still (by awaking the like charity in others) propagating the debt, they must expect a retribution from him who gave the first inclination. And by this circle, sir, I have set you in my place, and instead of making you a payment, I have made you a debtor ; but 'tis to Almighty God, to whom I know you will be so willingly committed, that I may safely take leave to write myself, your thankful servant, JO. DONNE.[7]
>
> "From my house in Covent Garden,
> 24th June 1640."

Sir John Hawkins says that in 1632 Walton was living in Chancery Lane, in a house a few doors higher up on the left hand than the one he had previously occupied, and that he was then described as a "sempster ;" but his residence from 1628 until 1644,[8] is stated in the parish books of St Dunstan's to have been about the seventh house on the left-hand side, though, unlike most other houses, that of Walton is not called a shop. From those records it also appears that he filled a parish office in December 1632 ; served on the grand jury in 1633 ; was appointed a constable on the 20th of December 1636; was again on the grand jury in 1638 ; was one of the overseers of the poor, and a sidesman on the 18th of April 1639 ; and a vestryman in February 1640.

During Walton's residence in Chancery Lane, he experienced severe afflictions, by the loss of no less than seven children,[9] besides his wife and her mother, Mrs Floud, who appears to have formed part of his family. By her will, which was dated on the 20th of April 1635, and proved on the 27th of November following, wherein she described herself of the parish of St Dunstan in the West, widow, she bequeathed the sum of £150 to her son, John Floud, to be paid to him when he attained the age of twenty-eight; and she ordered that in the meantime it should be disposed of by her "loving cousin, Doctor John Spenser," and her "loving son, Izaak Walton," who were to pay him the interest yearly for his support; but if he died under that age, the money was to be equally divided between her son, Robert Floud, and her daughter, Rachel Walton. If, however, Mrs Walton died without issue, the whole sum was to go to her brother Robert; but in case she left children, each child was to be paid £10. She directed that her linen at Canterbury should be divided by her sister Cranmer between her two sons above mentioned; and her son John Floud was to have, besides, a silver-gilt salt and a cup. To "my son Izaak Walton and my daughter Rachel, his wife," she bequeathed £50, and the interest then due; for which money she held a bond from a Mr John Burgess. To the poor of St Mildred's, Canterbury, she left £40, which were to be distributed by her brother and sister Cranmer. She gave legacies of ten shillings each to her sister Field; to her cousin Dr Spenser, and to her cousin, his wife; to her brother and sister Cranmer; to her "son Walton," and her "daughter Walton;" to her two sons, Robert and John Floud; to her cousin, Charles Sellar;[1] and to her friend, Mr Leonard Browne;[2] which several sums she said she gave them "to buy them rings for remembrance of me, being small testimonies of my great love." To her two cousins, Susannah and Elizabeth Cranmer, she left two pieces of old gold which were in her box at Canterbury; but her god-daughter Elizabeth was to have "the bigger piece." The rest of her property was given to her son and executor, Robert Floud.

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[6] The book in question, together with the original letter from the younger Donne to Walton, was in 1714 in the possession of the Rev. Dr Borradale, rector of Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire.—Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 16, note.

[7] Zouch's Life of Walton, II. 322, 323.

[8] Vide Appendix, Note H. The Books of the parish of St Dunstan's leave little or no doubt that Walton always lived in Chancery Lane during that period ; but it is remarkable that the Parish Register of that church should state that his son Henry was baptized on the 21st March 1633-4, "*out of Fleet Street*," though as early as December 1627, as well as so lately as October 1632, his children are said to have been baptized or buried "out of Chancery Lane." Vide Appendix, Note H. The discrepancy would, however, disappear if Walton then resided in the *corner* house of Chancery Lane, which is partly in Fleet Street.

[9] Namely, IZAAK, who was baptized 19th December 1627, and buried 28th March 1631 ; JOHN, who was baptized 23d July 1629, and is presumed to have died soon afterwards ; THOMAS, baptized 20th January 1630-1, and was buried 6th March following ; HENRY, baptized 12th October 1632, and buried on the 17th of the same month ; HENRY, baptized 21st March 1633-4, and buried 4th December 1634 ; THOMAS, buried 19th August 1637 ; and ANNE, born 10th July 1640, and died 11th May 1642.

Between four and five years after the death of his mother-in-law, the heaviest calamity to which domestic life is exposed befell Walton. On the 10th of July 1640, his wife was delivered of a daughter, but she only survived the birth of the infant about six weeks; and dying on the 22d, was buried in St Dunstan's on the

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[1] The son of Dr John Sellar, by her sister Ann Cranmer.

[2] Mr Leonard Browne was an alderman of Canterbury in 1663; and by Anne, daughter of Captain Richard Bargrave, of Patricksbourne, near that city, had two children, Isaac and Elizabeth.—Additional MSS. in the British Museum, 5507, f. 396.

25th of August following.[3] That child was the only one which survived its mother: she received the name of Anne, and died in her second year on the 11th of May 1642.[4]

Walton has described an affectionate and dutiful wife, and the happiness of the married state, with so much effect, that it is probable his own home presented him with the originals. Speaking of Herbert and his wife, he observes: "The eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it."[5] His most pleasing picture of wedded happiness is, however, in the Life of Bishop Sanderson: "The Giver of all good things was so good to him, as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife that made his life happy, by being always content when he was cheerful; that was always cheerful when he was content; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life; and at his death too, for she outlived him."[6]

Only one allusion to his first wife, and even that may be merely imaginary, can be traced in Walton's works; and however sincere might be the compliment which is supposed to be there paid to her, it unfortunately brings to recollection the story of the man who had a picture painted of his first wife, and marrying again after her decease, desired the artist to erase the face from the canvas and to introduce the features of his new partner. In the stanzas called "The Angler's Wish," which were first printed in the third edition of the Complete Angler in 1664, and which were undoubtedly written by Walton, he speaks of the happiness it affords him to

"Hear my *Chlora* sing a song,"

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[3] Vide Notes B and H in the Appendix.

[4] The following entry occurs, in Walton's own hand, in his Prayer Book, which is noticed in the Appendix, Note B: "Our Doghter Anne, born the 10th of July 1640, died the 11th of May 1642."

[5] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 67, 68.

[6] Ibid. II. 183, 184.

which song, he adds in the margin, was the well-known one of "Like Hermit poor:" but in the fifth edition of that work, which appeared in 1676, "*Kenna*" is substituted for "*Chlora*," though the name of the song which she sings is retained. With the alteration of one vowel, "Chlora" is the anagram of *Rachel*, whilst by *Kenna* he evidently meant his second wife, whose maiden name was *Ken*. It is however to be observed, that as his first wife died long before the publication of the song, it must, if she were alluded to, have been written some years previous to its being printed; that the death of his second wife occurred before the change was made in the name; and that if the verses were composed during the lifetime of the former, there is reason to believe that some other alterations were made for the purpose of adapting them to more recent circumstances.

Two more productions of Walton's pen, about this period, remain to be noticed; but they do not deserve much attention from their merits or importance. In 1638 his friend, Lewis Roberts, published "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," which is considered to have been the earliest standard work on trade in our language, and Walton addressed to him the following verses, which are prefixed to it:

"If thou wouldst be a Statesman, and survey
Kingdoms for information, here's a way
Made plain and easy: fitter far for thee
Than great Ortelius his geography.

If thou wouldst be a Gentleman, in more
Than title only, this Map yields thee store
Of observations, fit for ornament
Or use, or to give curious ears content.

If thou wouldst be a Merchant, buy this book,
For 'tis a prize worth gold; and do not look
Daily for such disbursements; no, 'tis rare,
And should be cast up with thy richest ware.

Reader, if thou be any or all three
(For these may meet and make a harmony),
Then praise this author for his useful pains,
Whose aim is public good, not private gains. Iz. Wa."

In 1642, George Cranmer's Letter to Hooker, concerning the new Church discipline, was printed as a small pamphlet, with Camden's eulogy of the writer as a preface; and it is likely that it was published by Walton, because in the copy which belonged to him he has made several corrections; and he always expressed great respect for Cranmer's learning and virtues.[7]

Upon the death of William Cartwright, the poet, in 1643,

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[7] Vide p. xxii. antea. This Letter was reprinted by Walton at the end of his Life of Hooker, in 1665.

Walton's muse was again employed in commemorating the worth of his friends; and the following verses were prefixed to a collection of that writer's poems, which was published eight years after his decease:

"I cannot keep my purpose, but must give
Sorrow and verse their way; nor will I grieve
Longer in silence; no, that poor, poor part
Of nature's legacy, verse void of art,
And undissembled tears, Cartwright shall have
Fixt on his hearse; and wept into his grave.
  Muses, I need you not; for grief and I
Can in your absence weave an elegy;
Which we will do; and often interweave
Sad looks, and sighs; the groundwork must receive
Such characters or be adjudg'd unfit
For my friend's shroud: others have show'd their wit,
Learning, and language fitly; for these be
Debts due to his great merits; but for me,
My aims are like myself, humble and low,
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The world what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose words and deeds were perfect harmony.
  But now 'tis lost; lost in the silent grave,
Lost to us mortals, lost, till we shall have
Admission to that kingdom, where he sings
Harmonious anthems to the King of kings.
Sing on, blest soul! be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise: sing on, whilst I lament
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,
With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live and die like thee,—
  To live belov'd, die mourn'd; thus in my grave
  Blessings that kings have wished, but cannot have. Iz. WA."

Walton continued to reside in Chancery Lane until about August 1644. He was appointed examiner of St Dunstan's on the 27th of August 1641; and in February 1644 was elected a vestryman of that parish; but at a vestry holden on the 20th of August in the same year, another person was chosen, "in the room of Izaak Walton lately departed out of this parish and dwelling elsewhere."[8]

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There is some doubt respecting the place of Walton's residence between 1644 and 1651; nor can it be stated with certainty whether, as has been supposed by his former biographers, he retired from business on leaving Chancery Lane. The state of the times was little favourable to commercial industry; and as an absorbing love of gain, the common vice of mercantile pursuits, was the subject of his frequent censure,[9] it is most probable that he considered the small competency realised during the twenty years he had been in trade sufficient for his future wants; more especially as he was then upwards of fifty years of age, a widower, and childless.

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[8] Parish books of St Dunstan in the West.

[9] Vide the Complete Angler, Lives of Wotton, Herbert, &c., and Walton's Will.

As might be expected from Walton's early habits and associations, he adhered steadfastly during the civil wars to the throne and the altar; and was in every sense of the word a devoted Royalist. His political and religious opinions occur in almost every page of his writings; and in common with other Royalists he suffered for his fidelity to his sovereign, though his comparatively obscure station and peaceable disposition protected him from heavy sacrifices. He was an intelligent, if not an impartial witness of the great struggle which agitated the country for nearly twenty years; and the account which he gives of many events of the period, in his Life of Hooker and of Sanderson, are worthy of the attention of historians. He introduces his account of the Scotch Covenanters, and the proceedings of the Long Parliament, in his Life of Bishop Sanderson, by stating that, in the year 1639, when a party of the Scots Church were desirous of reforming their kirk government, "this nation" was "then happy and in peace, though inwardly sick of being well;" and thus proceeds: "There were so many chosen into the Long Parliament, that were of a conjunct council with those very zealous and as factious reformers, as begot such a confusion by the several desires and designs in many of the members of that parliament (all did never consent), and at last in the very common people of this nation, that they were so lost by contrary designs, fears, and confusions, as to believe the Scots and their Covenant would restore them to that former tranquillity which they had lost. And to that end the Presbyterian party of this nation did again, in the year 1643, invite the Scotch Covenanters back into England: and hither they came, marching iwth it gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto, 'For the Crown and Covenant of both Kingdoms.' This I saw and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain-dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning; when I consider this, I praise God that He prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it. And I have been the bolder to say this of myself, because in a sad discourse with Dr Sanderson, I heard him make the like grateful acknowledgment."[1]

Walton relates from his own knowledge the following remarkable fact respecting the execution of Archbishop Laud, which took place on the 10th of January 1645: "About this time the Bishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many citizens, fearing time and cool thoughts might procure his pardon, became so maliciously impudent as to shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarcely credible, but I saw it."[2]

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[1] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 200, 201.

This statement proves that Walton was in London in January 1645; and it is certain, from the following circumstance, that he was also in the metropolis in December 1647. The House of Commons having ordered that all professors, heads of houses, and others in the University of Oxford, should take the covenant, negative oath, and the ordinance for Church discipline and worship, or be expelled, the University requested to be allowed to state its reasons for non-compliance. A committee was appointed to hear the arguments of the persons deputed for the purpose; and on the 2d of December 1647, Dr George Morley, a particular friend of Walton's, who was then canon of Christ Church, pleaded the right of the University to be heard by counsel with great effect.[3] One of the members of the committee, whom Walton describes as "a powerful man in the Parliament," wishing to protect Morley from expulsion by the visitors who were soon afterwards despatched to Oxford to enforce the ordinance, sent for Walton, and, he says, "told me that he had such a love for Dr Morley, that knowing he would not take the oaths, and must therefore be ejected his college, and leave Oxford; he desired I would therefore write to him to ride out of Oxford when the visitors came into it, and not return till they left it, and he should be sure then to return in safety; and that by so doing he should, without taking any oath, or other molestation, enjoy his canon's place in the college. I did receive this intended kindness with a sudden gladness, because I was sure the party had a power to do what he professed, and as sure he meant to perform it, and did therefore write the doctor word; to which his answer was, that I must not fail to return my friend (who still lives) his humble and undissembled thanks, though he could not accept of his intended kindness; for when Dr Fell (then the dean), Dr Gardner, Dr Paine, Dr Hammond, Dr Sanderson, and all the rest of the college were turned out, except Dr Wall, he should take it to be, if not a sin, yet a shame, to be left behind with him only. Dr Wall I knew, and will speak nothing of him, for he is dead." [4]

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[2] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 224.

[3] Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, p. 130. Commons' Journals, V. 83, 284.

Walton does not mention the name of the member of the committee to whom he alludes, but the conjecture that it was Mr Swinfen, who was one of his friends, has been confirmed by a manuscript note in the copy of the Life of Bishop Sanderson which he presented to that gentleman, where some one, and probably his granddaughter, has written, opposite to the preceding paragraph, "my grandfather Swinfen." [5]

Two very interesting anecdotes of Charles the First, whom Walton elsewhere calls "the knowing and conscientious King," and "the martyr for the Church," occur in the Memoir of Sanderson, who attended his Majesty in the Isle of Wight, and had many private conferences with him on the affairs of the Church. "Let me here," says Walton, "take occasion to tell the reader this truth, very fit, but not commonly known; that in one of these conferences this conscientious King was told by a faithful and private intelligencer, that 'if he assented not to the parliament's proposals, the treaty 'twixt him and them would break immediately, and his life would then be in danger; he was sure he knew it.' To which his answer was, 'I have done what I can to bring my conscience to a compliance with their proposals, and cannot; and I will not lose my conscience to save my life.' And within a very short time after, he told Dr Sanderson and Dr Morley, or one of them that then waited with him, that 'the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him, which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing of Episcopacy in Scotland; and that if God ever restored him to be in peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession and voluntary penance (I think barefoot) from the Tower of London or Whitehall to St Paul's Church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon.' I am sure one of them, that told it me, lives still, and will witness it. And," he adds, "it ought also to be observed that Dr Sanderson's Lectures 'de Juramento' were so approved and valued by the King, that in this time of his imprisonment and solitude he translated them into exact English, desiring Dr Juxon (then Bishop of London), Dr Hammond, and Sir Thomas

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[4] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 221, 222.

[5] This copy of the "Life of Sanderson" was formerly in the possession of Mr Pickering, the publisher of the first edition of this work. The note was probably written by Mrs Jervis, the only child of John Swinfen, Esq., and granddaughter of the Mr Swinfen mentioned in the text. Mrs Jervis was the grandmother of the late Earl of St Vincent.

Herbert (who then attended him in his restraint), to compare them with the original. The last still lives, and has declared it, with some other of that King's excellencies, in a letter under his own hand, which was lately showed me by Sir William Dugdale, king-at-arms. The translation was designed to be put into the King's library at St James's; but, I doubt, not now to be found there."[6]

There is some difficulty in deciding whether the King made this communication to Dr Sanderson or to Dr Morley; but it is obvious that Walton heard of it from the latter, because Sanderson was dead when Walton wrote his memoir, and he expressly says that his informant was then living.

In 1646, Francis Quarles's "Shepherds' Eclogues" were printed by John and Richard Marriott, with an Address to the Reader dated on the 25th of November 1645, and signed "John Marriott;" but no one who is acquainted with Walton's style, and especially with "The Complete Angler," can doubt that this Address proceeded from his pen. As Quarles had been secretary to Walton's friend Archbishop Usher, and as he was a zealous Royalist,[7] and apparently an angler,[8] he was perhaps personally known to Walton. It is however certain that Walton was then well acquainted with the Marriotts, and nothing is more probable than that they should have requested him to write the prefatory matter to a posthumous work,[9] which was to appear upon their responsibility. The internal evidence that the Address was written by Walton is so strong that it will be inserted without the slightest fear of its not being attributed to the real author:

"TO THE READER,—Though the author had some years before his lamented death, composed, reviewed, and corrected these Eclogues; yet, he left no epistle to the reader, but only a title, and a blank leaf for that purpose. Whether he meant some allegorical exposition of the Shepherds' names, or their Eclogues, is doubtful: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the author: whose person, and mind, were both lovely, and his conversation such as distilled pleasure, knowledge, and virtue, into his friends and acquaintance. 'Tis confessed these Eclogues are not so wholly divine as many of his published Meditations, which speak 'his affections to be set upon things that are above,' and yet even such men have their intermitted hours, and (as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts. You are therefore requested to fancy him cast by fortune into the company of some yet unknown shepherds, and you have a liberty to believe 'twas by this following accident.

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[6] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 214, 217.

[7] Biographia Britannica, edit. 1760, art. *Quarles.*

[8] See several verses in his Eclogues.

[9] It is said in the Biographia Britannica that Quarles died on the 8th September 1644; but according to the following statement in Smith's Obituary, Additional MS. 886, in the British Museum, he died on the 19th of that month: "Mr Francis Quarles, a famous poet, died 19th September 1644."

"He in a summer's morning (about that hour when the great eye of heaven first opens itself to give light to us mortals), walking a gentle pace towards a brook (whose spring-head was not far distant from his peaceful habitation), fitted with angle, lines, and flies; flies proper for that season (being the fruitful month of May), intending all diligence to beguile the timorous trout (with which the watery element abounded), observed a more than common concourse of Shepherds, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepherdesses, Amaryllis and Aminta, strewing the footpaths with lilies and ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands, that they yet smelt more sweet than the morning, and immediately met (attended with Clora, Clorinda, and many other wood-nymphs) the fair and virtuous Parthenia; who, after a courteous salutation and inquiry of his intended journey, told him the neighbour Shepherds of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their god Pan; and that they had designed her mistress of a love-feast, which was to be kept that present day, in an arbour built that morning for that purpose. She told him also that Orpheus would be there and bring his harp, Pan his pipe, and Tityrus his oaten reed, to make music at this feast; she therefore persuaded him, not to lose, but change that day's pleasure; before he could return an answer, they were unawares entered into a living moving lane, made of Shepherds and Pilgrims, who had that morning measured many miles to be the eyewitnesses of that day's pleasure. This lane led them into a large arbour, whose walls were made of the yielding willow and smooth beech boughs, and covered over with sycamore leaves and honeysuckles. I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this arbour) Philoclea (Philoclea, the fair Arcadian Shepherdess) crowned her temples with a garland, with what flowers, and by whom it was made; I might tell what guests (besides Astrea and Adonis) were at this feast; and who (besides Mercury) waited at the table, this I might tell: but may not, cannot express what music the Gods and Wood-Nymphs made within; and the linnets, larks, and nightingales about this arbour during this holy day; which began in harmless mirth, and (for Bacchus and his gang were absent) ended in love and peace, which Pan (for he only can do it) continue in Arcadia, and restore to the disturbed island of Britannia, and grant that each honest Shepherd may again sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankful.

"Reader, at this time and place, the author contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted Shepherds, with whom (as he returned from his river recreations) he often rested himself; and, whilst in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard their discourse, which (with the Shepherds' names) is presented in these Eclogues.

"A friend of the author's wished me to tell thee so; this 23d of November 1645.

Jo: Marriot."

About the year 1646 Walton again married. His second wife was Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, by (his first wife) Jane, daughter of Rowland Hughes, of Essenden, in Hertfordshire, but the exact date of his marriage has not been discovered.[1] The family of Ken[2] is of considerable antiquity in Somersetshire, and has attained celebrity by having produced Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, a prelate distinguished for his learning, piety, and virtues.

Anne Ken could not have been less than five-and-thirty when she gave her hand to Izaak Walton, who was seventeen years her senior, he having then attained the mature age of about fifty-three. Of her personal attractions nothing is known, but her talents and acquirements were of a very superior order. She was eminently prudent, possessed very extensive information, and was of "the primitive piety," merits which, her husband states, were "adorned with true humility and much Christian meekness." Walton's marriage tended materially to increase his happiness, and the fifteen or sixteen years of their union seem to have been passed in the enjoyment of every comfort.

According to Anthony Wood,[3] who was well acquainted with

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[1] The record of the licence for their marriage cannot be found, and the registers of Cripplegate and of St Andrew's, Holborn, having been searched without success, there is no clue to the place where it was celebrated.

[2] By his first wife, above named, Thomas Ken had three children, viz., Anne, who was born about 1610; Jane, who married John Symons; and Thomas, who is called "eldest son by the first wife" in the pedigree which his father entered in the Herald's Visitation of London in 1634, and who was buried at Cripplegate in February 1636. Mr Ken married, secondly, Martha, daughter of Jon Chalkhill, of Kingsbury, in Middlesex, by whom (who died in March 1641) he had John Ken, born in June 1627, who died unmarried in 1651; Jon, born in July 1632, became treasurer to the East India Company, married Rose, sister of Sir Thomas Vernon of Coleman Street, and was living in 1683; Martha, born in June 1628; Mary, born in February 1630, who appears to have died before 1638; Margaret, born in March 1631; Elizabeth, born in April 1635; another Mary, born in August 1638, and died in December 1639; Martin, born in March 1641; and Thomas, born at Berkhamstead in July 1637, who became Bishop of Bath. Of Margaret, Elizabeth, and Martin Ken, nothing more has been discovered. So particular an account of the children of Thomas Ken is rendered necessary for the purpose of correcting an error which Mr Bowles, the latest biographer of Bishop Ken, has committed by stating that he was the issue of his father's *first* wife, and consequently that he was brother of the whole blood to Mrs Walton. This mistake is the more remarkable, because Mr Bowles professes to correct the statement of Hawkins, the grand-nephew and executor of the bishop, who says in his memoir of the prelate, printed only two years after his death, that he was "the *youngest* son of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, by *Martha*, his wife." A more experienced genealogist than Mr Bowles might, however, have been misled by finding that in the pedigree registered by his father in 1634, a *Thomas Ken* is expressly stated to have been his "eldest son by the first wife," but a comparison of dates at once shows that the bishop was a different person. The birth of Bishop Ken is proved by the certificate of his admission to Winchester College in January 1651, when he was thirteen years old, to have taken place about 1637, whereas if he had been the Thomas who is mentioned in the Herald's Visitation of 1634, he must in 1651 have been at least twenty-five, because John Ken, his half-brother, and the issue of his father's *second* marriage, was baptized on the 7th of January 1627. The certificate of the burial in February 1636, of the Thomas Ken who was living in 1634 (which has only lately been obtained), places the point beyond dispute.

[3] Athen. Oxon. by Bliss, I. 698.

Walton, and might be supposed to have been accurately informed of the fact, he continued "in Chancery Lane till about 1643 (at which time he found it dangerous for honest men to be there), he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford and elsewhere, but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved." The part of this statement which fixes Walton's removal from London to the year 1643 has been proved erroneous, because he did not leave Chancery Lane until about August 1644; and as he was certainly in London in January 1645, and in December 1647, and, as will be afterwards shown, was living there in 1650, it is extremely doubtful when, if ever, he retired to Stafford. Very little has been discovered respecting him between 1645 and 1650; and it does not appear that he printed anything in that period; but it has been confidently stated by many writers that Walton sought seclusion and safety during the civil wars, in a cottage of his own near to his native town of Stafford, where he indulged in his favourite pursuits of literature and angling. Disgusted with public events, and grieved to the heart at the murder of his sovereign, the destruction of the Episcopal Church, and the dispersion and distress of its conscientious ministers, among the most eminent of whom were many of his dearest friends, he probably refrained from reflecting upon events which he could only bitterly deplore; but it is nearly certain that he did not leave London, excepting for temporary and occasional visits to Stafford, until after the Restoration.

Mr Bowles, in his Life of Bishop Ken,[4] has not only assumed that Dr Morley was Walton's guest, at his cottage in Staffordshire, from April 1648 until the first week in May 1649,[5] but he exercised the poetical talents for which he is justly celebrated, by imagining a dialogue to have taken place between Morley and Walton and his wife during Morley's visit. It is always painful to destroy the fabrics of genius; but biography is not a proper field for flights of poesy; and however pleasing might be such an episode in the life of Walton, as his having afforded shelter to the venerable Morley in his adversity, contrasting, as it would forcibly have done, with Walton's having passed the latter years of his life in the episcopal residences of that eminent person, it must nevertheless be said, that there is no evidence that Morley ever visited Walton in Staffordshire, or that he was indebted to him for any particular services.

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[4] Life of Ken, vol. i. p. 139. Mr Bowles' authority for stating that Morley took shelter with Walton in Staffordshire, after his ejection from Oxford, appears to have been derived from traditional information only. Ibid. pp. 93-95.

[5] Vol. i. p. 99, et seq.

It is remarkable that no other allusion should occur in Walton's works to his having resided at or in the neighbourhood of Stafford, than a line in the song called "The Angler's Wish," before mentioned, wherein he says that one of his desires is to

> "Loiter long days near *Shawford* brook,"

the name of the part of the river Sow, about five miles from Stafford, which runs through the land bequeathed by Walton to the corporation of that town for charitable purposes; but as this wish may have been formed at a distance from the locality, it is no proof that the writer was habitually indulging in the gratification, at the time when the desire for it was expressed. That Walton visited Stafford occasionally is however indisputable.

On the 11th of March 1648, and probably in London, Mrs Walton was delivered of a daughter, who received her mother's name of Anne. This event is recorded in Walton's handwriting, with many other entries of a similar nature, in a copy of his prayer-book [6] formerly belonging to Dr Hawes; and as it is a very interesting relic of the original owner, and has been celebrated by Mr Bowles,[7] it is proper to state that the book in question is a small folio edition of "The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England," printed by Barker in 1639; and that it has always remained in the possession of his descendants.

Before the year 1650 Walton took a house in the parish of Clerkenwell, where Mrs Walton gave birth to a son, who was baptized in St James's Church by the name of ISAAK, on the 10th of February 1650; but this child lived only a few months, and was buried at Clerkenwell on the 10th of June following.[8] The disappointment which Walton had frequently experienced in not having a son to inherit his good name, was however happily compensated in the ensuing year, when his wife was again delivered of a boy, of whose birth the annexed account was written by his father in the family prayer-book, which agrees with the parish register of Clerkenwell: [9] "My last son ISAAC, born the 7th of September 1651, at half an hour after two o'clock in the afternoon, being Sunday, and so was baptized in the evening by Mr Thrustros,[1] in my house in Clerkenwell, Mr Henry Davison and brother Beauchamp were his god-fathers, and Mrs Row his god-mother."

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[6] "My doghter Anne borne the eleventh of March 1647." [1647-8.]

[7] Life of Ken, vol. i. passim.

[8] "Isaacke sonne to Isaack Walton and . . . ux. x'pened 10th February 1649."—Register of St James's, Clerkenwell.

"Isaacke sonn to Isaack Walton, [buried] 10th June 1650."—Ibid.

[9] "Isaack son to Isaack Walton and . . . x'pened 7th September 1651."—Register of the parish of Clerkenwell, which also contains the following entry of a son of *George* Walton: "Abraham son to Geo. Walton, [buried] 18th March 1653."

Of the parties here mentioned all which can be said is that Mr Thrustros was apparently the rector or curate of Clerkenwell. Mr Henry Davison was a member of Gray's Inn, and was probably descended from Secretary Davison, the connection between whose family and that of Cranmer has been pointed out.[2] Walton's "brother Beauchamp" was James Beacham, a goldsmith of London, and the husband of Martha Ken, Mrs Walton's half-sister. Mrs Row was probably the wife either of the "Nat. or R. Roe" who accompanied Walton in his fishing excursions, and who were distantly related to him.

In 1651 Walton published a collection of the writings of Sir Henry Wotton under the title of "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," with a memoir of the author.[3] He was induced to become Wotton's biographer at the solicitation of Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King-of-Arms, Charles Cotton, whose name is identified with "The Complete Angler," and Nicholas Oudert, the confidential servant of Wotton; and the manner in which he executed the task they imposed upon him, fully justified their request. With his wonted modesty he thus speaks of the motives by which he was influenced:—

> "Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred as left a stock of reputation to their posterity; such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family to perform actions worthy of their ancestors. And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if, of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employment had been pleased to have commended his to posterity; but since some years are now past, and they have all (I know not why) forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of one [4] that still lives (Mr Nicholas Oudert) solicitous to see this

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[1] See Note B.

[2] The will of "Henry Davison, of Gray's Inn, gentleman," was dated on the 3d of April, and proved on the 30th of May 1652. He does not appear to have been married, but had two sisters, Jane, then the wife of Richard Cleare, and Mary, who was unmarried. A Mr Henry Neville was his executor.

[3] Sir John Hawkins (p. 17) conjectures that the Life of Wotton was finished in 1644, because in the preface to the collected edition of Walton's Lives, he says, "having written these two Lives" [of Donne and Wotton], he "lay quiet twenty years" before he commenced the Life of Hooker, which appeared in 1664. Walton is not always exact in his dates; but Hawkins's suggestion seems to be erroneous from Walton's stating that it was printed as fast as it was written, the MS. being supplied to the printer in detached pieces. Vide p. xliii. postea.

[4] In the first two editions of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," this passage is so written; and "Mr Nic. Oudert" only is referred to; but in the third edition, printed in 1672, it is altered to "of *some* that still *live*," and the marginal note is as follows: "Sir Edward Bish, Clarentieux King-of-Arms, Mr Charles Cotton, and Mr Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton's servant."

> duty performed; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it; which truly I have not done but with some distrust of mine own abilities, and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I present all readers with a commixture of truth, and Sir Henry Wotton's merits."

The first edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" was dedicated to Mary Baroness Wotton, daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton, and widow of Thomas, second Lord Wotton, of Marley, the nephew of Sir Henry Wotton, and to her three daughters, Katherine, wife of Henry Lord Stanhope (eldest son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield), who was afterwards created Countess of Chesterfield for life; Margaret, wife of Sir John Tufton; and Ann, the wife of Sir Edward Hales. Walton's dedication has the singular merit of being free from the servility and nauseous flattery by which similar productions were then, and have since been, too often defaced: he says,

> "Since books seem by custom to challenge a dedication, justice would not allow, that what either was, or concerned Sir Henry Wotton, should be appropriated to any other persons; not only for that nearness of alliance and blood (by which you may challenge a civil right to what was his); but, by a title of that entireness of affection, which was in you to each other, when Sir Henry Wotton had a being upon earth. And since yours was a friendship made up of generous principles, as I cannot doubt but these endeavours to preserve his memory will be acceptable to all that loved him; so especially to you, from whom I have had such encouragements as hath emboldened me to this dedication. Which you are most humbly entreated may be accepted from your very real servant, I. W."

The Life of Wotton was very hastily printed, the cause of which is not mentioned; and the author deprecates censure for any incongruities by saying that "the printer fetched it so fast by pieces from the relator, that he never saw what he had writ altogether till it was past the press." In the memoir he apologises for some deficiencies in consequence of the State Paper Office "having now suffered a strange alienation;"[5] and he adds, "indeed I want time too, for the printer's press stays for what is written;" but as the work ran through several editions, he was enabled to correct the memoir; and in no department of literature is the opportunity of improving a first edition so necessary as in History or Biography. Nearly every line of works of that nature contains either a date or a fact, accuracy in which must be attained by repeated revision; and they can only be rendered complete, by the introduction, from time to time, of such information as subsequent discoveries may bring to light.

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[5] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I. 239.

A congeniality of disposition and pursuits, particularly in that of Angling,[6] produced a great intimacy between Walton and Wotton; and he was probably the "friend" who is alluded to in the following lines in Wotton's "Description of the Spring, on a Bank, as I sat a-fishing:"

"The jealous Trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:
There stood *my friend*, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill."

Two letters from Sir Henry Wotton to Walton are inserted in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," the dates of which are not preserved. The first, in answer to Walton's request that he would write the Life of their common friend Dr Donne, has been noticed; but the second letter, in which he sent Walton the following beautiful hymn written at night during a severe illness, exhibits the estimation in which his society and virtues were held by that eminent person, in vivid colours:

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,—Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my chamber by a quotidian fever, I thank God, of more contumacy than malignity. It had once left me, as I thought, but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetic vapours, that are called hypochondriacal; of which most say the cure is good company; and I desire no better physician than yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavoured to make it more easy by composing a short Hymn; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardoned a second vanity, if I communicate it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a cheerful spirit, and a thankful heart to value it, as one of the greatest blessings of our good God, in whose dear love I leave you, remaining, your poor friend to serve you, H. WOTTON.[7]

"Oh thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire,
One rosy drop from David's seed,
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
Oh precious Ransom! which once paid
That Consummatum est was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath;
Thou then that hast despung'd my score,
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all. H. WOTTON."

Soon after the fatal battle of Worcester, which was fought on the 3d of September 1651, Walton's loyalty caused him to be intrusted with a commission of some delicacy if not danger. In consequence of the sudden flight of the King, the baggage in his quarters at Worcester fell into Cromwell's hands. A Collar of SS, and a Garter which belonged to His Majesty, formed part of the spoil, and were brought to the Parliament a few days afterwards by Major Corbet,[8] who was despatched by Cromwell with an account of his victory. The Sovereign's lesser George was, however, preserved by Colonel Blague; who having taken shelter at Blore Pipe House, two miles from Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, then the residence of Mr George Barlow, delivered the jewel into that gentleman's custody. In the ensuing week, Mr Barlow carried it to Robert Milward, Esquire, who was at that time a prisoner in the garrison of Stafford, and Milward shortly afterwards gave it into "the trusty hands" of Mr Izaak Walton, to convey to Colonel Blague, who was confined by the Parliament in the Tower of London. It is said that Blague, "considering it had already past so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own;" and having made his escape from the Tower, he had the gratification of restoring the George to its royal owner. This anecdote is related by Ashmole in his "History of the Order of the Garter,"[9] from the statement of Blague, Milward, and Walton themselves; and he takes that opportunity of speaking of the latter as "a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men, and will be better known to posterity by his ingenious pen in the Lives of Dr Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr Richard Hooker, and Mr George Herbert." Milward[1] was an intimate friend, if not a distant relation of Walton's; and the circumstance of his being a prisoner at Stafford, when he intrusted the George to him, makes it likely that Walton was in that town towards the end of 1651. He, however, appears to have been in London on the 9th of September in that year, when his son was born; and if he went to Stafford soon afterwards, he must have returned to the metropolis before Blague made his escape from the Tower. Walton seems to have resided at Clerkenwell from 1650 until after the return of Charles the Second, as "Mr Walton" is recorded to have contributed to the poor's rate in November 1661, which is the last time the name occurs in the books of that parish.[2]

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[6] See the Complete Angler, p. 77.

[7] Ed. 1685, pp. 361, 362.

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[8] Commons' Journals.

[9] P. 228. See also Plot's History of Staffordshire and Boscobel.

[1] This gentleman was the cousin of Charles Cotton, and of Sir Aston Cokaine. Cokaine addressed several poems to him, which are printed in a collection of his works, entitled "Small Poems of Divers Sorts, written by Sir Aston Cokaine." London, 12mo, 1658.

[2] See the Appendix.

Some commendatory verses by Walton were prefixed to his "worthy friend" Edward Sparke's "Scintillula Altaris, or a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion, as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church," which was printed in 1652; but they are inferior to his other compositions of that description, and the only lines deserving of being quoted are:

> "Each Saint's day
> Stands as a land-mark in an erring age,
> To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
> To the Celestial Canaan; and each fast,
> Is both the soul's direction, and repast."

Walton attained his sixtieth year in 1653, and then published the first edition of "The Complete Angler," a work to which he is more indebted for the admiration of posterity than to his biographical labours. It cannot be necessary to enter into a critical disquisition on a work so universally known as "The Complete Angler," which, whether considered as a treatise upon the art of Angling, or as a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite descriptions of rural scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, and in an unaffected love of the Creator and His works, has long ranked amongst the most popular compositions in our language; but some observations upon its construction and merits will be submitted, when adverting to the second edition.

The first edition differs materially from all the others, as the dialogue is between two persons only, "Piscator" and "Viator," and the extracts from books are less frequent. Long before the appearance of "The Complete Angler," numerous works had been published, in which the subjects of them were related in dialogue; and the plan appears to have been a favourite one with the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As might be supposed, Walton framed his treatise upon one of those examples; and there is reason to believe that he adopted as his model "A Treatise on the Nature of God," a small volume first printed in 1599, which not only commences in nearly the identical words of, but bears, in other places,[3] a great similarity to "The Complete Angler;" and there is so much resemblance between many passages of Walton's work and Heresbachius' Husbandry by Googe, which was first printed in 1577,[4] as to render it probable that he was indebted to that work for some of his ideas. Though intended to be a practical Treatise on Angling, Walton seems to have been aware that the subject itself was not sufficiently interesting; and he therefore wisely introduced a variety of topics calculated to attract the general reader. He says he did not undertake the task to please himself; but in writing of it he "had made a recreation of a recreation;" and that to prevent its reading "dull and tediously, he had in several places mixt some innocent mirth," which "innocent mirth," he adds, "I am the willinger to justify, because the whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition in such days and times as I allow myself when honest Nat. and R. R. [Roe] and I go a-fishing together." Walton justly ridiculed the idea of making an angler by a book, but suggests that most of those who love Angling "may here learn something that may be worth their money,[5] if they be not needy: and if they be, then my advice is that they forbear, for I write not to get money, but for pleasure; and this discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much and fail."

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[3] See "The Complete Angler," Note, p. 1.

[4] This work was reprinted in 1586, and again in 1614.

18 pence

He dedicated the work to John Offley, of Madely Manor, in Staffordshire, Esquire, "his most honoured friend" who, there is some grounds for supposing, was remotely related to him. Mr Offley was a very skilful angler, and Walton speaks of his "former favours" to him. Sir Henry Wotton told Walton "that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art, and in praise of Angling;" and he adds, "doubtless he had done so,[6] if death had not prevented him;" thus in "The Complete Angler," as in the "Life of Donne," Walton accomplished an object which had been contemplated by Wotton; and it is extremely likely that in their many conversations whilst fishing, remarks were made by that accomplished person, of which he availed himself; a suggestion which the frequent allusions to him in the work render the more probable.

On the 18th of May 1653, Walton proved the will of his father-in-law, Mr Thomas Ken, who died on the 12th of June 1651.[7] That instrument was dated on the 12th of April 1651, and it appears that Mrs Walton received her share of her father's property on her marriage, as Ken bequeathed her only five shillings, because he had "heretofore bestowed a portion sufficient upon her." Her sister Jane married a person of the name of John Symonds, from whom she was then separated, as her father states that he had maintained her "with diet and lodging and other necessaries for the space of twelve years and above, to my great charges, and for whose sake I have bestowed a place upon her husband in the circuit of South Wales, to the value of forty marks per annum or thereabouts, which I conceive to have been a greater portion for her than my estate could afford." He, however, left her forty shillings, which were to be paid "whensoever her said husband shall take her away with him from London to live with him as it is fit." The rest of his property he ordered to be equally divided among his four other children, Martha, the wife of James Beacham, Jon Ken, Jane Ken, and Thomas Ken, all of whom were the issue of his second marriage with Martha Chalkhill; and he appointed his sons-in-law, Izaak Walton and James Beacham, his executors.

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[5] The price of the first edition of "The Complete Angler" was eighteenpence.

[6] See the Dedication of "The Complete Angler."

[7] "1651, June 12, Mr Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inne, the sheriff's attorney accomptant, died." Vide Smith's Catalogue of persons deceased. Additional MS. 886, in the British Museum.

In the ensuing year, 1654, the second edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" was published, in which Walton made large additions: the apology for inaccuracies is omitted, and he had evidently reviewed the first impression with great care. His next publication was in 1655, when he printed the second edition of "The Complete Angler," in which he made so many important alterations, that much of his time in the two preceding years must have been employed in revising that work.

In the title, the "Discourse" was stated to include "Rivers and Fish-ponds," as well as Fish and Fishing. Very slight variations occur in the Dedication; but several passages were added to the Address to the Reader, wherein he says "that in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of my friends." The contributions of his friends were not, however, confined to the body of the work, for seven of them addressed complimentary verses to the author, which were prefixed to this edition. These verses were written by his two brothers-in-law, John and Robert Floud; the Rev. Christopher Harvie, author of "The Synagogue;" the Rev. Thomas Weaver, author of "Songs and Sonnets;" Edmund Powel, apparently a clergyman of Stafford; Henry Bagley or Bailey, a clergyman; and Alexander Brome, who was a poet, and, like Walton's friend, Dr Morley, one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted sons. No date occurs to any of the verses; but it is remarkable that in the third and subsequent impressions of "The Complete Angler," Powel's lines "To the readers of my most ingenious friend's book, the Complete Angler," are dated on the "3d of April 1650," whence it may be inferred that the work was written and prepared for the press nearly three years before it was published. This circumstance may perhaps be attributed to the unsettled state of the times, the public mind being then too violently agitated by political affairs to feel interested in works unconnected with passing events, and least of all in a treatise on the tranquil amusement of Angling. In the fifth edition, the date of 1649 is appended to Weaver's verses; but as they were addressed not to the readers of the book, but "to my dear friend Mr Iz. Walton, in praise of Angling, which we both love," it admits of no inference as to the time when the treatise was written.

Some of the lines in the verses of the two Flouds are deserving of notice. The elder, John Floud, has well described "The Complete Angler" by saying that

"There's none so low
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow,
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell,
Whether your matchless judgment most excel
In Angling or its praise; where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation."

Robert Floud's remarks on the resemblance between Walton and his work, is the testimony of an intimate acquaintance to a fact, of which every reader of the book must be conscious; and which is corroborated by Walton's saying, that the "whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition:"

"This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingenuously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you."

The Dialogue, which is extended by one hundred pages of new matter, is sustained by three, instead of two persons; namely, an angler, a hunter, and a falconer, under the names of Piscator, Venator, and Auceps. "Viator," who was the second individual of the dramatis personæ of the first edition, disappears; and the conversation commences with remarks from each of the interlocutors in praise of his own pursuit. Tottenham Hill is still the place, and the morning of May-day the time of their meeting; and the following account of the plan of the work may be considered interesting, because the directions respecting Angling, and the numerous quotations and songs which are introduced, divert the reader's attention from the regular order of events.

Piscator, in ascending Tottenham Hill on a fishing excursion, overtakes Venator a huntsman, and Auceps a falconer, and after the usual compliments he expresses a hope that they were going towards Ware. Venator replies that he is going to the Thatched House in Hoddesden, where he has appointed some friends to meet him; and Auceps says he will accompany them as far as Theobalds, and there leave them, as he must then turn off to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for him, which he wishes to see. They agree to proceed together, and Venator observes, in answer to Piscator, that a little business and more pleasure was the occasion of his journey, for after devoting that day to the former, he intended to bestow another day or two in hunting an otter; on which Piscator remarks that "his fortune has answered his desires," as he wished also to employ a day or two in destroying "those villanous vermin" the otters, which he "hated perfectly, because they loved fish so well;" and adds, that in his opinion all men who "keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the Commonwealth," which expression is changed in the third edition, printed after the Restoration, to "pensions from the King." Venator slily replies, "But what say you to the foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed, for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do?"—a political allusion, of which the whole point cannot now be understood; but Piscator waives the subject by rejoining, "Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those vile vermin the otters do." On the hunter's and falconer's speaking slightingly of Angling, Piscator observes with much justice, "You know, Gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it, but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap." This produces a challenge that each shall say what he can in favour of his own pursuit; and a dissertation accordingly follows upon Hunting, Hawking, and Angling. Piscator's observations are, as might be expected, the longest; and his discourse is illustrated by passages from numerous authors ancient and modern, which, if not always entertaining, show a considerable extent of reading. He also introduced a poem written by Sir Henry Wotton when above seventy years of age, "as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing;" and Walton poetically observes, that it "glides as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does now by which it was then made."

Auceps leaves them at the park wall of Theobalds; and when Piscator and Venator arrive at the Thatched House, they refresh

2 day

themselves with a "civil cup to all the otter-hunters" whom Venator was to meet on the next day, and "to all lovers of Angling." Venator then proposes that Piscator should meet him on the morrow, and spend that day in otter-hunting; upon which condition he would pass the two ensuing days with Piscator, and "do nothing but angle and talk of fish and fishing." Piscator readily agrees, and his promise to be at Amwell Hill before sunrise the next morning terminates the proceedings of the First day.

Piscator and Venator meet at the appointed hour, on the 2d of May, on Amwell Hill. They join the other huntsmen: the otter is caught; and a conversation ensues respecting those animals. Piscator begs for a young otter for the purpose of taming it; and one of the huntsmen suggests that they shall "go to an honest alehouse, where they may have a cup of good barley wine, sing" a well-known song called "'Old Rose,' and all of them rejoice together." Venator invites Piscator to accompany them; and proposes that he shall pay his expenses for that night, and that Piscator shall pay his to-morrow, to which he consents; and the Second day closes.

3 day

On the next morning, the 3d of May, the dialogue commences abruptly by Venator saying, "Well now, let's go to your sport of Angling:" Piscator conducts him to a proper place; and in reply to Venator's questions of "How he liked their host and the company? Was not their host a witty man?" says, "And now to your question concerning your host, to speak truly he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty; for the Devil will help a man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt nature (which he always carries with him) to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth and leaves out the sin (which is usually mixt with them) he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such a company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout Hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others, the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet[8] says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:—

> 'Many a one
> Owes to his country his religion:
> And in another would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.'

"This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess that I know right well, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner."

Piscator catches a chub, and conducts Venator "to an honest alehouse, where they would find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall," the hostess of which, who was "cleanly, and handsome, and civil," altered from the first edition, where she is called "both cleanly and conveniently handsome," had dressed many for him "after his fashion," and he would "warrant it good meat." They dine, and inspired by their good cheer, Venator solicits permission, henceforth, to call Piscator "Master," and "that really he may be his Scholar;" for he adds, "you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar." Piscator replies, "Give me your hand, from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common Angler yet knows."

They return to their amusement, when Piscator describes the manner of fishing for and dressing chubs; and desires Venator to take his rod whilst he sits down to mend his tackling. Venator succeeds in catching a chub, and is rewarded by his master's praises. The discourse then turns upon trout; and one being caught, they set out on their return to the house where they had dined, where they intend to sup and meet Piscator's "brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion," as well as a friend whom he brought with him. It is evident that the word

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[8] The poet alluded to, from whom these lines are quoted, has not been discovered, but the following imitation of them by Dryden has been pointed out by an intelligent correspondent to the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xcix. part II. p. 112:

> "By education most have been misled,
> So they believe, because they were so bred;
> The priest continues what the nurse began,
> And thus the child imposes on the man."

"brother" was merely used to denote a member of the fraternity of Anglers, as Piscator speaks of his friend's wishing to be "a brother of the angle;" and Peter shortly afterwards drinks to his "young brother's good fortune" on the morrow. A conversation ensues, in which the house and the manner they intend to spend the evening are described in very natural and pleasing language:

"VENATOR. On my word, Master, this is a gallant trout, what shall we do with him?

"PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

"VENATOR. A match, good Master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so: let's be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing."

Before they return, Piscator catches another logger-headed chub, which he hangs on a willow twig, and then indulges in the following observations, which are remarkable for their charming simplicity, and, to use Sir Walter Scott's expression, for their "Arcadian language:" "Let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high hedge. We'll sit whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows. Look under that broad beech-tree, I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that primrose-hill: there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and others were craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it:

'I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.'

"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago, and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry; but choicely good: I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder, on my word, yonder they be both a-milking again; I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs for us."

A dialogue then takes place between Piscator and the milk-women:

"PISCATOR. God speed, good woman, I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

"MILK-WOMAN. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a sillabub of new verjuice, in a new made hay-cock, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads, for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk, you shall have it freely?

"PISCATOR. No, I thank you, but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by you and your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

"MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I pray? was it 'Come, shepherds, deck your heads,' or 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' or 'Philida flouts me'?

"PISCATOR. No, it is none of these: it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

"MILK-WOMAN. Oh, I know it now: I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done."

The milkmaid accordingly sings, and is answered by a song from her mother: Piscator thanks them, and Venator appears to have expressed his gratitude in a more affectionate manner than his sedate companion approved, for his Master observes, "Scholar, let Maudlin alone, do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes my Hostess to call us to supper. How now? is my brother Peter come?"

"HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him, they are both glad to hear you are in these parts, and long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper."

Piscator and Venator then meet "brother Peter," who introduces them to Coridon, "an honest countryman, a most downright, witty, merry companion, that met me here purposely to eat a trout, and to be pleasant."

They sup off the trout which Piscator had caught, with such other meat as the house afforded, moistening their cheer with "some of the best barley wine, the good liquor that our good honest forefathers did use to drink of, which preserved their health and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds."

During their conversation Peter thus eulogised Piscator, "On my word this trout is in perfect season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the Angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow; I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling, we will set him up and make him a fisher; and I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be a Scholar to such a Master; a Master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the minnow to the salmon, as any that I ever met withal." To which Piscator replied, "Trust me, brother Peter, I find my Scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him."

They then agree to sing several songs and catches, which Venator says, "shall give some addition of mirth to the company, for we will be merry," upon which Piscator observes, "'Tis a match, my masters; let's even say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to wet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention." The lot falls to Coridon, who begins, for "he hates contention." The song is much admired by Piscator, who says, "Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle and was choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it as long as I know you: I would you were a brother of the angle, for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men (that cannot well bear it) to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink: and take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little, than a great deal of money; for 'tis the company and not the charge makes the feast: and such a companion you prove, I thank you for it. But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be as well liked."

Piscator is also rewarded by the applause of his companions for his song, and after the following dialogue they separate for the night:

"CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin, we Anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this song. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him: and now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early; but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning, for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

"PETER. A match: Come, Coridon, you are to be my bedfellow: I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together; but where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

"PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

"CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

"PETER. 'Tis a match. Good-night to everybody."

The Fourth day is thus introduced:

"PISCATOR. Good-morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast, and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

"VENATOR. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction according to your promise, how I shall fish for a trout.

"PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it."

Then follow Piscator's directions on the subject, which occupy the time until past five o'clock, when their walk is stopped by the river, on the bank of which they sit, under a honeysuckle hedge, whilst Piscator finds a line to fit the rod which Peter had lent Venator. They agree to fish until nine, and then go to breakfast.

After fishing for some time they "say grace and fall to breakfast," and Piscator asks, "What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it; for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat?" Their meal suggests reflections on temperance in eating; and Piscator proceeds with his instructions, but as a heavy shower falls they again take shelter under the sycamore-tree. When it had done raining, Piscator called his scholar's attention to the appearance of the fields, and introduced Herbert's poem, which is scarcely exceeded in beauty and pathos by any similar composition in our language, commencing—

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,
> Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die."

Venator's praise of these verses induces him to repeat others by Christopher Harvie, on the Book of Common Prayer, which he says his scholar will like the better because the author "is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to Angling." Their rods during this time are "left in the water to fish for themselves," which, he says, is "like putting money to use, for they work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice." "You know," he observes, "that we have during this last hour, sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree : no life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler ; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silver streams which we now see glide by us."

Piscator then enlivens their conversation by relating an anecdote of some gipsies, and recites a song that was written about forty years before by Francis Davison, which he says he heard sung by one of the said gipsies, "the youngest and veriest virgin of the company." They afterwards go to their rods, and fish until the rain again drives them to the sycamore-tree ; when Piscator continues his observations on his art, and adverts to the prevalent fashion of women placing patches on their faces, of which custom he does not seem to disapprove : he says that "when the trout or salmon is in season, they have at their first taking out of the water (which continues during life) their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, which gives them such an addition of natural beauty, as I (that am yet no enemy to it) think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age."

After a protracted dissertation Piscator becomes somewhat exhausted, as "he had almost spent his spirits with talking so long ;" and apprehending that his discourse "grows both tedious and tiresome," asks his scholar if he has nothing to relieve it? "Shall I," he demands, "have nothing from you that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?" Venator offers to repeat Dr Donne's verses, "Come live with me and be my love:" and it is evident that Walton was aware of the general ruggedness and want of harmony of Donne's poems, for he makes Venator say, "I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Dr Donne, and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought them fit and worth his labour; and I love them the better because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing."

As it "rains still," and because the angles were, as Venator had remarked, "as money put to use, that thrive when we play," Piscator says he will requite his scholar for these verses by some observations on the eel, which are followed by others on the barbel. They then take up their rods, and Piscator proposes that they shall proceed "towards their lodging, drink a draught of red cow's milk as they go, and give pretty Maudlin and her mother a brace of trouts for their supper." After meeting the milk-women, Piscator describes the method of fishing for gudgeon; but their conversation is interrupted by Peter and Coridon; and Piscator promises that, as he and his scholar fish and walk the next day towards London, he will tell him anything which he might have forgotten. The party compare their success, but Peter says that during the rain he and Coridon had taken shelter in an alehouse, where they played at shovel-board half the day. The evening was spent like the preceding; and after supper they had what Venator calls "a gentle touch at singing and drinking, but the last with moderation." Piscator's song, beginning "Oh, the gallant fisher's life," was, it appears, partly composed by Walton; for Venator says, "Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day, and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me, that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?" to which Piscator replies, "Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it, and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of my own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify."

Venator's remarks on the blessing of a contented mind and on the beauties of nature are peculiarly pleasing, and are a faithful reflection of Walton's disposition: "But, Master, first let me tell you, that that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me, that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so, that he had at this time many lawsuits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title, took in his fields, for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see fishes leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this pleasant month of May; these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air, that I thought this meadow like the field in Sicily (of which Diodorus speaks) where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it, to fall off and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat joying in mine own happy condition, and pitying the rich man's, that ought this, and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; for indeed they are free from those high, those restless thoughts and contentions which corrode the sweets of life."

The party agree to sing over again a catch, which Venator says he had converted from "a piece of an old catch, and added more to it fitting them to be sung by us Anglers;" and he then says, "Come, Master, you can sing well; you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper;" whence it may, perhaps, be concluded that Walton had acquired some reputation by his vocal powers. Another cup concludes their festivities, and they retire to rest.

5th Day

On the Fifth and last day the four friends rise early, settle their hostess's moderate bill, "drink a pot for their morning's draught," and separate. Peter goes with Coridon; and Venator accompanies Piscator on his return to London. During their walk Piscator continues his instructions; and on describing where the best tackling might be purchased, Venator proposes to meet him on the 9th of May at Charles Brandon's, near the Swan in Golden Lane, as it was nearest to his residence, for the purpose of equipping himself as an angler. When they reach Tottenham, "they turn into an arbour," because it was a "clean and cool place," where Venator "requites a part of his master's courtesies with a bottle of sack, and milk, and oranges, and sugar, which all put together make," he says, "a drink like nectar; indeed too good for anybody but us Anglers; and so, master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor, and when you have pledged me, I will repeat some verses which I have promised you," and which were printed among Sir Henry Wotton's poems. A doubt seems to be expressed as to the authorship of these verses, as Venator observes that they were "doubtless made either by Wotton or by a lover of Angling," which remark is repeated by Piscator, who in return repeats a poem written "some say by Dr Donne," called a "Farewell to the Vanities of the World." The Master and Scholar then take leave of each other with mutual expressions of esteem, and promise to fulfil their engagement of meeting again four days afterwards, at Charles Brandon's, in Golden Lane.

There cannot possibly be a doubt that Walton meant to identify himself with Piscator; for not only does that person express his feelings and opinions, but he adopts his personal acquaintances, and alludes to many circumstances in his own life. To some extent, therefore, Piscator's remarks, and the allusions which Venator and the other interlocutors make to Piscator's disposition and acquirements, may be considered as autobiographical sketches, which are of great value as illustrations of Walton's feelings, disposition, and character. It is also probable that "Venator," "brother Peter," "the Scholar," and "Coridon," had an actual identity in the persons of some of his piscatory friends; but it is impossible to state whom they represented. "Brother Peter" may have been either Nat. or R. Roe, who, he says, generally accompanied him a-fishing; and the residence of Venator is stated to have been near Golden Lane, which is not far from Clerkenwell. The sentiments and language attributed to them, are, however, so similar to those of Piscator, that it is, in fact, he alone who speaks throughout the whole dialogue; and it is, consequently, impossible to trace any of the others by those allusions to circumstances and individuals which so completely identify Piscator with Walton.

With one exception, Walton's treatise appears to have given universal satisfaction to his contemporaries. The hostile critic was Robert Franck, who wrote a curious work, entitled "Northern Memoirs; calculated for the meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers, and rivulets, are compendiously described" in a dialogue between Theophilus and Arnoldus. Though written in 1658, the book was not published until 1694, and a new edition of it appeared in 1821, with a preface by Sir Walter Scott. Franck appears to have been acquainted with Walton; and the passages in which he alludes to him are the following:—

"ARNOLDUS. Indeed, the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond dispute, brought considerable profit; which happened in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the 'Compleat Angler') has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the trolling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

"THEOPHILUS. I remember the book, but you inculcate his erratas; however, it may pass muster among common muddlers.

"ARNOLDUS. No, I think not; for I remember in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz., Gesner, Dubravius, and Aldrovanus, which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of pools and ponds, where that weed (for aught I knew) never grew since the nonage of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commode herself with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about her legs, in regard adhering to the segs and bulrushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as myself and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, &c., and she mounting the air for another station, in probability mounts with her. Where note, the next pond she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no sooner deliberated, but dropped his argument, and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huffed away, which rendered him rather a formal opinionist, than a reformed and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

"THEOPHILUS. This was to the point, I confess; pray go on.

"ARNOLDUS. In his book, intituled the 'Compleat Angler,' you may read there of various and diversified colours, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments, convincing enough to instruct the adult and minority of youth, into the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself I'm convinced. Where note, the true character of an industrious angler, more deservedly falls upon Merril and Faulkner, or rather Isaac Owldham, a man that fished salmon but with three hairs at hook, whose collections and experiments were lost with himself.

"THEOPHILUS. That was pity." [9]

From this splenetic attack, Walton has been generously defended by the greatest literary genius of the present age, whose remarks show his admiration both of "The Complete Angler" and its author. "Probably no readers," says Sir Walter Scott, "while he reads the disparaging passages in which the venerable Izaac Walton is introduced, can forbear wishing that the good old man, who had so true an eye for Nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and withal, so sound a judgment, both concerning men and things, had made this northern tour instead of Franck; and had detailed in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland. Yet we must do our author the justice to state, that he is as much superior to the excellent patriarch Izaac Walton, in the mystery of fly-fishing, as inferior to him in taste, feeling, and common sense. Franck's contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally given with great judgment. Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove, with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by a *fish* (for so the salmon is called *par excellence*, in most parts of Scotland) of twenty pounds weight; both being alike strangers to that noble branch of the art, which exceeds all other uses of the angling-rod, as much as fox-hunting exceeds hare-hunting." [1]

Walton was certainly in London, and was probably still resident there, when the second edition of the Angler was published. In his Life of Bishop Sanderson he states, that about the time when that prelate first printed the "large, bold, and excellent" preface to his twenty sermons, which, he says, was "in the dangerous year 1655," he met Sanderson in the metropolis. His account of the interview is told in his own peculiar manner, and with so much effect that it would be improper to relate it in any other words:—

"About the time of his printing this excellent preface, I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse (for it began to rain), and immediately the wind rose, and the wind increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our ready money. The rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations of the present times with much clearness and conscientious freedom. I shall relate a part of them, in hope they may also turn to the advantage of my reader."[2]

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[9] Ed. 1821, pp. 175–177.

[1] Ibid. pp. v. vi.

The remainder of the narrative contains Sanderson's remarks upon various religious topics; and Walton observes, "This was a part of the benefit I then had by that hour's conversation; and I gladly remember and mention it as an argument of my happiness, and his great humility and condescension. I had also a like advantage by another happy conference with him;" which was on similar subjects, and which he also relates.[3]

Between 1655 and 1658 not a single trace of Walton has been found; but it was about that period that the following conversation occurred between Dr Fuller and himself. Not long after the publication of the "Church History" in 1655, Walton was asked by Fuller, who was aware of his being intimate with several bishops and other eminent clergymen, what he thought of that work himself, and what opinions he had heard his friends express of it? Walton replied "he thought it should be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution, that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable; while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his History of the Church, as in a flower-garden or one full of evergreens." "And why not," said Fuller, "the Church History so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most Holy season, or the Tabernacle of old at the feast of boughs?" "That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your feast of boughs, they may conceive we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation, and this, sometimes invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search, till they are lost in the labyrinth." "Oh," said Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness." "True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them."[4]

The next circumstance which is known of Walton is that, in 1658, he published a second and improved edition of his Life of Dr Donne, which was the first time the memoir was printed as a

[2] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 251, 252. [3] Ibid. p. 258.

[4] Biographia Britannica, edit. 1750, art. *Fuller.*

distinct work. It was dedicated to Sir Robert Holt, of Aston, in Warwickshire, Baronet, whose mother was the daughter of John King, Bishop of London, and sister of Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, the intimate friend of Donne and Walton. There are such characteristic and pleasing passages in this dedication; it affords so many illustrations of the mind and life of the writer, and contains statements of so much interest, among which is the fact that the memoir of Donne had been honoured with the approbation of King Charles the First, that it is proper to insert it:—

"TO MY NOBLE AND HONOURED FRIEND, SIR ROBERT HOLT, OF ASTON, IN THE COUNTY OF WARWICK, BART.

"SIR,—When this relation of the life of Dr Donne was first made public, it had, besides the approbation of our late learned and eloquent King, a conjunction with the author's most excellent sermons to support it; and thus it lay some time fortified against prejudice, and those passions that are, by busy and malicious men, too freely vented against the dead. And yet, now, after almost twenty years, when though the memory of Dr Donne himself, must not, cannot die, so long as men speak English; yet when I thought time had made this relation of him so like myself, as to become useless to the world, and content to be forgotten, I find that a retreat into a desired privacy will not be afforded; for the printers will again expose it and me to public exceptions, and without those supports, which we first had and needed, and in an age too in which truth and innocence have not been able to defend themselves from worse than severe censures. This I foresaw, and nature teaching me self-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may be found, to you, Sir, do I make mine addresses for an umbrage and protection; and I make it with so much humble boldness, as to say 'twere degenerous in you not to afford it. For, Sir, Dr Donne was so much a part of yourself, as to be incorporated into your family, by so noble a friendship, that I may say there was a marriage of souls betwixt him and your reverend grandfather, [John King, Bishop of London,] who in his life was an angel of our once glorious Church, and now no common star in heaven. And Dr Donne's love died not with him, but was doubled upon his heir, your beloved uncle, [Henry King,] the Bishop of Chichester, that lives in this froward generation, to be an ornament to his calling. And this affection to him was by Dr Donne so testified in his life, that he then trusted him with the very secrets of his soul; and at his death, with what was dearest to him, even his fame, estate, and children. And you have yet a further title to what was Dr Donne's, by that dear affection and friendship that was betwixt him and your parents, by which he entailed a love upon yourself, even in your infancy, which was increased by the early testimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued till Dr Donne put on immortality; and so this mortal was turned into a love that cannot die. And, Sir, 'twas pity he was lost to you in your minority, before you had attained a judgment to put a true value upon the living beauties and elegancies of his conversation; and pity, too, that so much of them as were capable of such an expression, were not drawn by the pencil of a Titian or a Tintoret, by a pen equal and more lasting than their art; for his life ought to be the example of more than that age in which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much, short of the original, will present you with some features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemishes and more ornaments than when 'twas first made public; which creates a contentment to myself, because it is the more worthy of him, and because I may with more civility entitle you to it. And in this design of doing so I have not a thought of what is pretended in most dedications, a commutation for courtesies: no indeed, Sir, I put no such value upon this trifle; for your owning it will rather increase my obligations. But my desire is, that into whose hands soever this shall fall, it may to them be a testimony of my gratitude to yourself and family, who descended to such a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendship in the days of my youth; and notwithstanding my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become grey-headed; and as time has added to my years, have still increased and multiplied their favours. This, Sir, is the intent of this Dedication; and having made the declaration of it thus public, I shall conclude it with commending them and you to God's dear love.

"I remain, Sir, what your many merits have made me to be, the humblest of your servants, ISAAC WALTON."

From this time the memorials of Walton are again imperfect until after the Restoration, an event which afforded the highest gratification to his political and religious feelings, and tended materially to his personal happiness. Charles the Second's return was attended by the promotion of many of the eminent divines who had suffered in the royal cause, among whom were some of Walton's oldest and most intimate friends. Dr Morley was made Dean of Christ Church, and soon afterwards Bishop of Worcester, Dr Henchman was elected Bishop of Salisbury, Dr Sanderson Bishop of Lincoln, and Dr King was restored to his see of Chichester. In their episcopal palaces, as in distress and persecution, the friendship of these eminent men for Walton was steady and sincere; and much of the remainder of his life was passed in their society. Long years of intimacy, congeniality of sentiments on secular and ecclesiastical matters, a similarity of taste in literature, and, more than all, a spirit of devout but rational piety, united them in the strongest bonds of attachment. The esteem of such men is conclusive evidence of Walton's virtues; and he often alluded to their kindness and good opinion in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Walton's joyful feelings at the Restoration are not merely presumed from his known devotion to the cause of monarchy and religion. They were expressed in the following "humble Eclogue" written on the 29th of May 1660, addressed to his "ingenious friend, Mr Brome,[5] on his various and excellent poems," which is prefixed to the first edition of Alexander Brome's Songs and other Poems, printed in the following year :—

"To my ingenious Friend, Mr Brome, on his various and excellent Poems.
An humble Eclog,
Written on the 29th of May 1660.

DAMON AND DORUS.

DAMON.

Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down :
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

DORUS.

'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be rais'd.

DAMON.

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May :
Let Rebels' spirits sink : let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad ;
But be not thou ; let us be glad.
And, Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee :[6]
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws :
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods :
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay,
As gardens in the month of May ;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

DORUS.

Written by whom?

DAMON.

A Friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine :
A civil swain, that knows his times
For businesses, and that done, makes rhymes,
But not till then : my Friend's a man
Lov'd by the Muses ; dear to Pan ;

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[5] "Alexander Brome, an attorney of the King's Bench, an ingenious poet, died 29th June 1666." Smith's Obituary, Additional MS. 886, in the British Museum.

[6] The following variation occurs in the next edition of Brome's Poems, printed in 1668 :—

"Have sung so oft and merrily."

He blest him with a cheerful heart,
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal, does or should complain.

DORUS.

I would fain see him:

DAMON.

Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech-tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perigot, and Amaryllis.
Tityrus, and his dear Chlora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora:
There we'll dance, shake hands, and sing
We have our Laws,
GOD BLESS THE KING.
IZ. WALTON."

The third edition of the "Complete Angler" appeared in 1661; but the variations between it and the impression of 1655 are not numerous or material. Although Mr Offley, to whom it was dedicated, died in 1658, no notice is taken of the circumstance, which is rather extraordinary, because Walton pathetically alludes to the loss of his fishing companions, the two Roes. In the former editions he spoke of "the days and times when honest Nat and R. R. and I go a-fishing together;" and in 1661 he thus noticed their deaths, "In such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not." Considerable trouble has been taken to discover some particulars of those persons, who, as Walton's intimate friends, and his companions in the sport for which he is celebrated, have strong claims upon the regard of his disciples. Unfortunately, however, nothing has been found respecting them, except that they appear to have been distantly related to Walton, as he presented one of his books to his "cozen Roe;" but it may be conjectured that they were brothers, and shopkeepers in London, and it was probably the wife of one of them who was godmother to his son in September 1651.

In the same year, 1661, Walton also wrote some verses on the publication of the fourth edition of a popular religious poem, called "The Synagogue," by the Rev. Christopher Harvie, who had paid a similar compliment to Walton in the second edition of the "Complete Angler," and whose poem on the Book of Common Prayer is introduced into that work, as having been written by "a reverend and learned divine, who professed to imitate George Herbert." "The Synagogue" was first printed in 1640; and Walton says, in the following lines, that he admired that poem before he knew its author personally, with whom he must, therefore, have become acquainted between the years 1640 and 1655:

"TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

SIR,
I LOV'D you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person; but now love you more,
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire
Where holy Herbert sits
(O shame to profane wits!)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of days.

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear:
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: every hour
I read you, kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W'are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you
And Herbert, and renew
My vows, and say, Well fare his and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art. IZ. WA."

On the 17th of April 1662, Walton again became a widower, by the death of his second wife, Anne Ken. The event took place in her fifty-second year at Worcester, and is thus recorded by her husband in his family Prayer-Book: "Anne Walton dyed the 17th of April, about one o'clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary's Chapel, in the cathedral in Worcester, the 20th day." As no particulars respecting her decease are known, it is doubtful how far Walton was prepared for his misfortune by her previous illness. He was warmly attached to her, and in the following pathetic epitaph, which he placed near her remains, he bears the strongest testimony to her talents and virtues:—

EX TERRIS
M. S.

HERE LYETH BURIED SO MUCH AS
COULD DYE OF ANNE, THE WIFE OF
ISAAK WALTON;
WHO WAS
A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE PRUDENCE,
AND OF THE PRIMITIVE PIETY; HER GREAT
AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE BEING ADORNED
WITH SUCH TRUE HUMILITY, AND BLEST
WITH SO MUCH CHRISTIAN MEEKNESS, AS
MADE HER WORTHY OF A MORE MEMORABLE
MONUMENT.
SHE DYED! (ALAS, THAT SHE IS DEAD!)
THE 17TH OF APRIL 1662, AGED 52.
STUDY TO BE LIKE HER.

A draught of this epitaph in Walton's own hand is written in his Prayer-Book before mentioned, which tends to prove that it was composed by himself, but the alterations in the manuscript are rather curious. The words "Ex terris M. S." do not occur; the article "the" between "of" and "primitive piety" is an interlineation, upon which Mr Bowles has remarked that the alteration seemed "designedly to imply that *her* piety was *that* primitive piety which the reformed Church of England professed; therefore the correction was important." "Alas, that she is dead!" was originally "Alas! alas! that she dyed;" and though Walton substituted "is dead" for "died," he did not omit the second interjection.

It must not escape observation that Dr Morley was Bishop of Worcester at the time when Mrs Walton died in that city; and as neither Walton nor herself appear to have had any relations there, it is reasonable to suppose that they went to Worcester on a visit to him. If this conjecture be correct, it is easy to imagine the happiness which the meeting afforded to all the parties. Every wish of Morley's heart must at that moment have been realised. The cause in which he had suffered was triumphant; the monarch for whose sake he had undergone poverty and privation filled the throne of his ancestors; the Church of England, which had been threatened with destruction, was again re-established; and he himself had reaped the reward of his virtues and consistency, by being raised to a situation of the highest dignity in her service. Dr Morley was, however, regularly, and almost daily in the House of Lords from December 1661 to the middle of May 1662;[7] but the Waltons probably continued at the palace whilst the bishop attended his parliamentary duties.

Dr Morley was translated to the see of Winchester in April 1662, and removed soon afterwards to his new diocese. Up to that period Walton seems to have lived at Clerkenwell; but not long after Morley's translation, he found a permanent asylum for his old age in the episcopal residence. The occupation attendant upon his removal, the change of scene, and his own practical piety, combined to alleviate his grief for the loss of his wife; and the evening of his days was happily passed in literary pursuits, in the society of his family and friends, and in the performance of his religious duties. He was in his sixty-ninth year when he became the guest of Dr Morley, at which time his only surviving son, Isaak, was eleven, and his daughter, Anne, about fourteen years of age.

Dr John Donne, the eldest son of the learned divine of that name, died in the winter of 1662.[8] Though not destitute of talents, he appears to have been a very eccentric character; and Anthony Wood speaks of him as an "atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thoughts;' adding, however, that he was valued by Charles the Second. The qualities which called forth the censure of the great biographer of the University of Oxford, probably attracted the favour of that prince; and he seems to have lived on very cordial terms with many noblemen of the time. Dr Donne made his will on the 21st of July 1657, and as it is a very curious document, it was printed in February 1662. A copy of it will be found in the notes to this memoir; and it is here noticed on account of the following bequests to Walton: "To Mr Isaac

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[7] Lords' Journals, vol. xiv. passim.

[8] The following account of Dr Donne's children is given in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1835:—

"John, eldest son of the Dean, is not so well known but that some account may be here given of him. He was born about the year 1604, and is mentioned in his father's will (dated 13th of December 1630, and is proved in the P. C. C. on the 5th of April in the following year), together with his brother and four sisters. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards being LL.D. of Padua, was incorporated in the same degree at the former university, June 30, 1638.

"He wrote several poetical trifles, some of which are enumerated in the Fasti (edit. Bliss), i. 503. He died in the winter of 1662, and was buried near the standing dial in the yard at the west end of St Paul's, Covent Garden. Whether he was married is not stated by any biographer; but it is not improbable he was the same John Donne who was married to Mary Staples at Camberwell Church, 27th March 1627.

"George Donne, second son of the Dean, was baptized May 9, 1605, at Camberwell, and is described in his father's funeral certificate (Coll. Arm. I. 23, p. 39) as captain and serjeant-major of all the forces in the Isle of St Christopher. He married and had a daughter, Margaret, baptized at Camberwell, March 22, 1637–8." See also Gentleman's Magazine, Aug. 1835; Dr Southey's Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 4; and Letters respecting Dr Donne's marriage, in the Loseley Papers, p. 321.

Walton, I give all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son if he makes him a scholar. To the Reverend [Henry King,] Bishop of Chichester, I return that cabinet that was my father's, now in my dining-room, and all those papers which are of authors analysed by my father; many of which he hath already received with his Common Place-Book, which I desire may pass to Mr Walton's son as being more likely to have use for such a help, when his age shall require it."

In December 1662, Walton obtained from his friend Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, a lease of a newly-erected building, adjoining a house called the Cross Keys, in Paternoster Row, for forty years, at the yearly rent of forty shillings, which premises were burnt in the fire of London.[9]

The first two years of Walton's residence with Bishop Morley were employed in writing the Life of Richard Hooker, the learned author of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. The memoir appeared in January 1665, and in the dedication to the Bishop of Winchester, dated on the 28th of November 1664, Walton says, "It was written by me under your roof, for which and more weighty reasons, you might (if it were worthy) justly claim a title to it; but indeed, my Lord, though this be a well-meant sacrifice to the memory of that venerable man, yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg your pardon for subscribing your name to it; and desire all that know your Lordship to receive it, not as a dedication by which you receive any access of honour, but rather as a more humble and more public acknowledgment of your long-continued, and your now daily favours to your most affectionate and most humble servant,

"IZAAK WALTON."

A very interesting letter from Dr King, Bishop of Chichester, to Walton, commencing with the homely but emphatic address of "Honest Isaak,"[1] was prefixed to the memoir; and as that letter contains many illustrations of Walton's life, such parts of it as have not been already introduced will be inserted. Bishop King commences with this flattering testimony to Walton's worth: "Though a familiarity of more than forty years' continuance, and the constant experience of your love, even in the worst of the late sad times, be sufficient to endear our friendship, yet, I must confess my affection much improved, not only by evidences of private respect to many that know and love you, but by your new demonstration of a public spirit, testified in a diligent, true, and useful collection of so many material passages as you have now afforded me in the life of venerable Mr Hooker; of which, since desired by such a friend as yourself, I shall not deny to give the testimony of what I know concerning him and his learned books; but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell you, that you have been happy in choosing to write the lives of three such persons as posterity hath just cause to honour; which they will do the more for the true relation of them by your happy pen: of all which I shall give you my unfeigned censure."[2]

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[9] Vide postea.

[1] This address is omitted in the first edition of the Life of Hooker, but occurs in the second, and all subsequent editions.

Bishop King then notices the Lives of Donne and Wotton, the want of which would, he says, "have been a prejudice to all lovers of honour and ingenious learning," and proceeds to relate what he had heard respecting Hooker and his works. He congratulated Walton on this undertaking, as being "more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long knowledge and alliance to the worthy family of the Cranmers (my old friends also), who have been men of noted wisdom, especially Mr George Cranmer, whose prudence added to that of Sir Edwin Sandys, proved very useful in the completing of Mr Hooker's matchless books: one of their letters I herewith send you, to make use of, if you think fit. And let me say further; you merit much from many of Mr Hooker's best friends then living; namely, from the ever-renowned Archbishop Whitgift, of whose incomparable worth, with the character of the times, you have given us a more short and significant account than I have received from any other pen. You have done much for the learned Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend."[3] But he reminded Walton of two omissions in his account of Savile's works; and thus concludes, "Not to trouble you further; your reader (if according to your desire, my approbation of your work carries any weight) will here find many just reasons to thank you for it; and possibly for this circumstance here mentioned (not known to many), may happily apprehend one to thank him, who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly, Sir, your ever-faithful, and affectionate old friend, HENRY CHICHESTER."

CHICHESTER, November 17, 1664.

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[2] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, i. 21, 22.

[3] Ibid. p. 31.

It has been inferred[4] from Bishop King's allusion to Sir Henry Savile, that Walton intended to write the life of that learned person; but King evidently alluded only to what Walton says of Savile in the Life of Hooker; and as there is nothing else to justify the opinion that he ever intended to be the biographer of Savile, it is most probably without foundation.[5]

Several passages in the introduction to the Memoir of Hooker, present information respecting many of Walton's early friends, and explain his motives for writing it: "I have," he says, "been persuaded by a friend, that I ought to obey, to write the Life of Richard Hooker, the happy author of five (if not more) of the eight learned Books of 'The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.' And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness; foreseeing that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour to inquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death (now sixty-four years past), but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth, and gather thence such observations and prognostics, as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary for the completing of what I have undertaken."[6]

The friend there mentioned was, it is most likely, Bishop Morley. Walton then alludes to his connection with the Cranmers, which has been before noticed, and proceeds to say. "I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr Usher, the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham; as also with the learned John Hales of Eton College: and with them also (who loved the very name of Mr Hooker) I have had many discourses concerning him; and from them and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend."[7]

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[4] Athen. Oxon. by Bliss.

[5] Hawkins says that the supposition that Walton intended to write the Life of Savile, "does very well connect with what the late Mr Des Maizeaux some years since related to a gentleman now deceased (William Oldys, Norroy King of Arms), from whom myself had it; viz., that there were then several Letters of Walton extant, in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a Life of Sir Henry Savile, which Walton had entertained thoughts of writing." Upon inquiry it has, however, been found that there are no Letters of the kind in the Ashmolean Museum.

[6] Life of Hooker, ed. 1665.

In a candid address to his readers, Walton deprecated censure, and solicited the correction of any errors in his work. He investigated at some length the authenticity of the last three Books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and though the garrulity of age may be detected in the digressions into which he has fallen, as well as in other parts of his work, it is nevertheless a very interesting piece of biography; and no one can read the concluding paragraph without being forcibly impressed with the religious spirit of the writer: "More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him, and after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And here, I draw his curtain, till with the most blessed Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man, shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of; till which blessed time, let glory be to God on high, let peace be upon earth, and good-will to mankind. Amen, Amen."[8]

This passage was however altered when the Memoir was reprinted in 1670; and in the edition of 1675 it stands thus: "More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him, and after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And here I draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, the most noble army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of. In the meantime, bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with ardent desires, and effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation, for these are praiseworthy; these bring peace at the last! and let the labours of his life, his most excellent writings, be blessed with what he designed when he undertook them, which was, glory to thee, O God on high, peace in thy church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen, Amen."

The Life of Hooker was reprinted and attached to the "Ecclesiastical Polity" in 1666; and material alterations have been made in the different editions of the Memoir. In 1668 Walton is said to have written a letter to a kinsman at Coventry on the rejection of the Bill of Comprehension, which, with another letter on the same subject, was printed in 1680; but the authenticity of these letters is by no means established, and some remarks on the point will be found in a subsequent page. The fourth edition of "The Complete Angler" appeared in 1668, and is stated in the title-page to have been "much corrected and enlarged." It was, however, merely a reprint of the preceding edition, except that the errata are corrected; but in the address to the reader, even the statement that "many enlargements had been made in this *third* impression" is retained.

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[7] Life of Hooker, ed. 1665, p. 5.

[8] Ibid. pp. 151, 152.

Izaak Walton was at that time still the guest of Bishop Morley; and he appears to have been engaged upon the Life of George Herbert, and in revising the Memoirs of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, for publication in one volume. The Life of Herbert was published about May 1670, the imprimatur being dated on the 21st of April in that year; and in the introduction Walton says that, "in a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story," more particularly respecting Mary Magdalen: "upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content (at least to myself) that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory of my two deceased friends, Dr Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives: and though Mr George Herbert (whose life I now intend to write) were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him; yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect and lost to posterity. For these reasons I have undertaken it; and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader."[9]

He says, in the Memoir of Herbert, that if his life had been related by a pen like St Chrysostom's, there would then "be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I

[9] Life of Herbert, ed. 1670, pp. 10-12.

am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now: but it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity."[1]

For some of the facts respecting Herbert, Walton says he was indebted to Dr Henchman, then Bishop of London, and to Mr Oley's preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," which is "a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson that can spare 12*d.* and yet wants it, is scarce excusable: because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it."[2] The concluding lines of the Memoir of Herbert show Walton's admiration of his piety in a more forcible manner than pages of laboured panegyric could have done, for he observes, "I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him."[3] Some complimentary verses, dated at Bensted in Hampshire, on the 3rd of April 1670, were prefixed to it by Samuel Woodford, who had been ordained in the preceding year by Bishop Morley, and afterwards became a doctor of divinity and a prebendary of Winchester. They were addressed "To his very worthy and much honoured friend Mr Izaak Walton, upon his excellent Life of Mr George Herbert," but they merit little praise; the only point in them being that the lives of Donne and Herbert occur in the same volume:—

"Herbert and Donne again are joined,
Now here below as they're above;
These friends are in their old embraces twined,
And since by you the interview's designed,
Too weak to part them Death does prove;
For in this book they meet again, as in one heaven they love."

About the time when the Life of Herbert was published, that Memoir, together with the Lives of Dr Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and Richard Hooker, were collected and printed in one volume. The work was dedicated to the Bishop of Winchester in very nearly the same words, *mutatis mutandis*, as occur in the dedication of the Life of Hooker in 1664. The only material variation is, that Walton states that the Life of Herbert, as well as that of Hooker, was written under the bishop's roof; and as the words "your now daily favours" are retained, it seems that he was then still living with Morley. In the address to the reader Walton gives the following modest account of his biographical labours :—

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[1] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 73.

[2] Ibid. p. 82.

[3] Ibid. p. 126.

"Though the several introductions to these several Lives, have partly declared the reasons how and why I undertook them ; yet, since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four are become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I look back upon my mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons : yet, let me add this to what is there said : that, by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr Donne, and Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those that enter easily into a law-suit, or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet when they desire it. And really after such a manner I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr Donne, contrary to my first intentions. And that begot a like necessity of writing the Life of his and my honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton. And having writ these two lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind. But about that time, Doct. Ga. [uden] (then Lord Bishop of Exeter) published the Life of Mr Richard Hooker (so he called it), with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his grace, Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a truer account of Mr Hooker and his books ; and I know I have done so. And, indeed, till his grace hath laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it ; but when he twice enjoined me to it, I then trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands ; considering that if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third life.

"For the Life of Mr George Herbert, I profess it to be a free-will offering, and writ chiefly to please myself ; but not without some respect to posterity, for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us : for I conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's various actions than tradition. I am to tell the reader that though this Life of Mr Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public : but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing ; so that the reader may find in it some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me but the printer : and yet I hope none so great, as may not, by this confession, purchase pardon from a good-natured reader. And now I wish, that as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own lives : but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist Dr Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln) hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life, as for his great and useful learning; and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude, in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine, which he had preached and printed, in the happy days of the nation's and the Church's peace? And who would not be content to have the like account of Dr Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope, that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my preface, with wishing that it were so."

Dr Woodford also wrote complimentary verses to Walton upon his Life of Hooker, which are dated on the 10th of March 1670, and were intended for the collected edition of the "Lives," published in that year. A line in those verses, renders it likely that Walton wrote the Life of Hooker, and possibly also that of Herbert, in Bishop Morley's house at Chelsea. After four verses in praise of Hooker, the following "Ritornata," in allusion to Walton, occurs:

"To *Chelsea*, song; there, tell thy patron's[4] friend
The Church is Hooker's debtor: Hooker his:
And strange 'twould be, if he should glory miss,
For whom two such most powerfully contend.
    Bid him cheer up, the day's his own;
    And he shall never die,
    Who, after seventy's past and gone,
    Can all th' assaults of age defy;
Is master still of so much youthful heat,
A child so perfect and so sprightly to beget."

Soon after the publication of that volume, Walton presented a copy of it to Walter Lord Aston, which is preserved in the library at Tixall; and the following inscriptions prove that he was highly esteemed by that nobleman. Walton wrote on the first leaf,

"For my Lord Aston,

"Iz. Wa."

Beneath which his lordship added,

"Izake Walton gift to me, June y^e 14, 1670, w^ch I most thankfully for his memmory off mee acknowledge a greate kindnesse.

"Walter Aston."[5]

On the 1st of July 1670, Walton presented a petition, in which he is described as "Isaac Walton, gentleman," to the

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[4] [Variation.] Master's, ed. 1675.

[5] Tixall Letters, or the Correspondence of the Aston Family. 12mo. London, 1815, vol. ii. p. 122.

"Court of Judicature for determination of differences touching houses burnt in London," stating that the premises in Paternoster Row[6] which he held by lease from Gilbert, late Bishop of London, were burnt in the late fire; and that he was willing to rebuild them, "so as he may be encouraged thereto by an increase of years to his term in being, and abatement of rent, as to the court shall seem meet;" and he prayed that the then Bishop of London or his deputy should be summoned to attend the court, to the end that such order and decree might be made concerning the premises, as to the court should seem meet. The bishop referred the matter wholly to the court; who decreed that the petitioner should rebuild the premises, having his lease extended to sixty years at the old rent, and paying the arrears then due.[7]

For nearly three years from this time nothing is known of Walton; and the next notice of him is in February 1673, when he dedicated the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, son of Henry Lord Stanhope, by Katherine, daughter of Lady Wotton. The letter to that nobleman, like everything he wrote, is very characteristic of his mind and feelings; and is of additional interest from the allusion which it contains to his friend, Charles Cotton.

"MY LORD,—I have conceived many reasons why I ought, in justice, to dedicate these Reliques of your great uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, to your lordship; some of which are, that both your grandmother and mother had a double right to them by a dedication when first made public; as also for their assisting me then, and since, with many material informations for the writing his life; and for giving me many of the letters that have fallen from his curious pen; so that they being now dead, these reliques descend to you, as heir to them, and the inheritor of the memorable Bocton Palace, the place of his birth, where so many of the ancient, and prudent, and valiant family of the Wottons lie now buried; whose remarkable monuments you have lately beautified, and to them added so many of so great worth, as hath made it appear that at the erecting and adorning them you were above the thought of charge, that they might, if possible (for 'twas no easy undertaking), hold some proportion with the merits of your ancestors.

"My Lord, these are a part of many more reasons that have inclined me to this dedication; and these, with the example of a liberty that is not given, but now too usually taken by many scribblers, to make trifling dedications, might have begot a boldness in some men of as mean as my abilities to have undertaken this. But indeed, my lord, though I was ambitious enough of undertaking it; yet as Sir Henry Wotton hath said in a piece of his own character, that he was condemned by nature to a bashfulness in making requests, so I find myself (pardon the parallel) so like him in this, that if I had not more reasons than I have yet exprest, these alone had not been powerful enough to have created a confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexprest reasons are (give me leave to tell them to your lordship and the world) that Sir Henry Wotton, whose many merits made him an ornament to your family, was yet so humble, as to acknowledge me to be his friend; and died in a belief that I was so: since which time, I have made him the best return of my gratitude for his condescension, that I have been able to express, or he capable of receiving: and am pleased with myself for so doing.

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[6] Vide antea.

[7] Additional MS. in the British Museum, No. 5088, f. 142.

"My other reason of this boldness, is an encouragement (very like a command) from your worthy cousin, and my friend, Mr Charles Cotton, who hath assured me, that you are such a lover of the memory of your generous uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, that if there were no other reason than my endeavours to preserve it, yet, that that alone would secure this dedication from being unacceptable.

"I wish that not he nor I be mistaken; and that I were able to make you a more worthy present.—My Lord, I am and will be your humble and most affectionate servant, IZAAK WALTON.

"Feb. 27, 1672."

Walton says, in the advertisement to the reader of that edition, "You may be pleased to take notice that in this last relation of Sir Henry Wotton's Life, 'tis both enlarged, and some small errors rectified, so that I may now be confident, there is no material mistakes in it; and adds that "there is in this impression an addition of many letters; in which the spirit with which they were writ will assure them to be Sir Henry Wotton's."

A very interesting letter from Walton to his publisher, Marriott, dated at Winchester on the 24th August 1673, which is now for the first time printed, proves that the weight of eighty years had had slight effect upon his mental or bodily powers. He was then, it appears, employed in collecting particulars of the Life of the celebrated John Hales of Eton; and purposed visiting London in the ensuing October. The information about Hales was intended for William Fulman, the author of the "Notitia Oxoniensis Academiæ," who was one of Gale's assistants in the "Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores."

"MR MARRIOTT,—I have received Bentevolio, and in it Mr Her^{s} life; I thank you for both. I have since I saw you received from Mr Milington so much of Mr Hales his life as Mr Faringdon had writ; and have made many inquiries concerning him of many that knew him, namely of Mrs Powny, of Windsor (at whose house he died), and as I have heard, so have set them down, that my memory might not lose them. Mr Montague did at my being in Windsor promise me to summon his memory, and set down what he knew of him. This I desired him to do at his best leisure, and write it down, and he that knew him and all his affairs best of any man is like to do it very well, because I think he will do it affectionately, so that if Mr Fulman makes his queries concerning that part of his life spent in Oxford, he will have many, and good, I mean true informations from Mr Faringdon, till he came thither, and by me and my means since he came to Eton.

"This I write that you may inform Mr Fulman of it, and I pray let him know I will not yet give over my queries; and let him know that I hope to meet him and the Parliament in health and in London in October, and then and there deliver up my collections to him. In the meantime I wish him and you health; and pray let him know it either by your writing to him, or sending him this of mine.—God keep us all in His favour, his and your friend to serve you, Izaak Walton.[8]

'Winchester, 24th August 1673."

Walton's memoranda respecting Hales, which will be found in the notes, are dated on the 28th of October following, when, it may be inferred from his letter, he was in London. Some of the facts there stated are new and curious, especially the account of the portrait of Hales, painted after his death by Anne Lady Howe, who was the sister of Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, and married, first, John Dutton, of Sherborne, Esq., and secondly, Sir Richard Howe, Bart. Walton describes her as "a most generous and ingenious lady;" he mentions her in his will; and she was probably one of his oldest friends.

The tenth edition of Herbert's poem entitled "The Temple," of which Walton stated in 1670 that more than twenty thousand copies had been sold,[9] was published in 1674; and his "Life of Herbert" was then, for the first time, prefixed to it. In the following year, the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, were reprinted,[1] upon which occasion Charles Cotton wrote a poem dated on the 17th of January 1672–3, addressed "To my old and most worthy friend, Mr Izaak Walton, on his Life of Dr Donne, &c.," which contains so many allusions to Walton, and is so pleasing a composition, that it could not, with propriety, be either omitted or abridged.

Cotton

"To my old and most worthy Friend Mr Izaak Walton, on his Life of Dr Donne, &c.

When, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There's justly due, from every hand and eye,
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

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[8] Fulman's MSS. vol. xii. in Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

[9] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch ii. 119.

[1] The edition of 1675 is called, in the title-page, "the Fourth;" but it was only the *second collected* edition of the Lives; the intermediate editions being respectively prefixed to Donne's Sermons, Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Herbert's Temple.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe, great merits to defray,
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That, with their birth, they oft receive their fate;
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,
Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire:

This History can give; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,
That what you write may envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be brib'd or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father, then, to see
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit:
Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,
He saw in fame's eternal annals writ;

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was:[2]
Which eating age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
And prove a monument to that defac'd;
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
My father's grave part of your friendship shares;
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular,
Virtue's whole common weal obliged are;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know,
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show.

But your's is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind:

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath,
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

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[2] His monument in St Paul's Church, before the late dreadful fire, 1665.

For though they each of them his time so spent,
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by;

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of his praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied,
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred!—
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts,
Brought him secure from envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit;
The trials then, now trophies of his merit.

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have;
Through all state tempests, through each wind and wave,
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's beloved Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run
To the meridian of his glorious sun;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way of truth;

By the same clue, after his youthful swing,
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in religion:
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done;

And know, that having crucified vanities,
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
And then your friend a saint and preacher dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost,
Is, by your pen, recover'd from the dust.

And Herbert;—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim;

Where, with a soul, composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
To appear before you, if they were allow'd,
I take up room enough to serve a crowd:

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit:

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due:
Where what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great and more proud world, must die:

In which estate, I ask no more of fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen, to write your life when dead;
I think an honester can not be read. CHARLES COTTON.

Jan. 17, 1672.

One of these verses show that Cotton's father was also a friend of Walton's; and the feeling manner in which the author mentions his own friendship for him, by calling him "the best friend I now or ever knew," is the more striking, from his having afterwards used nearly the same words in the second part of "The Complete Angler," where he says, "I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had."

It is rather singular that Walton should nowhere allude to his only surviving son and daughter, during their childhood, for it might have been expected that he would have frequently spoken of their being with him, and of their education. His attachment to the Church of England, and the prospect of preferment which his intimacy with the Bishop of Winchester and other prelates afforded, naturally induced him to destine his son for holy orders; and his veneration for the sacred profession, added to the personal esteem which he felt for Dr William Hawkins, one of the prebends of Winchester, made him yield a ready assent to the marriage of his daughter Anne to that gentleman, which took place some time before the year 1678. Young Izaak Walton is supposed to have been educated by his maternal uncle, Thomas Ken,[3] who obtained a stall in Winchester Cathedral, probably

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[1] Bowles's Life of Ken, i. 23.

through the interest of his brother-in-law with Bishop Morley, in April 1669. At a proper age the young Izaak was removed to Christ Church, of which his father's friend, Dr Fell, was master;[4] and in 1675, the year of the great Papal jubilee, Ken and his nephew visited Rome, Venice, and other parts of Italy; but the following passage in Cotton's treatise on fly-fishing shows that he returned early in the ensuing year. When asked by Venator, "if young Master Izaac Walton" had been at Beresford, Piscator replied, "Aye, marry has he, Sir! and that again and again too, and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month." In March 1675–6, young Walton proceeded M.A. at Christ Church; and though the date of his ordination is not stated, it probably took place about that time; and the pleasure with which his aged father saw him enter upon his holy office may readily be conceived.

Some account of Walton's plans in the year 1676 occur in the fifth edition of "The Complete Angler," which appeared in that year. Eight years had elapsed since the former impression; and during that time he had ample leisure to give to his work the improvements of which he considered it susceptible. It is, however, questionable whether the additions which he then made to it have increased its interest. The garrulity and sentiments of an octogenarian are very apparent in some of the alterations; and the subdued colouring of religious feeling which prevails throughout the former editions, and forms one of the charms of the piece, is, in this impression, so much heightened, as to become almost obtrusive. For example, the interpolation in the last chapter, immediately after Venator's recipe for colouring rods[5] is, in fact, a religious essay, filled with trite reflections and scriptural quotations; whilst the digression on monsters,[6] and the introduction of the milkmaids' second song,[7] which contains the only objectionable allusion in the book, are not in Walton's usual good taste.

Thinking that the work was defective in one branch of the art, Walton applied to his friend Charles Cotton, whom he had known for a great many years, to furnish a treatise on fly-fishing. Cotton promised to comply with his wishes; but he omitted to fulfil his engagement, until he was reminded, towards the end of February 1676, that the treatise was wanted for the new edition of "The

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[4] Bowles's Life of Ken, i. 23.

[5] Ibid. pp. 303–308.

[6] Ibid. p. 61.

[7] Ibid. p. 121.

Complete Angler," which was then in the press. Little more than ten days were allowed him for the purpose, at the end of which he had completed the task. His letter to Walton, which accompanied the manuscript, was written at Beresford, on the 10th of March 1676; and a printed copy of his treatise was returned to him, with an answer, dated at London on the 29th of the following month. Cotton, who is the Piscator of his own dialogue, observes, that Walton had lately written to say that he doubted whether he could visit him in the ensuing summer; but he informed Cotton in the letter just mentioned, which was written some weeks afterwards, that although he was then more than one hundred miles from him, and in the eighty-third year of his age, yet he would forget both, and in the next month, May, begin a pilgrimage to see him. It is therefore likely that Walton spent some weeks at Beresford, in May and June 1676; and he was possibly induced to change his mind by going there, in consequence of business having brought him to London, by which journey he was drawn much nearer to Derbyshire. The intimacy which existed between Walton and Cotton is well known to every reader of "The Complete Angler." Their literary, no less than their piscatory pursuits, were alike; and it is easy to believe that the author of the beautiful "Stanzas Irregulier" must have possessed a disposition with which Walton's perfectly harmonised. At an early period of their intimacy, Cotton designated him his "father," and styled himself his "son," a practice which was then very common between parties whose pursuits were congenial, when the younger received instructions in them from the elder, and when it was desired to give the most affectionate character to their association.

Walton frequently visited Cotton at Beresford during the spring and summer months, sometimes alone, and at others accompanied by his son or by a friend. Not long before the year 1676 Cotton built a little fishing-house on the Staffordshire side of the banks of the Dove, where the windings of the river form a small peninsula.[8]

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[8] The state of the fishing-house was thus described by a visitor in 1824:—"Just above the Pike, a small wooden foot-bridge leads over the stream towards Hartshorn, in Derbyshire; it bears the date of 1818, but is merely the successor of one more ancient, as is evident from Piscator's saying, 'Cross the bridge, and go down the other side.' Somewhat higher up on the Staffordshire-bank, the windings of the river form a small peninsula, on which stands the far-famed fishing-house; but alas! how changed since the time when, in the words of Venator, 'it was finely wainscoted, with a marble table in the middle, and all exceeding neat.' The stone slabs which compose the floor are partly broken up, the windows are entirely destroyed, the doors decaying, and without fastenings, the roof is dilapidated, and the vane which surmounts it is rusty, and nodding to its fall. The fireplace alone remains in good preservation. Hawkins tells us that the exterior was formerly adorned with paintings, in fresco, of Cotton, Walton, and the

In commemoration of their friendship Cotton caused a stone to be placed in the centre of the buildings, with the initials of his own and Walton's name conjoined in a cypher, a representation of which was introduced, agreeably to Cotton's request, in the title-page of his part of "The Complete Angler." This stone, which no true disciple of the venerable Piscator can contemplate with indifference, was erected between Walton's last visit to Beresford, and that which he is supposed to have paid Cotton in May 1676; but he had seen and approved of it before it was deposited in its place. The fishing-house and stone are thus described by Cotton: "My house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England; I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher."[9] In one of Cotton's poems the fishing-house is also mentioned :—

"My river still through the same channel glides,
Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
And my poor FISHING-HOUSE, my seat's best grace,
Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place.

Walton says of the beautiful scenery near the fishing-house, that "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it cannot be described, unless Sir Philip Sydney or Mr Cotton's father were again alive to do it."[1]

The Viator of Cotton's dialogue is the Venator of "The Complete Angler," and opportunities are thereby afforded for introducing eulogiums on Walton's character. For instance, when Viator asks Piscator his opinion of "The Complete Angler," he says, "My opinion of Mr Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands anything of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed

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boy; but these are entirely gone, and nought now decorates the walls, save the names of various obscure individuals who have thought fit thus to record their having visited the spot. The steps at the entrance are covered with weeds, and the well-known key-stone (which, however, appears to be in a sound state), is so overspread with moss, that the first word of the inscription is quite defaced."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcix. part ii. p. 31.

[9] Vide p. 226, postea.

[1] Vide postea.

to own me for his adopted son." Venator replies, "In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr Izaac Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master, who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler; and to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for he was wholly addicted to the chase, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion." Piscator then observes, "Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and before we part shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion; for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." Viator rejoins, "You speak like a true friend, and in doing so render yourself worthy of his friendship."

To these flattering expressions Walton thus alluded in his letter to Cotton:[2]—"You now see, I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of the Art of Fly-fishing, printed just as it was sent me: for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment."

The complimentary verses prefixed to the former editions of "The Complete Angler" were augmented in the fifth, by a Latin Iambic ode from the pen of Dr James Duport, the Greek professor at Cambridge, who had contributed a similar testimony of his esteem on the publication of the Life of Herbert. Dr Zouch has inserted a very elegant translation of these verses, in his Life of Walton, from the pen of the Rev. James Tate, one of the canon residentiaries of St Paul's; and it is impossible to refrain from following his example:—

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[2] Vide p. 218, postea.

"Hail, Walton! honoured friend of mine,
Hail! mighty Master of the Line!
Whether down some valley's side
You walk to watch the smooth stream glide,
Or on the flowery margin stand
To cheat the fish with cunning hand,
Or on the green bank, seated still,
With quick eye guard the dancing quill.
Thrice happy sage! who, distant far
From the wrangling forum's war,
From the city's bustling train,
From the busy hum of men,
Haunt some gentle stream, and ply
Your honest crafts, to lure the fry:
And while the world around you set
The base decoy and treacherous net,
Man against man, th' insidious wile,
Or, the rich dotard to beguile,
Bait high with gifts the smiling hook
All gilt with Flattery's sweetest look;
Arm'd for the innocent deceit,
You love the scaly brood to cheat,
And tempt that water-wolf, the pike,
With rav'ning tooth his prey to strike,
Or in the minnow's living head
Or in the writhed brandling red
Fix your well-charged hook, to gull
The greedy perch, bold biting fool,
Or with the tender moss-worm tried
Win the nice trout's speckled pride,
Or on the carp, whose wary eye
Admits no vulgar tackle nigh,
Essay your art's supreme address,
And beat the fox in sheer finesse:
The tench, physician of the brook,
Owns the magic of your hook,
The little gudgeon's thoughtless haste
Yields a brief yet sweet repast,
And the whisker'd barbel pays
His coarser bulk to swell your praise.
Such the amusement of your hours,
While the season aids your powers;
Nor shall my friend a single day
E'er pass without a line away.
Nor these alone your honours bound
The tricks experience has found;
Sublimer theory lifts your name
Above the fisher's simple fame,
And in the practice you excel
Of what none else can teach as well,
Wielding at once with equal skill
The useful powers of either quill.
With all that winning grace of style,
What else were tedious, to beguile,
A second Oppian, you impart
The secrets of the Angling art,
Each fish's nature, and how best
To fit the bait to every taste,
Till in the scholar, that you train,
The accomplish'd master lives again.
And yet your pen aspires above
The maxims of the art you love;
Tho' virtues, faintly taught by rule,
Are better learnt in Angling's school,
Where Temperance, that drinks the rill,
And Patience, sovereign over ill,
By many an active lesson bought,
Refine the soul, and steel the thought.
Far higher truths you love to start,
To train us to a nobler art,
And in the lives of good men give
That chiefest lesson, how to live;
While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page,
Or while we see combin'd in one
The wit and the divine in Donne,
Or while the poet and the priest,
In Herbert's sainted form confest,
Unfold the temple's holy maze
That awes and yet invites our gaze:
Worthies these of pious name
From your portraying pencil claim
A second life, and strike anew
With fond delight the admiring view.
And thus at once the peopled brook
Submits its captives to your hook,
And we, the wiser sons of men,
Yield to the magic of your pen,
While angling on some streamlet's brink
The muse and you combine to think."

Besides the "Contentation"[3] and the "Retirement,"[4] which in natural pathos and moral feeling have perhaps never been excelled, Cotton addressed the following invitation to Walton to renew their piscatory sports in the ensuing May; but the year in which these verses were written is not mentioned:—

"Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

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[3] Vide antea.

[4] Vide p. 219, postea.

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature does now weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day;

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
What the best Master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, Master, half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treach'rous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men, the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream." [5]

Notwithstanding Walton's very advanced age might, as he himself says, have procured him "a writ of ease," he continued to employ himself in literary pursuits; and at a period of life to which few men attain, and at which still fewer are capable of intellectual exertion, he commenced the Life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, a work requiring as much vigour of mind as any he had written, and which he completed with equal success. The volume was published about May 1678,[6] and like the Memoir of Hooker, and the collected edition of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, was inscribed to Dr Morley, whose continued favours demanded a new testimony of his gratitude. As this was Walton's last work, and as whatever relates to him at so advanced a stage of his existence is of peculiar interest, everything which occurs in it illustrative of his own feelings or situation will be here introduced.

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[5] Cotton's Poems, ed. 1689, p. 114.

[6] The imprimatur is dated on the 7th of May 1678.

The dedication commences with an acknowledgment of Bishop Morley's kindness; and shows that through Morley he had become acquainted with Sanderson, Chillingworth, and Dr Hammond :—

> "MY LORD,—If I should undertake to enumerate the many favours and advantages I have had by my very long acquaintance with your lordship, I should enter upon an employment that might prove as tedious as the collecting of the materials for this poor monument, which I have erected, and do dedicate to the memory of your beloved friend Dr Sanderson. But though I will not venture to do that; yet I do remember with pleasure, and remonstrate with gratitude, that your lordship made me known to him, Mr Chillingworth, and Dr Hammond, men whose merits ought never to be forgotten. My friendship with the first was begun almost forty years past, when I was as far from a thought, as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his life: but the wise Disposer of all men's lives and actions hath prolonged the first, and now permitted the last; which is here dedicated to your lordship (and as it ought to be) with all humility, and a desire that it may remain as a public testimony of my gratitude.—My Lord, your most affectionate old Friend, and most humble Servant, IZAAK WALTON."

In the preface Walton says: "I confess" the Life of Dr Sanderson "was worthy the employment of some person of more learning and greater abilities than I can pretend to; and I have not a little wondered that none have yet been so grateful to him and posterity as to undertake it: for as it may be noted, that our Saviour had a care, that for Mary Magdalen's kindness to him, her name should never be forgotten: so I conceive the great satisfaction many scholars have already had, and the unborn world is like to have by his exact, clear, and useful learning; and might have by a true narrative of his matchless meekness, his calm fortitude, and the innocence of his whole life: doth justly challenge the like from this present age; that posterity may not be ignorant of them: and it is to me a wonder, that it has been already fifteen years neglected. But, in saying this, my meaning is not to upbraid others (I am far from that) but excuse myself, or beg pardon for daring to attempt it. This being premised, I desire to tell the reader that in this relation I have been so bold, as to paraphrase and say what I think he (whom I had the happiness to know well) would have said upon the same occasions; and if I have been too bold in doing so, and cannot now beg pardon of him that loved me, yet I do of my reader, from whom I desire the same favour. And though my age might have procured me a writ of ease, and that secured me from all further trouble in this kind; yet I met with such persuasions to undertake it, and so many willing informers since, and from them and others, such helps and encouragements to proceed, that when I found myself faint, and weary of the burthen with which I had loaden myself, and sometime ready to lay it down; yet time and new strength hath at last brought it to be what it now is, and here presented to the reader.

"And lastly, the trouble being now past, I look back and am glad that I have collected these memoirs of this humble man, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and, if I have, by the pleasant toil of doing so, either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it: but I seriously wish, both for the reader's, and Dr Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great learning and virtue by a better pen; by such a pen, as could have made his life as immortal as his learning and merits ought to be."

Having stated that Sanderson had, during a period of distress, received a sum of money from the learned Boyle through the hands of Dr Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, Walton solicited that prelate to relate the circumstance, and to give him any other information in his power respecting Sanderson, with which request he complied, in a letter to Walton, dated on the 10th of May 1678, which is annexed to the memoir. Bishop Barlow, who addressed him as "My worthy friend Mr Walton," expressed his satisfaction that he had undertaken to write Sanderson's life, "because," he said, "I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth," and he subscribed himself, "your affectionate friend."

When writing the account of Bishop Sanderson's death, Walton seems to have been very deeply impressed with the close approach of his own; and he concluded the memoir with this allusion to that event: "Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say Amen. 'Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile.' Ps. xxxii. 2."

When the Life of Sanderson was reprinted and prefixed to the Bishop's Sermons,[7] Walton made those corrections which in the postscript to the first edition he says he then wished to have done, but was prevented by the manuscript being hastened from him. To the edition of Sanderson's Life which was printed in 1678, Walton added a letter which he had received from Dr Pierce, dated at North Tidworth, 5th March 1678, in which he addressed him as "Good Mr Walton," on the subject of Sanderson's correspondence, and referred him to some materials for his life of that prelate.

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[7] On that occasion the above passage was slightly altered, as it there stands:—
"Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better

A copy of Bishop Sanderson's Sermons which belonged to Walton is preserved, and was probably the one which is mentioned in his will. In the title-page its original owner has written "Izaak Walton, June 25°, 1658, price 15^{s}." Numerous passages of the celebrated preface to the "Fourteen Sermons" are marked by him, because they expressed opinions similar to his own. Several marginal notes occur, containing the names of the persons to whom Sanderson alluded, and he has copied at length all the texts which are referred to. At the end of the preface to the "Twenty Sermons," Walton has written, "This Preface is an humble and bold challenge to the dissenting brethren of the Clergy of England: And was writ by that humble and good man the author, in the times of persecution and danger;" and in his Life of Sanderson he alludes to it in very similar terms.[8]

About the year 1678, Walton determined on publishing a poem entitled "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral history "in smooth and easy verse," which had been written many years before by John Chalkhill, Esq., "an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spencer." Walton's preface is dated on the 7th of May 1678, though the first edition of the poem which has been discovered, was not printed until 1683. The reprint of Thealma and Clearchus in 1820 exhibits an amusing specimen of critical sagacity, as it is therein gravely asserted that "Chalkhill is but a name unappropriated—a verbal phantom—a shadow of a shade," and the authorship of the poem is attributed to Walton himself;[9] whereas an

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life:—'tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his: for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; and God knows it hath not; but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may: and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say *Amen.* I. W.

"Blessed is that man in whose spirit there is no guile. Ps. xxxii. 2."

[8] Ed. Zouch, vol. ii. p. 250.

[9] This hypothesis has been adopted in the Retrospective Review (vol. iv. p. 231), in Major's edition of the "Complete Angler," and was even exaggerated in a long note to an edition of Zouch's Life of Walton, published by Prowett in 1823. Its fallacy was first exposed by the late Archdeacon Nares, in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the grounds of its extreme improbability, and that such a deception was utterly inconsistent with Walton's character. Mr Nares noticed the monumental inscription to John

elaborate pedigree, which has been recently compiled, proves not only the existence of numerous persons of that name, but shows that Thomas Ken, the father of Mrs Walton, chose his second wife from the Chalkhill family. This connection may have been the cause of the manuscript of the poem having fallen into Walton's hands, and it is very probable that he knew the author, as he has described him with some care, and introduced two of his songs into the "Complete Angler." There is, however, much difficulty in deciding which of the John or Jon Chalkhills mentioned in the pedigree was the poet. He may have been the father of Mrs Ken, or more probably was the John Chalkhill, a M.A., whose filiation has not been ascertained, but who was for forty-six years fellow of Winchester College, and died on the 20th of May 1679, at the age of eighty.[1] The following is Walton's preface to Thealma and Clearchus :—

"The reader will find in this book what the title declares, a Pastoral History in smooth and easy verse; and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement. And the reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of joy and sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent truth and undissembled honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathising and virtuous impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion: and I heartily wish it may do so.

"And I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his

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Chalkhill, the fellow of Winchester College, mentioned above, but he was not aware of the connection between the families of Chalkhill and Ken. Of that person Mr Nares observed :—

"In the south cloister of Winchester Cathedral is, or was very lately, a monument to a *John Chalkhill* of that very period, a fellow of Winchester College, whose character, as given in the inscription, singularly accords with part of that given by Walton.

H. S. E.

Joan. Chalkhill, A.M. hujus Coll'ii Annos 46 Socius, Vir, quoad vixit, Solitudine et Silentio, Temperantia et Castitate, Orationibus et Eleemosynis, Contemplatione et Sanctimonia, Ascetis vel primitivis par: qui cum a Parvulo in Regnum Cœlorum Viam fecit, Octogenarius rapuit, 20 die Maij, 1679.

"Now as Walton died at Winchester in the prebendal house of his son-in-law Dr Hawkins, which probably he had always been accustomed to visit, so attached was he to his daughter and her husband, he doubtless personally knew and much esteemed this Mr Chalkhill; and knew of him all that he expressed in his eulogy.

"The only objection that I perceive, arises from the date (1678) subjoined to Walton's preface: that being the year previous to the death of Chalkhill, according to the monument. The probability is that this date has no reference to the preface, which was most likely to be written near the time of the publication in 1683. It might, therefore, only mark the time when the poem was put into Walton's hands by its author, being exactly a year before his death. Be this as it may, I think we have here a memorial of the real John Chalkhill." Vide Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xciii. Part II. p. 419.

[1] Ibid.

time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent, and prudent: and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the story may meet with, or make, all readers like him.

I. W.

May 7, 1678."

But the most interesting part of the volume are the verses which the poet Flatman addressed "to his worthy friend, Mr Isaac Walton, on the publication of this poem," because they describe the venerable Walton in the happiest manner, and are beyond comparison the most elegant compliment ever paid to his virtues:—

"Long had the bright Thealma lain obscure:
Her beauteous charms, that might the world allure,
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays.
Happy old man! whose worth all mankind knows,
Except himself;[2] who charitably shows
The ready road to virtue and to praise,
The road[3] to many long and happy days,
The noble art of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity;[4]
Hence did he learn the art[5] of living well;
The bright Thealma was his oracle:
Inspired by her, he knows no anxious cares
Through[6] near a century of pleasant[7] years;
Easy he lives, and cheerful[8] shall he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity.[9]
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
And deep devotions throng about[1] his urn;
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell[2] the rolls of fame:
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd praise endure;
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

THO. FLATMAN.

June 5, 1683."

It is not certain whether Walton resided entirely with Bishop Morley after 1670, or divided his time between his son Izaak, his daughter Mrs Hawkins, and the Bishop of Winchester; but he appears to have spent the Christmas of 1678 at Farnham Castle, in Surrey, one of the Bishop's seats, as the following inscription in a copy of the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler," which he gave to Mrs Wallop, was dated there on the 19th of December in that year:—

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[2] The following variations occur in the edition of Flatman's Poems and Songs, printed in 1686. Thyself.
[3] Way.
[4] An euthanasie.
[5] Skill.
[6] In.
[7] Happy.
[8] Easy.
[9] On the soft bosom of eternity.
[1] Shall attend.
[2] Posterity, and fill the.

"For Mrs WALLOP,—I think I did some years past, send you a booke of Angling: This is printed since, and I think better; and, because nothing that I can pretend a tytell too, can be too good for you: pray accept of this also, from me that am really, Madam, yo^{r} most affectionate friend; and most humble servant, IZAAK WALTON.

FARNHAM CASTELL, Decem$^{r.}$ 19$^{o.}$ 1678."

The lady for whom Walton thus expressed so much esteem, and to whom he bequeathed a ring, was Dorothy, the youngest daughter and one of the co-heirs of John Bluet, of Holcomb Regis, in Devonshire, Esq., and widow of Henry Wallop, of Farley, in Hampshire, Esq., whose grandson, John Wallop, was created Viscount Lymington and Earl of Portsmouth. She died on the 1st of December 1702, aged seventy-two; and in the monumental inscription to her memory it is said that, "To both which ancient families, by her extraordinary prudence, moderation, piety, and other eminent graces, she added great lustre," and "having had a considerable share in those troubles and difficulties which attend humanity, after a life of the wisest conduct with relation both to temporal and spiritual matters, died as much like a Christian as she lived; and into the hands of her God, to whom she had long paid a constant devotion, she meekly resigned her pious humble soul."[3]

It has been already observed that two letters on political affairs, the one written in 1678, and the other in 1679, have been attributed to Walton. But as the fact of their having been written by him is not fully established, it is desirable to examine the question with some attention.

In January 1668 a plan was proposed by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, then Lord Keeper, for the compression of the more moderate of the Dissenters from the Church, and allowing certain indulgences to such as could not be brought within the comprehension. A bill for that purpose was prepared by Sir Matthew Hale, but on being brought into the House of Commons, it resolved not to adopt any measure of that description. The rejection of the bill gave great offence to the Nonconformists; and Walton is said to have been the author of a letter dated on the 18th of February in that year, which, with another on the same subject written in September 1679, were printed in 1680 under the title of "Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable letters concerning the distempers of the present times, written from a quiet and comfortable citizen of London to two busy and factious shopkeepers in Coventry." These letters are assigned to Walton upon the authority of the following memorandum in Archbishop Sancroft's handwriting, which occurs in a copy of the tract in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. "Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. y^e Distemp's of y^e Times 1680;" and as the Archbishop was living and filled the see of Canterbury when they were published, he is likely to have known who was the author. Dr Zouch, who reprinted the tract, considers that the internal proofs bring conviction with them, and that "the work is so like his temper of mind, and his other writings, that all readers may readily conclude it could flow only from his pen."

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[3] Collins's Peerage, ed. 1779, vol. v. p. 194.

That there is a great resemblance to the style of Walton in these letters, especially in the conclusion of the first, and in the commencement as well as in great part of the second letter, and that they express the opinions which he entertained, is not denied; but there are some circumstances which render it very unlikely that they were written by him. There is a fictitious plan in the publication which is inconsistent with Walton's scrupulous regard for veracity, and straightforward adherence to fact. The editor of the tract, or, as he calls himself, "the publisher," appears to have been a distinct person from the author of the letters; but if any part of the work was written by Walton, the address from the publisher to the stationer may be attributed to him, because it bears as strong a resemblance to his style as the letters themselves. In that address, which is dated on the 29th of May 1680, the writer says:—

"TO MR HENRY BROME IN ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

"SIR,—I here send you two letters (the first writ in the year 1667), both writ by a prudent and conformable quiet citizen of London, to two brothers, that now are, or were zealous, and busy shopkeepers in Coventry; to which place I came lately, and by accident met with a grave divine, who commended them to my reading: and having done what he desired, I thought them to speak so much real truth, and clear reason, and both so lovingly and so plainly, that I thought them worth my transcribing; and now, upon second thoughts, think them worth printing, in order to the unbeguiling many men that mean well, and yet have been too busy in meddling, and decrying things they understand not. Pray, get them to be read by some person of honesty and judgment: and if he shall think as I do, then let them be printed; for I hope they may turn somewhat to your own profit, but much more to the benefit of any reader that has been mistaken, and is willing to be unbeguiled.—God keep you, Sir, your Friend,

N. N.[4]

May 29, 1680."

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[4] This signature has been attributed to JOHN SELDEN.

If this address was written by Walton, it would seem that he was only the *editor*, and not the *author* of the letters; and there is no other difficulty in considering this to be the case than the circumstance of the tract not being printed by his friend Marriott, who was then living, and who printed all his other works. With respect to the authorship of the letters, it is to be observed that they are both signed "R. W.," instead of "J. W.," or with Walton's more usual abbreviation of his names, "Iz. Wa.;" that no other instance is known of his having used an imaginary signature; and that as the writer was personally acquainted with the parties addressed, and even alludes to a conversation which he had with one of them the evening before the date of his first letter, it would be absurd to suppose that he would affix to them any other initials than his own. On the other hand, it may be contended that the two shopkeepers were supposititious persons; or that before the letters were sent to press, the incongruities above mentioned were purposely made to conceal the author. These hypotheses are, however, opposed by the internal evidence which the letters bear of having been really written under the circumstances described: by the fact that even the most trifling artifice [5] or simulation was repugnant to Walton's disposition; and that no reasonable cause can be assigned for his wishing to conceal that these letters proceeded from his pen, if he was the author of them. He was then nearly eighty-seven years of age, and must have been too indifferent to the world's praise or censure to have had recourse, for the first time in his life, to anything which bore the appearance of deception. Against these reasons for disbelieving that Walton wrote the letters, there is nothing except a similarity of style, and the memorandum of Archbishop Sancroft; but the former is always uncertain evidence; and the latter may be explained by Walton's having merely caused them to be printed, or by a rumour respecting the authorship which might be unfounded.

The question has, however, been sufficiently discussed; and it is only necessary to add, that if Walton was the author of these letters, and they were actually written under the circumstances mentioned in them, it would appear that he was at Coventry in February 1668; that the two factious shopkeepers were brothers, and his cousins; that the one to whom the first letter was addressed died before the second was written; and that they and he were related to a "Mrs B." whose uncle and father were active Presbyterians.

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[5] Archdeacon Nares well observed, in reference to the authorship of "Thealma and Clearchus," "Let him not be made answerable for what he did not write, and for artifices of fiction which he would surely have considered as nothing less than dishonest."—Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xciii. part ii. p. 419.

In 1681 Walton had the satisfaction of seeing his son, who was then chaplain to Dr Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, provided for by presentation to the living of Polshot in Wiltshire; and as his only daughter had long been happily married, the evening of his days was undisturbed by painful cares for his family.

Though extreme old age and the solemn reflections which ought to attend it, may have alienated Walton from his literary pursuits, he had not, even when verging on his ninetieth year, altogether abandoned them. Nor had bodily infirmities prevented him from travelling; for it appears that he was at Farnham Castle on the 26th of May 1683, from which place he wrote to Anthony Wood in reply to an inquiry respecting the death of Doctor Aylmer.[6] He soon afterwards returned to Winchester; and it seems that he never again left that city.

On the 9th of August following Walton completed his ninetieth year, on which day he commenced his will; and as it is a record of his religious sentiments, and contains the last testimony of his affection for his family, and esteem for his numerous friends, that document is far from being the least interesting production of his pen. He appears to have been seven days engaged on the subject; for though his will was commenced on the 9th, it was not finished until the 16th of August; and was not executed until the 24th of October following. It is written throughout in his own hand, with several erasures; and the following is, as nearly as possible, a literal copy of the original. The seal attached to it is the one which was given to him by Dr Donne, containing the Saviour extended on an anchor:—

"August the 9°, 1683.

"In the name of God Amen. I IZAAK WALTON the elder of Winchester, being this present day in the neintyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory for wich praysed be God: but Considering how sodainly I may be deprived of boeth doe therfore make this my last will and testament as followeth. And first I doe [declare] my beleife to be that their is only one God who hath made the whole world and me and all mankinde to whome I shall give an account of all my actions which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned for the merits of my saviour Jesus.—And because [the profession of][7] Cristianity does at this time, seime to be subdevided into papist and protestant, I take it to be at least convenient to declare my beleife to be in all poynts of faith, as the Church of England now professeth. And this I doe the rather, because of a very long and very trew friendship with some of the Roman Church.

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[6] Athen. Oxon. by Bliss, iii. 957.

[7] The words within brackets are interlineations.

"And for my worldly estate, (which I have nether got by falshood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeth it as followeth.—First I give my son-in-law Doc^r Hawkins and to his Wife, to them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part of a howse and shop in Pater-noster-rowe in London: which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty years to come. and I doe also give to them all my right and tytell of or to a howse in Chansery-lane, London; where in Mrs Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about 16 years to come. I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. [[[8]And I doe also give to my saide dafter all my books this day at Winchester and Droxford: and what ever ells I can call mine their, except a trunk of linen w^ch I give my son Izaak Walton. but if he doe not marry, or use the saide linen himselfe, then I give the same to my grand-doughter Anne Hawkins.[8]]]

"And I give to my son Izaak, all my right and tytell to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord B^p of Winton. And I doe also give him all my right and tytell to a farme or land nere to Stafford: which I bought of Mr Walter Noell: I say, I give it to him and [his] heares for ever. but upon the condition following. Namely—If my sone shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one yeare; or being marryed shall dye before the saide age and leve noe son to inherit the saide farme or land: or if his son [or sonns] shall not live to ataine the age of twentie and one yeare, to dispose otherwayes of it, then I give the saide farme or land to the towne or corperation of Stafford (in which I was borne,) for the good and benifit of some of the saide towne, as I shall direct and as followeth. but first note, that it is at this present time rented for 21^li 10^s a yeare (and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howsing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pownd of the saide rent, to binde out yearely two boyes, the sons of honest and pore parents to be apprentises to som tradesmen or handy-craft-men, to the intent the saide boyes [may] the better afterward get their owne living.—And I doe also give five pownd yearly, out of the said rent to be given to some meade-servant, that hath attain'd the age of twenty and [one] yeare (not les), and dwelt long in one servis, or to som honest pore man's daughter, that hath attain'd to that age, to [be] paide her, at or on the day of her marriage—And this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remaine of the saide farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth.

"First I doe give twenty shillings yearely, to be spent by the maior of Stafford and those that shall colect the said rent; and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct. And that what mony or rent shall remaine undisposed offe shall be imployed to buie coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them in the said towne; the saide coles to be delivered the last weike in Janewary, or in every first weike in Febrewary: I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people. And God reward those that shall doe this with out partialitie and with honestie and a good contience.

"And if the saide maior and others of the saide towne of Stafford, shall prove so necligent or dishonest as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, (which God forbid,) then I give the saide rents and profits, of the saide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe magestrats or governers of Ecles-hall, to be disposed by them in such maner as I have ordered the disposall of it, by the towne of Stafford. the said Farme or land being nere the towne of Ecles-hall.

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[8] This passage is erased in the original.

"And I give to my son-in-law Doctor Hawkins (whome I love as my owne son) and to my dafter his wife, and my son Izaak to each of them a ring with these words or motto ;—love my memory, I. W. obiet = to the Lord B^p of Winton a ring with this motto—a mite for a million : I. W. obiet =" And to the freinds hearafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto A friends farewell. I. W. obiet " = And my will is, the said rings be deliverd within fortie dayes after my deth. and that the price or valew of all the saide rings shall be – 13^s 4^d a peice.

"I give to Doctor Hawkins Docto^r Donns Sermons; which I have hear'd preacht, and read with much content. to my son Izaak I give Doc^r Sibbs his *Soules Conflict*, and to my doughter his *Brewsed Reide;* desiring them to reade them so, as to be well acquanted with them. and I also give to her all my bookes at Winchester and Droxford, and what ever in those two places are or I can call mine : except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son Izaak, but if he doe not live to [marry, or] make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-dafter, Anne Hawkins: And I give my dafter Doc^r Halls Works which be now at Farnham.

"To my son Izaak I give all my books, (not yet given) at Farnham Castell and a deske of prints and pickters ; also a cabinet nere my beds head, in w^{ch} are som littell things that he will valew, tho of noe greate worth.

"And my will and desyre is, that he will be kinde to his Ante Beacham and his ant Rose Ken : by alowing the first about fiftie shilling a yeare in or for bacon and cheise (not more), and paying $4^{li.}$ a yeare toward the bordin of her son's dyut to Mr John Whitehead. for his Ante Ken, I desyre him to be kinde to her acording to her necessitie and his owne abillitie. and I comend one of her children to breide up (as I have saide I intend to doe) if he shall be able to doe it. as I know he will ; for, they be good folke.

"I give to Mr John Darbishire the Sermons of Mr Antony Faringdon, or of do^r Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. to my servant, Thomas Edghill I give five pownd in mony, and all my clothes linen and wollen (except one sute of clothes, which I give to Mr Holinshed, and forty shiling) if the saide Thomas be my servant at my deth, if not my cloths only.

"And I give my old friend Mr Richard Marriot ten pownd in mony, to be paid him within .3. months after my deth. and I desyre my son to shew kindenes to him if he shall neide, and my son can spare it.

"And I doe hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executo^r of this my last will and testament ; and Do^r Hawkins, to see that he performs it, which I doubt not but he will.

"I desyre my buriall may be nere the place of my deth ; and free from any ostentation or charg, but privately : this I make to be my last will, (to which I shall only add the codicell for rings,) this 16. day of August 1683.

"Witnes to this will. IZAAK WALTON.

"The rings I give are as on the other side.

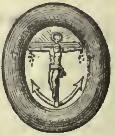
To my brother Jon Ken.
to my sister his wife.
to my brother Doc^{r} Ken.
to my sister Pye.
to Mr Francis Morley.
to S^{r} George Vernon.
to his wife.
to his 3 dafters.
to M^{rs} Nelson.
to Mr Rich. Walton.
to Mr Palmer.
to Mr Taylor.
to Mr Tho. Garrard.
to the Lord B^{p} of Sarum.
to Mr Rede his servant.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.
to my Coz. Lewin.
to Mr Walter Higgs.
to Mr Cha. Cotton.
to Mr Rich. Marryot.

22

to my brother Beacham.
to my sister his wife.
to the lady Anne How.
to Mrs King Do^{r} Philips wife.
to Mr Valantine Harecourt.
to Mrs Elyza Johnson.
to Mrs Mary Rogers.
to Mrs Elyza Milward.
to Mrs Doro. Wallop.
to Mr Will. Milward, of Christchurch, Oxford.
to Mr John Darbeshire.
to Mrs Vuedvill.
to Mrs Rock.
to Mr Peter White.
to Mr John Lloyde.
to my cozen Greinsells widow.

16 Mrs Dalbin must not be forgotten.

"Note that severall lines are blotted out of this will for they were twice repeted: And, that this will is now signed and sealed, this twenty and fourth day of October 1683 in the presence of us—



IZAAK WALTON.

Witnes, ABRA: MARKLAND.
JOS: TAYLOR,
THOMAS CRAWLEY.

"Probatum apud London &c. Coram veñli et egregio viro d'no Thoma Exton Milite Legum D'core surr̃o &c̃ quarto die mensis Februarii Anno D'ni (stylo Angliæ) 1683 juramento Isaaci Walton jun^{ris} filii d'ci def'ti et Ex̃toris &c̃ cui &c̃ de bene &c. Jurat̃."

His will was thus endorsed by himself:—

"Izaak Walton's last will octo^{r} 1683."—

Walton's will was proved by his son on the 4th of February 1683-4; and it contains so many statements illustrative of his character and situation, that some remarks upon it will not be considered misplaced. His profession of faith was strictly in accordance with the principles which he expressed in his writings; but the motive which made him give so particular an account of his belief, justifies the idea that the tolerant spirit which he manifested towards all who differed from him in religion, and the amicable terms on which he lived with some Roman Catholics, had exposed him to the suspicion that he was himself a member of the Church of Rome. His property was not, he observes, got by "falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation," an allusion which is not easily explained; for the suggestion that it referred to the maxim of law, "Summum jus est, summa injuria," does not appear to be correct; and it is more probable that he referred to the manner in which estates were acquired during the Commonwealth, and to the legal obstacles which prevented the original owners from recovering them. The shop in Paternoster Row has been before noticed; and the house in Chancery Lane was doubtless that in which he had himself lived. He held a lease under his friend Bishop Morley; and as his farm near Eccleshall, not far from Stafford, was not inherited from his ancestors, but was purchased by himself of a Mr Walter Noell, it seems that he had little or no patrimony. The charitable purpose for which he destined that property, in the event of his son not leaving male issue who survived their minority, shows his regard for the place of his nativity, to which he had already been a benefactor by a gift of a small garden (the rent of which was expended in coals for the poor about Christmas), by contributing a sum towards the erection of the wall of the churchyard of St Chads, in that town, and by apprenticing nine poor boys, and presenting each of them with five pounds.[9] The selection of objects for his bounty was extremely judicious. It may be that he had himself experienced in childhood the benefit of a fostering hand to enable a boy to provide for his future subsistence, whilst his knowledge of the condition of the lower orders taught him the advantages of encouraging the long residence of female servants with the same mistress. Such have been the abuses of charitable bequests that the striking admonition in Walton's will might, with advantage, be added to all local records of similar foundations, and be read aloud previous to the annual distribution: "God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience." That Walton did not consider such an admonition unnecessary is evident from his ordering, that in case the Mayor of Stafford proved so negligent or dishonest as not to fulfil his intentions, the charity should be intrusted to the Magistrates of Eccleshall. He paid a gratifying tribute to the worth of his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, the husband of his only surviving daughter Anne, by saying that he "loved him as his own son." The rings which he ordered to be given to his friends bore an appropriate motto. Through these silent but eloquent relics he bid his family, as it were from the tomb, to "love his memory," whilst his gratitude to Bishop Morley was quaintly but feelingly expressed by the legend, "a mite for a million." The rings of his other friends who were thus remembered, bore no other motto than the simple one, that they were "a Friend's farewell." His regard for the spiritual welfare of his children was evinced by his selecting for them the books from which he had himself derived the most religious knowledge and consolation. It appears that he had a house or rooms at Droxford in Hampshire, as well as apartments in the episcopal residences at Winchester and Farnham Castle; that his books and other property were divided among those places; and that he was a collector of prints and pictures. His affection for his second wife's family is shown by the request that his son would be kind to his aunts Beacham and Rose Ken, that he would contribute to the support of a son of the former, and that he would bring up a son of the latter, as he himself intended to have done, adding his conviction that he would do so if he were able, because "they be good folk." The bequest to his old friend and publisher, Richard Marriott, of ten pounds and a ring, and his injunction to his son to "show kindness" to him, if he happened to require it, is a pleasing proof of the good understanding which existed between them for nearly half a century. His desire to be buried "near the place of his death, free from any ostentation or charge, but privately," was consistent with the simplicity of his character. Among the three witnesses to his will was the Reverend Doctor Abraham Markland, a prebend of Winchester,[1] who was probably one of his friends; but nothing more is known of the other witnesses than their names. Some of the parties mentioned in Walton's will have been already described; and his descendants and immediate relatives, the Kens and Beachams, will be particularly alluded to; but it is desirable to state, as far as has been ascertained, who were the other persons to whom he bequeathed tokens of his regard.

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[9] Vide postea.

Mr Francis Morley was a nephew of Bishop Morley. Sir George Vernon was a younger branch of the ancient and distinguished family of that name. He lived at Farnham, in Surrey; was knighted on the 6th of November 1681;[2] and died in November 1692. Of his three daughters mentioned by Walton, Elizabeth died in August 1699, aged thirty-three; and Katherine in December 1725, both unmarried.[3]

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[1] Dr Abraham Markland, fellow of St John's College, Oxford: he was also a prebendary of Winchester and master of the Hospital of St Cross.—Trollope's History of Christ's Hospital, p. 242.

Lady Anne Howe was the sister of Henry King, late Bishop of Chichester. Mrs King is presumed to have been the daughter of Sir Richard Hobart, and widow of Dr Philip King, the brother of the Bishop of Chichester.[4] Mr William Milward, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Mrs Eliza Milward, were most likely distantly related to Walton,[5] in the way before alluded to. His cousin Dorothy Kenrick was the daughter of Edward Kenrick, by Susan, sister and co-heiress of Sir William Cranmer.[6] Mr Garrard seems to have been allied to the family of Walton's son-in-law, Dr Hawkins.[7] Mrs Nelson is supposed to have been of the family of the Reverend Henry Nelson, rector of Haugham, in Lincolnshire, "a man of noted worth and learning," whose daughter Anne married Bishop Sanderson.[8] The Lord Bishop of Sarum was Doctor Seth Ward, who was one of Walton's particular friends, and to whom his son was then chaplain; and they had

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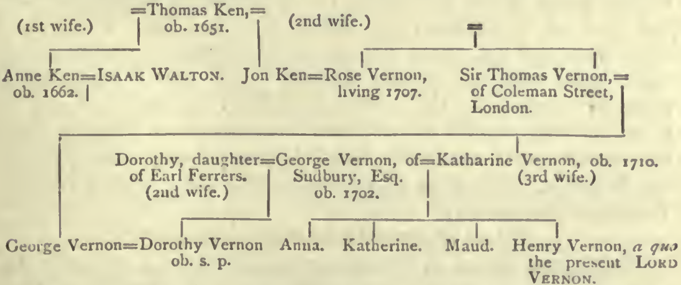
[2] Harleian MS. 5801, f. 153.

[3] Manning and Bray's History of Surrey, vol. iii. p. 159. Walton was connected with other branches of the house of Vernon, through his wife Anne Ken, in the manner pointed out in the annexed table:—



(1st wife.)
=Thomas Ken,=
ob. 1651.
(2nd wife.)
=
Anne Ken=Isaak Walton.
ob. 1662.
Jon Ken=Rose Vernon,
living 1707.
Sir Thomas Vernon,=
of Coleman Street,
London.
Dorothy, daughter=George Vernon, of=Katharine Vernon, ob. 1710.
of Earl Ferrers.
(2nd wife.)
Sudbury, Esq.
ob. 1702.
(3rd wife.)
George Vernon=Dorothy Vernon
ob. s. p.
Anna.
Katherine.
Maud.
Henry Vernon, a quo
the present Lord
Vernon.

[4] Fasti Oxonienses, vol. ii. p. 89. Vide also vol. i. pp. 361, 380; and Athenæ, vol. i. p. 761; ii. 294, 435; iii. 841; iv. 195.

[5] The connection between the families of Walton and Milward is stated in note K. See also the pedigree of Walton.

[6] Harleian MS. 5801, and MS. in the College of Arms, K. 9, f. 335.

[7] An Edward Garrard was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, in March 1712-13. His daughter Elizabeth, who was the wife of George Hawkins, died in 1702. Vide Price's Description of Salisbury Cathedral, 4to, 1774. A Thomas Garrard, who died on the 14th December 1697, was buried near his father, the Reverend George Garrard, in Winchester Cathedral. See Gale's History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, 8vo, 1715, p. 70.

[8] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 183.

perhaps received civilities from Mr Rede, "the bishop's servant," or probably agent or land steward. Mrs Eliza Johnson is mentioned in the will of Walton's son, in 1714, as "formerly of Worcester," where she may have resided in 1662, when Mrs Walton died in that city; and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that her kindness to the Waltons on that occasion caused her to be thus remembered. Mr Valentine Harcourt was doubtless a younger son of Humphrey Harcourt, who in the year 1614 was the son and heir-apparent of John Harcourt, of Ranton Hall, in Staffordshire.[9] Mr Richard Walton, Mr Palmer, Mr Taylor, who was perhaps one of the witnesses to his will, "his cousin Lewin,"[1] Mr Walter Higgs,[2] Mr John Darbyshire, Mr Holingshed, Mrs Mary Rogers, Mrs Vuedvill, Mrs Rock, Mr Peter White, Mr John Lloyde, his cousin Greinsell's widow, and Mrs Dalbin, have not been identified.

The execution of Walton's will on the 24th of October 1683, was one of the latest acts of his life respecting his temporal affairs; and the completion of that instrument may have been hastened by symptoms of decay, warning him that the unusual period to which his existence had been prolonged, was not likely to be extended. Of his last hours nothing is known. Few men were so well prepared for the awful change, and had so little cause to view it with apprehension. His death took place in the house of his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, at Winchester, on the 15th of December 1683, during a severe frost, which may have hastened the event, for the serious effect of extreme cold upon aged persons is well known. His dying hours were probably cheered by the tender regard of his family;[3] and it is not unlikely that he received the consolations of religion from his constant and venerable friend Bishop Morley, who died in the following year, aged eighty-seven, and being also buried in Winchester Cathedral,

> "In one hallowed pile at last their bones repose."[4]

Walton was buried in Winchester Cathedral, in a chapel in the south aisle, called Prior Silkstead's Chapel. A large black marble slab is placed over his remains, with the following inscription; and to use the poetical language of Mr Bowles, "the morning sunshine falls directly on it, reminding the contemplative man of the mornings when he was for so many years up and abroad with his angle on the banks of the neighbouring stream:"[5]—

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[9] Harleian MS. 1439, f.57.

[1] A Dr Lewin Floud was first cousin of Robert Floud, who is supposed to have been the father of Walton's first wife. A family of Lewin were seated at Oldingden, in Kent, n 1619.

[2] The ancestor (it is presumed) of William Simond Higgs, Esq. of the Regent's Park, London, whose youngest son, John Higgs, Esq. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, died at Hastings on the 4th May 1833. His library contained copies of the original editions, and numerous illustrations, of the "Complete Angler." Gentleman's Magazine, ciii. pt. i. 477, & civ.

[3] His brother-in-law, Dr Ken, was then abroad, having accepted the situation of Chaplain to Lord Dartmouth, who commanded the expedition to Tangiers, in that year. Bowles's Life of Ken, ii. 62.

[4] Bowles, ibid. i. p. 112.

> "HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
> MR IZAAC WALTON,
> WHO DIED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER
> 1683.
> Alas! he's gone before,
> Gone to return no more!
> Our panting breasts aspire
> After their aged sire;
> Whose well-spent life did last,
> Full ninety years and past.
> But now he hath begun
> That which will ne'er be done.
> Crown'd with eternal blisse,
> We wish our souls with his.
> VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI."

The character of Izaak Walton has been described by so many able writers, that the hope of exhibiting him in a new light, or of increasing the number of his admirers, would be presumptuous. In the preceding pages all the incidents of his life have been stated; and by introducing his own words whenever he has alluded to himself, he has been made, in a great degree, his own biographer. Those statements present, however, little but a general outline of his career; and the idiosyncrasies of mind which distinguish one individual from another must be sought for in the passages of his works, where he has expressed his opinions and feelings.

The obscurity in which the early part of Walton's life is involved, has given rise to considerable doubts as to the nature and extent of his acquirements. It is not probable that he received a regular classical education; but although translations existed of nearly all the Latin works which he quotes, it is nevertheless certain that he had some knowledge of that language. His reading in English literature was various and extensive, particularly in divinity. On many occasions he alludes to his imperfect education and mean abilities; and though the latter may be attributed to modesty, the former was, doubtless, grounded upon fact. Thus, in his preface to the collected edition of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Herbert, and Hooker, he says, "When I look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself that I am come to be publicly in print;" and in his dedication of that work he resigns all claim "to acquired learning or study."

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[5] Life of Ken, ii. 271. Mr Bowles conjectures that "the retired spot which contains Walton's remains was probably fixed on by himself, as suiting his humbler station of life."

Walton's opinion of ancestry and honours, like his sentiments on most other subjects, was liberal and just. When alluding to the antiquity of Angling, he says, "As I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues myself boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it." Nor is there less truth in the following reflection upon hereditary titles: "Bare titles are noted to have in them nothing of reality; for titles not acquired, but derived only, do but show us who of our ancestors have, and how they have achieved that honour which their descendants claim, and may not be worthy to enjoy. For if those titles descend to persons that degenerate into vice, and break off the continued line of learning, or valour, or that virtue that acquired them, they destroy the very foundation upon which that honour was built; and all the rubbish of their degenerousness ought to fall heavy on such dishonourable heads; ought to fall so heavy, as to degrade them of their titles, and blast their memories with reproach and shame."[6]

It was impossible for a man of Walton's talents and sensibility to live through the events, which distracted this country for nearly twenty years, without adopting very decided political opinions. It has been already observed, that he adhered with unshaken fidelity to the cause of royalty, which he considered was identified with that of religion. This has been partly attributed to his constant association with the most eminent divines of the Church of England; but it is probable that he would, under any circumstances, have followed that course, because the most striking characteristic of his mind was veneration, from which feeling loyalty, and religion, a reverence for constituted authorities, as well as for all other institutions, springs and is inseparable. Walton could no more have been a republican than an atheist; but whilst his tolerant spirit and sound common sense preserved him from bigotry, his good taste made him abhor the cant and fanaticism which usurped the name of religion, and became the cloak for the most reckless ambition, and the basest hypocrisy. A close observer of the history of the reign of Charles the First will find that the outrages which were committed by the republicans upon the habits, tastes, and prejudices of the cavaliers, had as much influence in attaching them to the monarchy, as abstract sentiments of duty and loyalty.

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[6] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, ii. 157.

Some extracts from Walton's remarks upon public affairs will best show his political opinions, and they merit particular attention as specimens of his style, which is clear and nervous, and will bear a favourable comparison with that of the best writers of his time. Speaking of the religious dissensions which preceded the death of Charles the First, Walton says, "To heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions; and had so often and so highly opposed the blessed motions of the blessed Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they had thereby sinned themselves to a belief of what they would, but were not able to believe: into a belief which is repugnant even to human nature (for the heathens believe there are many Gods), but these have sinned themselves into a belief that there is no God: and so finding nothing in themselves, but what is worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, 'that they should be like the beasts that perish;' and in wicked company (which is the atheist's sanctuary) were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but cannot then think it. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves. And now when the Church was pestered with them, and with all these other irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn in pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin; when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things which were attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied; when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others; when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority. In this extremity, fear, and danger of the Church and State, when to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of a high and fearless fortitude, they were blessed in all by John Whitgift's being made Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom ingenious Sir Henry Wotton (that knew him well) hath left this true character; 'that he was a man of a reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; a man of such a temper, as when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue.'"[7]

Of the Restoration he says, "Towards the beginning of the year 1660, when the many mixed sects, and their creators, and merciless protectors, had led, or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion both in Church and State; when amazement and fear had seized most of them by foreseeing they must now not only vomit up the Church's and the King's land, but their accusing consciences did also give them an inward and fearful intelligence, that the God of opposition, disobedience, and confusion, which they had so long and so diligently feared, was now ready to reward them with such wages as he always pays to witches for their obeying him; when these wretches (that had said to themselves 'we shall see no sorrow') were come to foresee an end of their cruel reign, by our King's return, and such sufferers as Dr Sanderson (and with him many of the oppressed clergy and others) could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then the 29th of May following, the King was by our good God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and then a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations; the suffering and sequestered clergy (who had, like the children of Israel, sat long lamenting their sad condition, and hanged their neglected harps on the willows that grow by the rivers of Babylon) were, after many thoughtful days and restless nights, now freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to Almighty God publicly, in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them."[8]

Speaking of the Nonconformists, after admitting that "some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of errors," Walton observes, "Of this party there were many that were possessed of an high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate, restless, radical pride and malice; I mean not those lesser sins which are more visible and more properly carnal, and sins against a man's self, as gluttony, drunkenness, and the like (from which good Lord deliver us), but sins of a higher nature, because more unlike to the nature of God, which is love, and mercy, and peace, and more like the devil (who is no glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil); those wickednesses of malice and revenge, and opposition, and a complacence in working and beholding confusion (which are more properly his work, who is the enemy and disturber of mankind); and greater sins, though many will not believe it; men whom a furious zeal and prejudice hath blinded, and made incapable of hearing reason, or adhering to the ways of peace; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to over-value their own wisdom and become pertinacious, and to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men which they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed to speak evil of government, and then to be the authors of confusion (of confusion as it is confusion); whom company and conversation, and custom had blinded, and made insensible that these were errors; and at last became so restless and so hardened in their opinions, that like those who perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting these spiritual wickednesses, of which Coppinger and Hacket, and their adherents, are too sad testimonies." [9]

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[7] Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, i. 362–364.
[8] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, ii. 267–269.

Perhaps one of the soundest criticisms ever pronounced upon the merits of sermons, is contained in his description of those of Hooker: "The design of his sermons (as indeed of all his discourses) was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter (which he never wanted), as for apt illustrations to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and sub-distinctions to amuse his hearers and get glory to himself, but glory only to God, 'which intention,' he would often say, 'was as discernible in a preacher, as an artificial from a natural beauty.'" [1]

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[9] Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, i. 355, 356.

[1] Ibid. I. 424.

Walton's belief in the tenets of the Church of England is indisputable; and his writings overflow with allusions to a future state, in which friends will meet again, purified from the drossness of mortality.[2] He firmly believed that they were cognisant of what was passing here, and often represents them as singing hymns and anthems in conjunction with the angels in heaven.[3] To works of benevolence he attributed much effect in propitiating the Almighty, and all must admire the spirit of Christian charity which dictated the following sentence:—

> "How acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are advised by St Paul, 'Help to bear one another's burden,' either of sorrow or want; and what a comfort it will be when the Searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account as well for that evil we have done, as the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family."[4]

Great as was his esteem for the clergy of the Established Church, he was not blind to their faults; for when contrasting the conduct of those of his time with that of George Herbert, he says, "I profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now: but it becomes not me to censure."[5] The following passage in his Life of Hooker shows that he did not altogether approve of clergymen marrying: "The good man (Hooker) was drawn from the tranquillity of his college, from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage."[6] His perfect idea of a priest may be found in his description of Bishop Sanderson; and he was doubtless fully impressed with the justice of Herbert's remark, that "the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him."[7] He says of Sanderson, that "his looks and motion manifested an endearing affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm and so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many Parliamentary injunctions that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, so like the primitive Christians, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after, the clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God whose pure eyes abhor iniquity, and especially in them."[8]

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[2] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 178.

[3] Ibid. ii. 31, 122.

[4] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, ii. 185.

[5] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, ii. 73.

[6] Ed. Zouch, i. 348.

[7] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, ii. 74.

No feeling is more manifested in Walton's works than that of discontent with the age in which he lived;[9] and he seems to have fallen into the common error of supposing that the standard of morality and virtue was lower in his own time than in earlier ages, a complaint which is almost as old as the world itself. This is the more remarkable with respect to Walton, because it is almost the only instance of querulousness which can be found in his writings. There can be little doubt that he believed in supernatural agency, and Dr Zouch not only states that he had been subjected to severe animadversions for the narrative which occurs in the later impressions of his Life of Dr Donne, respecting the vision of Donne's wife, who is said to have appeared to her husband on the day on which she was delivered of a dead child.[1] It is equally likely, from a passage in his Life of Wotton, that he placed faith in the revelations of dreams, as well as in the predictions of judicial astrology; but these facts prove no more than that Walton's mind was imbued with the prejudices and superstition of his age, to which few, if any, of his contemporaries were superior. Dr Zouch defends his credulity by citing Plutarch and Doddridge; but since Walton lived, and indeed since Zouch wrote, science has advanced with gigantic strides; and, in proportion to the present extent of knowledge, is the spirit of indulgence for the weaknesses and errors of our ancestors.

He appears to have been fond of poetry and music, and there is evidence that he cultivated both with some success. Several of his verses have been introduced into this Memoir; and though they do not evince much imagination or skill, they are at least equal to the productions of many writers who have attained reputation as poets. As, however, he admits in the "Complete Angler" that he was "not excellent at poetry," it would be uncandid to criticise his productions with rigour. He describes music as a heavenly art;[2] and in his contemplations of celestial happiness, he always represents the saints and angels as being employed in singing hymns to the praise of the Almighty. He could himself sing well;[3] he speaks of the delight which it afforded him to hear his wife sing his favourite songs;[4] and he was intimate with Basse, an eminent composer, in whose science he took great interest, and says that Basse had made a song at his request in praise of angling.[5] In no part of Walton's writings, however, are the charms of music so beautifully described as in the following exquisite passages on the singing of birds: "I will not pass by those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art. As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity. How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely, the Laverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead. But the Nightingale,[6] another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"[7]

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[8] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, ii. 259.

[9] In the introduction to his Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, i. 304; Life of Hooker, ibid. pp. 313, 428; Life of Sanderson, ibid. ii. 185, 204; Dedication of the Life of Donne, ed. 168; see p. antea. Complete Angler, p. 163.

[1] Ed. Zouch, i. 74, 75; ii. 326.

[2] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, ii. 96.

[3] Vide p. lix. antea.

Of the sister art, Design, Walton seems to have had some knowledge, as he often alludes to painters; and one of his best metaphors is founded upon the particular style of ancient masters. He formed a small collection of prints and pictures, which he bequeathed to his son, who excelled in the use of the pencil; and it is not improbable that he derived his taste for drawing from his father.

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[4] Complete Angler, p. 159.

[5] Ibid. p. 124.

[6] Upon this passage Dr Drake has remarked, "It is somewhat singular, however, that the noblest and sweetest description of the song of this plaintive warbler should be the production of a prose writer. Who can adduce on the subject a morsel of such impressive beauty as the following? 'But the nightingale,' &c.—*Literary Hours*, ii. 318. Bishop Horne has quoted it in his Commentary on the 104th Psalm, v. 12, vol. ii. p. 223; and Headley, in the Notes to his Select Beauties of the Ancient English Poetry, says: "But above all the panegyrics that have been deservedly passed upon this universal favourite, I have seen nothing yet, that in any degree approaches the notice of one who was certainly no poet: my reader will be surprised perhaps when I name Honest Isaak Walton, but let him read this and judge."—Vol. ii. p. 167.

[7] Complete Angler, p. 38.

Superior as Walton's intellectual powers undoubtedly were, they sink into nothing when compared with the qualities of his heart; and it is the man, rather than the author, whom his admirers most love to contemplate. No one can read his writings without being impressed with the fervent and unaffected piety, the simplicity of taste, the benevolence of mind, and contentedness of spirit, which are apparent in every thought and expression. In the works of the creation he finds a boundless theme for praise and admiration. Though his wit is rarely brilliant, it never springs from envy or ill-nature; and when truth prevented him from praising the persons of whom he speaks, he is silent, mildly observing that "it becomes not him to censure." Walton repeatedly speaks of his love of "harmless innocent mirth unmixed with scurrility;" and his scrupulous veracity, and the care with which he selected his society, are noticed by Cotton, who says, "He never retracted any promise when made in favour even of his meanest friends;" and that his "father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

Though brought up to trade he everywhere expresses his contempt for riches; and one of his highest eulogiums on Sir Henry Wotton was, that he was an "undervaluer of money." His views on the subject, as expressed in the concluding passage of the "Complete Angler," were extremely rational: "In my discourse my meaning is to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, the other in a meek and thankful heart, which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar."

Izaak Walton left only two children, Izaak and Anne. Of the former the greater part of what is known has been already stated. He was thirty-two years of age, and rector of Polshot near Devizes, when his father died; and was afterwards elected a canon of Salisbury Cathedral. In this station he passed the remainder of his days; and unless the inscription on his tomb be more than usually mendacious, he performed the duties of a parish priest with great zeal and propriety, and was distinguished for his genuine piety, sound doctrines, benevolence, and charity. His skill as an artist has been alluded to; and an interesting specimen is still preserved by his relation, Dr Hawes, who possesses a portrait of the venerable Piscator by his son,[8] in crayons; and Cotton states that he had made drawings of Beresford Hall and the adjacent scenery. He is said to have contributed largely to Dr Walker's "History of the Sufferings of the Clergy,"[9] for which work the conversation of his father was likely to have furnished him with abundance of materials. The most pleasing fact in the life of Canon Walton is, however, his having repaid the kindness of his uncle, Dr Ken, by unremitting attention to him after he was deprived of the bishopric of Bath and Wells. Bishop Ken passed much of his time at the rectory of Polshot, and at the canonry house, in the Close at Salisbury; and his correspondence shows that he considered the residence of his nephew as his home,[1] until he found a permanent asylum at Longleat. His father having ordered by his will that certain lands should become the property of the corporation of Stafford, in case his son did not marry before he was forty-one years old, Canon Walton wrote to the Mayor of Stafford as soon as he attained that age, to acquaint him that the estate was improved to almost double its former value, and that on his decease the corporation would be entitled to it.[2] Canon Walton is said to have obtained the confidence and friendship of Dr Burnet, who succeeded Bishop Ward in the see of Salisbury in 1689, and "from being a man of great temper and discretion, and from his candour and sincerity much respected by all the clergy of the diocese, he became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the chapter."[3] In 1711 Bishop Ken bequeathed part of his books to him, together with the sum of fifty pounds. Towards the end of 1719, when in his sixty-ninth year, Canon Walton went to London as proctor in convocation for the chapter of Salisbury, and having caught the smallpox,[4] died on the 29th of December following, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, at the foot of his friend and patron, Bishop Ward. A plain stone of black marble with the following inscription covers his remains:—

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[8] Bowles's Life of Ken, i. 7.

[9] Zouch's Life of Walton, ii. 368.

[1] Bowles's Life of Ken, ii. 192, 231.

[2] Hawkin's Life of Walton, p. 55.

"H. S. E.
ISAACUS WALTON, HUJUS ECCLESIÆ
CANONICUS RESIDENTIARIUS,
PIETATIS NON JUCATÆ,
DOCTRINÆ SANÆ,
MUNIFICENTIÆ, BENEVOLENTIÆ,
EXEMPLAR DESIDERANDUM.
PASTORIS BONI ET FIDELIS FUNCTUS OFFICIO
PER ANNOS
XXXVIII IN PAROCHIA DE POLSHOT WILTS
OBIIT VICESIMO NONO DECEMBRIS,
ANNO DOMINI 1719,
ÆTATIS 69."

It appears from Canon Walton's will, that he was a liberal benefactor to the library of Salisbury Cathedral, which may account for its containing several books with the autograph of his father.[5] He died unmarried. His will, which is now for the first time printed, is not dated, but appears from an indorsement in his own hand to have been made on the 14th of July 1714; and was provėd by his nephew, William Hawkins, on the 18th of November 1720.

"In the name of God. Amen. I ISAAC WALTON, Rector of Polshot, & Canon Residentiary of the Church of Sarum, being at this Time, thanks to God, as sound & perfect in understanding & memory, as at any other time I ever used to be, do hereby make This my Last Will and Testament.

"First, I bequeath & Resign my soul into the hands of Almighty God, its Faithful Creator: with the utmost thanks y^t it can render for the Comfortable Hope w^{ch} I have, that my many & greivous sins will be graciously pardond me, through his great & free mercys in Christ Jesus my Dear Lord & only Saviour.

"I live at present, & intend, thro' God's Grace, to dye in the communion of the Church of England as it is at present by Law Establishd. Being, according to the best measure of my understanding, fully satisfyd, y^t she has reformed herself with That sound judgement & Godly sincerity, as to be the soundest & Purest part of the Church Catholic at this time Existent. Most humbly asking Forgivenesse of Her & of all Christian People for the manifold scandals w^{ch} a very irregular, negligent, & most unprofitable course of life has, too surely, administred. And most heartily praying unto God to preserve her against all attempts, w^{ch} are, at this Time Especially, made against her True Interest & wellfare.

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[3] Hawkin's Life of Walton, p. 56.

[4] Bowles's Life of Ken, ii. 267.

[5] Vide postea.

"My Body I bequeath to the Earth, to be buried at the Discretion of my Executrix, hereafter named. But, with as Little Pomp, charge, or Ceremony, as well may be.

"And, as for the worldly Estate, of w^{ch}, by God's bounty, I stand possessd at present, I dispose & bequeath of it as followeth.

"First, I desire & order all my Just Debts to be satisfyd.—& that being don,—I do give and bequeath—Imprimis,—To my Dear & Loving only Sister Anne Hawkins the Elder, all the Gold, whether Rings or broad Peices w^{ch} I have. Item, to my Dear & Good Niece Anne Hawkins the Younger one Hundred pounds. Item, to my Dear & Good Nephew William Hawkins one hundred pounds, & to my Good Neice his wife fifty pounds.—Item, to my Three cousins, Elizabeth, William, and Susan Hoskins, children of Matthew Hoskins, I do give & bequeath thirty pounds to each of Them. &, in case any one or two of the said three cousins should dye before me, His or her part or parts here bequeathed I do will & order to remain to the surviver, or survivers of Them.—Item, to my Aunt Mrs Rose Kenne I give Ten pounds, To my Cousin her Daughter Mrs Martha Krienberg Ten pounds, to her Husband Mr Frederic Krienberg Ten pounds. To my Cousin Mr Jon Beacham Twenty Guinneys. To my Cousin Mrs Elizabeth Farwell Ten pounds. To my Cousin Mrs Mary Ireland Five pounds. To my Cousin, Mrs Anne Farwell, Five pounds. To Mrs Bridget Lowe, Five pounds. To Mrs Elizabeth Johnson, formerly of Worcester, Five pounds. To all These last mentioned Persons, I say, I do give & bequeath the Legacys of—Twenty Guiñeys, of Ten, & of Five pounds respectively, if they shall be alive at the Time of my Death, & not otherwise. & I do also remitt, & forgive to all & Each of the forementioned Persons, all or any Sum̃s of money w^{ch} they or any of them shall appear to be indebted unto me. Item,—I give & bequeath unto my Godson Isaac Walton Twenty pounds to be paid to his Father or Mother if alive at my Death, otherwise to himself, when he shall attain the age of one & twenty years. Item,—I give & bequeath to the Fabric for the use of the Library of the Church of Sarum the sum̃e of one Hundred pounds to be layd out in an Annuity, or rent Charge, in corn if it may be, for some Person, to be named yearly by the Dean & Chapter, to give such attendance there, as they shall appoint, or can agree upon. Item,—I give & bequeath to the said Dean & Chapter of Sarum the sum̃e of Fifty & Five pounds to augment that sum̃e w^{ch} is, in our accounts, called The Sors Com̃unaris. Item,—I do give & bequeath to the Poor of the Parish of Polshot Five Pounds. & to the Poor of the Close of Sarum the like sum̃e of Five pounds.

"All w^{ch} Legacys I will & order to be paid in good & lawfull money of This Realm within a year & half after my Decease.

"And, of This my last Will & Testament, written all with my own hand, I do make my Dear & only Sister Mrs Anne Hawkins sole Executrix, giving & bequeathing also unto Her whatsoever of mine remains unbequeathed herein. And, in case it should so happen that this my Executrix should dye before me—I do then appoint my forementiond nephew & niece (William Hawkins & Anne Hawkins) jointly my executors, giving & bequeathing unto them the Remainder of my Estate unbequeathed, to be divided between them into Three parts, whereof my nephew is to have two Thirds, & my neice one Third part.

ISAAC WALTON.

Signed, sealed, published & declared as the last Will & Testament of the within named Isaac Walton, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names as witnesses to the same on the request of the said Isaac Walton & in his presence and in presence of each other

EDWARD SEALE.
STEPHEN GAISFORD.
GEO: FROME."

In the handwriting of the testator,

"Last Will & Testam^{t} of J: W:
July 14. 1714."

"Probat̃ Londini &c decimo quarto die mensis Nov^{ris} Anno D'ni 1720 coram Veñli viro Humphredo Henchman Legum D'core Surr̃o &c Jur̃to Gul̃imi Hawkins ar̃i uñ Extor̃ substitut̃ &c̃ cui &c̃. De bene &c̃ jurat̃ Reservatâ potestate s̃ilem com̃nem faciendi Annæ Hawkins juñ alter̃ Execut̃ substitut̃ &c̃. cum venerit eandem petitura Annâ Hawkins señ Ex̃trice in dc̃o Tes̃to nominat̃ in vitâ Testatoris mortem obeunte.

14^{o} Nov^{ris} 1720.

"Guilielmus Hawkins Arm̃ unus Executor̃ substitut̃ jurat̃ reservat̃, potestate Anne Hawkins juñ alteri Execut̃ Anna Hawkins sen. Executric̃ in Vita Testatoris mortem obiunte.

Coram me
HUM. HENCHMAN,
Surr.

"Testator fuit unus Canonicorum Residentiarium Ecclesiæ Cathedralis S^{te} Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Sarum et obijt mense Decembris ult."

The strong allusion which Canon Walton makes to his "many and grievous sins," and to the "manifold scandals which his very irregular, negligent, and most unprofitable course of life had too surely administered," probably originated in extreme humility, and ought not to be construed literally. Like his father, he professed his ardent attachment to the Church of England, as she had then reformed herself; and he also imitated his example, by desiring to be interred in the most unostentatious manner.

Anne Walton, the only daughter of Izaak Walton who attained womanhood, married about the year 1676 Dr William Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester, and rector of Droxford in Hampshire, who died on the 17th of July 1691. She died on the 18th of August 1715, aged sixty-seven, and was buried, with her husband, in Winchester Cathedral. The following inscriptions, with the crest and arms of Hawkins, without an impalement, are placed on their tomb :—

"H. S. E.
GULIELMUS HAWKINS
S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ PRÆBENDARIUS
QUI OBIIT JUL. 17°
ANNO DOMINI 1691
ÆTATIS SUÆ 58.

H. S. E.
ANNA ETIAM ISAACI WALTON FILIA
QUÆ OBIIT SUPER MEMORATI GULIELMI VIDUA
AUG. 18° A. D. 1715
ÆTATIS SUÆ 67."

They left only two surviving children ; viz., William and Anne Hawkins. The latter lived for many years with her uncle, Canon Walton, and superintended his domestic affairs ; and after his decease she continued to reside at Salisbury.[6] Her uncle, Bishop Ken, left her £50 in 1711 ; and dying unmarried on the 27th of November 1728, was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, where the following inscription is placed to her memory :—

"HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF
ANN HAWKINS
ONLY DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM HAWKINS D.D.
SOMETIME PREBENDARY OF WINTON
AND OF ANNE HIS WIFE SISTER OF
ISAAC WALTON LATE CANON RESIDENTIARY
OF THIS CHURCH.
MORE I AM FORBID.
SHE DYED NOV. 27,
1728."

William Hawkins was born about 1678, entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. He was the executor of Bishop Ken, whose will he proved on the 11th of April 1711 ; and in 1713 he published a short account of that prelate. Some time before his death he unfortunately became blind,[7] and died on

[6] Hawkin's Life of Walton, p. 56.

[7] Ibid. p. 56.

the 29th of November 1748, aged seventy. He married Jane, the beautiful[8] daughter of John Merewether, M.D., who survived him until the 11th of June 1761. She was buried with her husband in Salisbury Cathedral, beneath a stone which is thus inscribed :—

"HERE LIES BURIED WILLIAM HAWKINS, ESQ.
BARRISTER AT LAW
WHO DIED NOV. 29, 1748
AGED 70.
ALSO LIETH JANE THE RELICT OF
WILLIAM HAWKINS
AND DAUGHTER OF JOHN MEREWETHER, M.D.
DIED JUNE 11, 1761."

Their issue were one son, William Hawkins; and four daughters, Jane, Anne, Henrietta-Rebecca, and Mary. Jane, the eldest daughter, died on the 11th of April 1728, to whose memory her parents caused the following inscription to be placed over her grave :—

"HERE LYE THE DEAR REMAINS OF
JANE
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
WILLIAM AND JANE HAWKINS
WHOSE CAPACITY AND DISPOSITION
EXCEEDING EVEN PARENTS' HOPES
SHE BECAME AN UNCOMMON LOSS
ON THE 11TH DAY OF APRIL 1728
IN THE 12TH YEAR OF HER INNOCENCE.
GOD'S WILL BE DONE!
Why should we grieve for what we must approve
The joys of Heaven surpass our fondest love."

Her sisters, Henrietta-Rebecca and Mary Hawkins, also died unmarried. Anne married the Reverend John Hawes, rector of Wilton and Fugglestone St Peter's in Wiltshire.

William Hawkins, the only son of William Hawkins by Jane Merewether, left an only child, Frances, who married in 1790 the late Mr Thomas Knapp Blagden, a bookseller at Winchester, to whom she was the second wife. She had no issue.

The Reverend John Hawes died in December 1787, having had issue by his wife, Anne Hawkins, who died in June 1797, four children, viz., Margaret-Jane, and Anne, who both died unmarried; the Reverend Henry Hawes, minister of Clifton, who married Miss Brown, and died without issue in March 1809; and the Reverend Doctor Herbert Hawes, prebendary of Salisbury.

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[8] See Bowles's Life of Ken, ii. 267.

Of some of the relations mentioned in the wills of the Waltons it is difficult to speak with certainty. It is most probable that their affinity was produced by Izaak Walton's marriage with Anne Ken; and as nothing is known of his wife's half-sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth Ken, it may be conjectured, from the position of the name of his "sister Pye," in Izaak Walton's will, where it occurs immediately after the Kens, that she was one of the bishop's sisters. His "brother Beacham" was James Beacham, the husband of Martha Ken: he was living in July 1714, and had two sons Jon and William Beacham, the latter of whom was a fellow of New College, but appears to have died before 1713, as his cousin Mr Hawkins does not mention him among Bishop Ken's relations, in his account of that prelate,[9] though he particularly notices his brother Jon Ken, who proceeded M.A. in November 1683, and B.D. on the 23rd of March 1693. The said Jon Beacham obtained the vicarage of East Brent in March 1688, and the prebendary of Wanstrow in October 1689, from his uncle, Bishop Ken, who bequeathed part of his books, and £50 to him by his will. He was a fellow of Trinity College in 1713, after which year nothing has been found respecting him.

Jon Ken, the elder brother of Bishop Ken, who married Rose, the sister of Sir Thomas Vernon, was sometime treasurer of the East India Company. He was living in 1683, and had issue by his wife, who is mentioned in Canon Walton's will in 1714, a son, who was at Cyprus about the year 1707,[1] and two daughters, Rose,[1] who died in 1700, unmarried, when administration of her effects was granted to her mother; and Martha, who married Christopher Frederic Kreinberg, resident for the Elector of Hanover in London. She was bequeathed a legacy of £50 by Bishop Ken; and Canon Walton left her, and her husband, £10 each, in 1714, after which time they have not been traced.

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[9] Mr Hawkins says that Bishop Ken "left behind him but few relations: Martha, the daughter of his brother, Mr Jon Ken, by Rose, his wife, which Martha married to the Honourable Christopher Frederic Kreinberg, resident of his Electoral Highness of Hanover in London. Jon Beacham, at this time fellow of Trinity College, and William Beacham, sometime fellow of New College, Oxon, and since deceased, who were the sons of his sister Martha, by her husband, Mr James Beacham. Izaac Walton, residentiary of the cathedral church of Sarum, and Anne, son and daughter of his sister Anne, by her husband, Mr Izaac Walton, of London, which Anne having married to William Hawkins, D.D., sometime prebendary of the cathedral church of Winton, had issue by him, William and Anne, both living; which William being, by will proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, April 24, 1711, appointed executor, and having had opportunities of knowledge and inquiry of him, submits this impartial, and he hopes not unacceptable account to the public."—Short Account of the Life of Bishop Ken, by William Hawkins, of the Middle Temple, Esq. 8vo. 1713, p. 46.

[1] Pedigree compiled by Mr Dale, one of the Heralds, about the year 1707, and obligingly communicated by Charles George Young, Esq., York Herald.

Canon Walton also bequeathed legacies to his three cousins, Elizabeth, William, and Susan Hoskins, children of Matthew Hoskins; but it has not been discovered in what way they were related to him. It is, however, most likely that they were the children of one of Bishop Ken's sisters, as the bishop bequeathed £20 to his niece, Mrs Elizabeth Hoskins,[2] to be paid her on the day of her marriage. Matthew Hoskins was perhaps the father of the "little Matthew," whom Bishop Ken thus mentions in one of his letters from Winchester: "Little Matthew is very well, and the schoolmaster, at whose house I lodge, tells me he is very regular and minds his book."[3] Mrs Mary Ireland, and Mrs Anne Farwell, the two other cousins mentioned by Canon Walton, have not been identified; nor does any clue exist by which to ascertain the parentage of his "godson Isaac Walton." A Mr Richard Walton is mentioned in Izaac Walton's will in 1683; but neither he nor the godson are called relations. As there is cause to believe that branches of the Walton family continued for several generations in Staffordshire, it is extraordinary that none of them should be mentioned in the will of Izaak Walton, or of his son.

It is not by his literary reputation alone that the memory of Izaak Walton is preserved from oblivion. His benefactions to his native town still exist, and are recorded on a tablet in St Mary's Church at Stafford.[4]

This Memoir must not be concluded without alluding to the tributes which some of the most distinguished writers of the present age have paid to Izaak Walton's memory; and it is gratifying to perceive that time has had no injurious effect upon his fame, that men of the highest attainments, with minds of kindred goodness to his own, have generously paid homage to his worth, and that, in his case at least, it may be truly said, that virtue can never die. In the wide range of British literature, from the sage to the poet, from the profound philosopher to the frivolous antiquary, and imaginative novelist, writers of every class, and of every degree of fame, have expressed their admiration of "honest Izaak Walton."

The giant of English literature, Dr Johnson, ranks foremost among the modern admirers of Walton. It is said that he, at one time, intended to write his life; and it is a subject of regret that his virtues and talents were not immortalised by his pen. It was at Johnson's suggestion that the "Complete Angler" was reprinted by the Rev. Moses Browne in 1772,[5] the last preceding edition being that of 1676. Dr Johnson, moreover, once thought of editing Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, which was one of his favourite books.[6] The work was originally contemplated by Dr Horne, President of Magdalene College, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who requested Johnson to contribute to it; but he declined, under the idea that Lord Hailes intended to reprint it.[7] In April 1777, however, he desired Boswell to get him all the editions of Walton's lives, as he says, "I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr Horne and Lord Hailes."[8] He preferred the Memoir of Donne to any of the others;[9] and it is characteristic of him, that he complained of the omission of Donne's vision in a recent edition, which he said should be restored; adding that "there ought to be a critical catalogue given of the works of the different persons whose lives were written by Walton, and therefore their works must be carefully read by the editor."[1]

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[2] Erroneously printed *Hawkins* in the copy of Bishop Ken's will, in Mr Bowles's life of that prelate.

[3] Bowles's Life of Ken, ii. 229.

[4] For a copy of that inscription, and an account of Walton's charities, see the Appendix.

Sir Walter Scott's admiration of Walton is known to all the world, because his works contain several allusions to him, and always in terms of praise.

Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet on Walton's biographical labours cannot be too often reprinted :—

"There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good Men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye,
We read of faith and purest charity,
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very Names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers—or seen like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
Around meek WALTON's heavenly memory."[2]

A critic in the Quarterly Review[3] has thus spoken of the same work :—

"Izaak Walton, in the enjoyment of a green and cheerful old age, the reward of a tranquil life, produced without art or study, his inimitable pieces of biography, not unconscious how rich a treasure he was preserving for posterity, but not dreaming of the honour in which his own name would lastingly be held for those labours of love."

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[5] Preface to Moses Browne's edition of the Complete Angler, pp. 14–16.

[6] Boswell's Life of Johnson, ed. 1811, vol. iii. 74.

[7] Ibid. ii. 401, 405; iii. 162, 163.

[8] Ibid. iii. 303.

[9] Ibid. iii. 74.

[1] Ibid. iii. 163.

[2] Ecclesiastical Sketches, London, 1822.

[3] Vol. xxix. p. 212.

Nor have the fair sex withheld their admiration from Walton; and the following graceful verses were written in a copy of the "Complete Angler" which belonged to Sir Humphrey Davy, "by a noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms," who is supposed to be the present Lady Charlotte Bury, then Lady Charlotte Campbell:—

"Albeit, gentle angler, I
Delight not in thy trade;
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seem'd most vile before;
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear;
And, with a grace,
That doth efface
More labour'd works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*
More than the scaly brood *confines.*

Our hearts and senses too, we see
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And, ready to be caught by thee,
Are lured to virtue willingly;
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side; at thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting still some inspired song,
Within my memory cherish'd long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth,
Because that time, upon its stream,
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

C. C. 1812."

There is much that the admirers of Walton will read with pleasure in a criticism which appeared in another quarter of the globe in "The American Review" of the Diary of Wilson, the ornithologist. Wilson says:—

"1810. April 25. Breakfasted at Walton's, thirteen miles from Nashville. The hospitable landlord, Isaac Walton, upon setting out early the next morning, refused to take anything for my fare; saying, 'You seem to be travelling for the good of the world, and I cannot, I will not charge you anything; whenever you come this way, call and stay with me, you shall be welcome.' This is the first instance of such hospitality which I have met with in the United States."

On this passage the American Reviewer observes :—

"Upon reading this note, our faith in the doctrine of Pythagoras grew strong. Can it be that the soul of that gentle parent of the angle, old Izaac Walton, in winging its terrestrial flight from the margin of the sea, found a kindred tenement in mine excellent host of Tennessee? We fear poor Wilson never luxuriated over the verdant pages of that golden book, 'The Complete Angler,' or he would have anticipated our passing tribute to its author. We too had, peradventure, died in ignorance, had it not been pointed out to us by the venerable author of the Man of Feeling, himself a brother of the gentle craft. We recall the era of the event as one of the greenest spots both in our literary and piscatory existence, and have ever since held it a settled maxim of our belief, in defiance of which we are ready to do battle, that no brother of the angle can by any possibility prove a recreant."[4]

The following beautiful sonnet on Walton, by Mr Moxon, would do credit to a veteran poet :—

"Walton! when weary of the world, I turn
My pensive soul to thee, and soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathise with Nature, nor repine
At Fortune, who, though lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favourites richly poor;
Wanting both health and energy divine,
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks, e'en now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays; while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse."

Two scholars, of some celebrity for their accomplishments and taste, have combined to do honour to Walton in the annexed verses. The original was written by James Park, Esq., late Professor of Law, of King's College, London;[5] and the translation is by Archdeacon Wrangham :—

"At nobis rigui fontes et flumina cordi;
Nos potius tua, Sancta Senex, veneranda per ævum
Auguria, et grato exequimur præcepta labore;
Omnia quæ quondam Leæ labentis ad undam
Cantasti: neque enim mihi fas, WALTONE, tacere
Mentem in te facilem, et nullis pallentia culpis
Pectora, et antiquâ sanctam pietate senectam.

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[4] American Review, No. xvi. December 1830, p. 376.
[5] Printed in the Cambridge Triposes of 1802.

Felix, cui placidæ fraudes atque otia curæ,
Piscator! tibi enim tranquillo in corde severum
Subsidet desiderium, tibi sedulus angor:
Dum tremula undarum facies, et mobilis umbra,
Dum puræ grave murmur aquæ, virtute quietâ
Composuêre animum, et blandis affectibus implent."

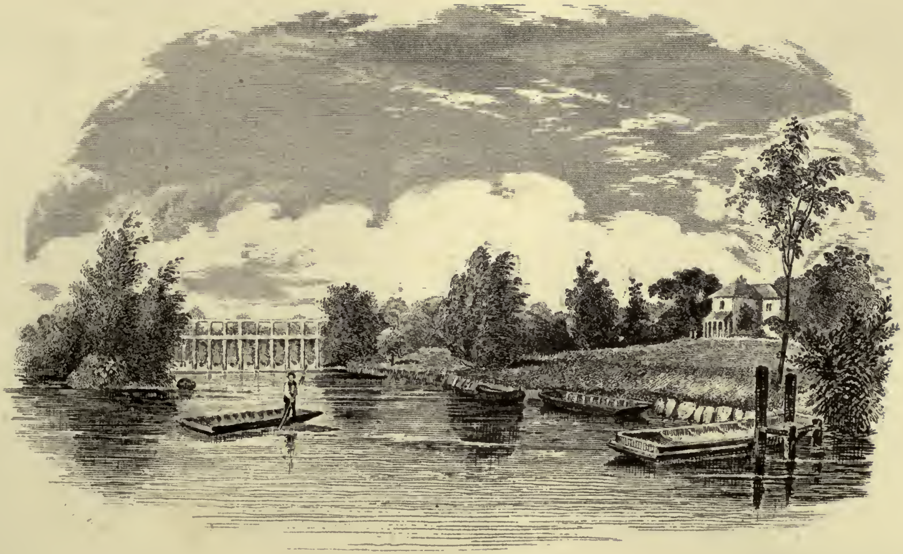
"Mine be the brook's green side, the river stream,
Whilst still, obedient to the instructive theme,
Sport of thy simple muse by gliding *Lea*,
I strive with grateful toil, to follow thee.
For, WALTON, crime it were to leave unsung
Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong;
And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
Thy guileless manners, and thy hallowed age.
Happy Piscator! with the viewless line
Tranquil to dupe the finny tribe was thine.
Fled from thy tranquil bosom gnawing care,
No tumult throbb'd, no malice darken'd there;
The stream light quivering to the summer breeze,
The quickly-shifting shade of clouds or trees,
The ripple's murmur breathed a holy rest,
And to complacent calmness lull'd thy breast."

There is truth in the remark of the first of the modern editors of the "Complete Angler," the Reverend Moses Browne, that "it was chiefly by Walton's pleasing sweetness of nature and conversation, innate simplicity of manners, and, above all, his religious integrity and undissembled honesty of heart, for which he was so remarked and endeared to the affections of all that ever knew him. They sat so naturally on him, you may trace them in everything he writ; he drew his own picture in almost every line; I think there are hardly any writings ever showed more the features and limbs, the very spirit and heart, of an author."

Dr Zouch has almost exhausted panegyric in his praises of Walton; and has thus commented upon his personal appearance in the conclusion of his memoir. The engraving to which he alludes gives a very imperfect idea of the original; but his description is still more applicable to the perfect copy of Walton's portrait, which is prefixed to this volume. "The features of the countenance," he says, "often enable us to form a judgment, not very fallible, of the disposition of the mind. In few portraits can this discovery be more successfully pursued than in that of Izaak Walton. Lavater, the acute master of physiognomy, would, I think, instantly acknowledge in it the decisive traits of the original,—mild complacency, forbearance, mature consideration, calm activity, peace, sound understanding, power of thought, discerning attention, and secretly active friendship. Happy in his unblemished integrity, happy in the approbation and esteem of others, he inwraps himself in his own virtue. The exultation of a good conscience eminently shines forth in this venerable person—

'Candida semper
Gaudia, et in vultu curarum ignara voluptas.'"

The cento of Walton's praises would not be complete without an allusion to the glowing descriptions of his merits, which occur in the edition of Pope's Works, as well as in the Life of Bishop Ken, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, whose genius and goodness alike give value to his eulogy. If the gentle spirit of "honest Izaak" is permitted to know by whom his memory is cherished, it has derived the highest gratification from the tributes paid to his virtues by the Rector of Bremhill, the friend of his descendant, and from congenial feelings, the warm admirer of the talents, piety, and moral excellence, for which Izaak Walton was distinguished.



VIEW OF SIR HENRY WOTTON'S FISHING-HOUSE

THE FISHING-HOUSE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The following description of the spot where Sir Henry Wotton and Izaak Walton used to angle, by that excellent troller and amiable disciple of Walton, Edward Jesse, of Hampton Court, Esq., author of "Gleanings in Natural History" and "An Angler's Rambles," forms an appropriate illustration in the preceding Memoir.

THE life, conversation, and pursuits of the revered Izaak Walton, the purity of his moral character, and his tender sentiments of benevolence, peculiarly fitted him to be the friend and companion of the learned, witty, and cheerful Sir Henry Wotton, "one of the delights of mankind." We accordingly find that they "often fished and conversed" together, both of them being "most dear lovers and frequent practisers of the art of angling."

It is well known that when Sir Henry became Provost of Eton College, Master Izaak Walton frequently went to see him, giving him "his own ever-welcome company at the time of the *Fly* and the *Cork*." A spot is still pointed out, about half a mile from the venerable college of Eton, where these loving friends and companions pursued their innocent pleasures of the angle. Here we can fancy them seated quietly in a summer's evening "on a bank a-fishing," while the beauteous Thames glided calmly, and softly, and sweetly by them. Here also Sir Henry might have composed his pretty description of the spring, beginning

"This day Dame Nature seem'd in love"—

and in which he apostrophised his companion "our honest father:"—

"There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending to his trembling quill."

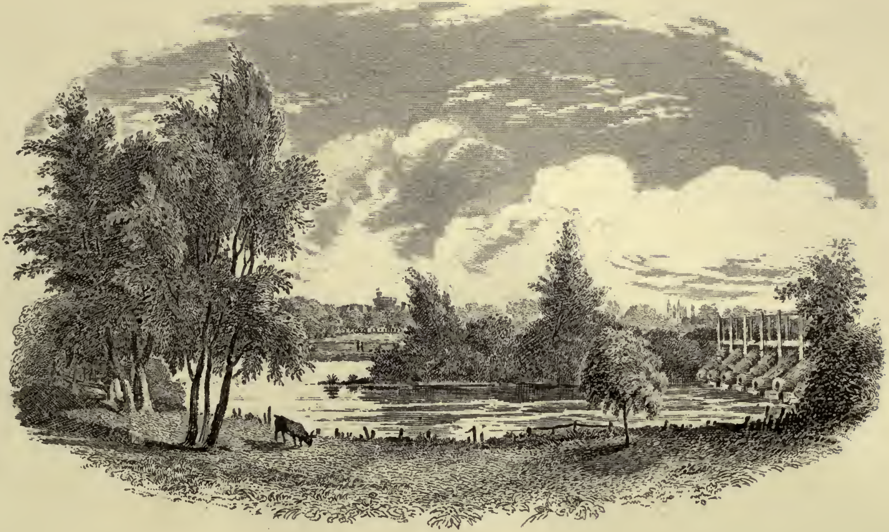
The whole scenery of the spot in question appears suited to a lover of angling. A little green lawn slopes gently down to the river, and on the top of it a modest fishing-house is seen, just such a one as we may suppose the provost and his friend would retire to, either for shelter or to partake of a fisherman's fare. It might have had Piscatoribus Sacrum inscribed over its door. It stands on an ayte, round which the "delicate clear river" finds its way. To the left, the turrets of Windsor Castle are seen through a vista of magnificent elms; and to the right, the chapel and college of Eton, with their venerable and beautiful architecture, add to the charm of the scenery. A stand of eel-krails, which is let down to catch these wandering fish when the river is swollen by rains, is not without its interest, placed as it is between two clusters of graceful willows, amongst which the sedge-bird and the willow-wren sing in concert day and night.

Such is the spot which we have endeavoured to delineate in the accompanying engravings, and which will always be viewed with interest by every admirer of Izaak Walton. The ayte is still the property of the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, and is rented of them by Mr Bacheldor of Windsor, a worthy and expert brother of the angle, who has done much to improve the spot, and to keep up the interest which is attached to it.

It is, indeed, almost impossible for an honest disciple of Izaak Walton to visit it without his imagination wandering to the times when the excellent Provost of Eton and his friend were seated together on that identical bank, holding sweet discourse, and thanking God for the very many blessings He had bestowed on them, and for the quiet and peaceable amusement they were enjoying. He will fancy that he sees them sometimes walking on the banks of their favourite river; and at others seated quietly on its side "trying to catch the other brace of trout." He may also picture to himself the "ever-memorable" Sir Henry Wotton, reclining with his head resting on his hand, and with his "curious pencil" addressing some such lines as the following to his companion:—

Good Izaak, let us stay, and rest us here;
Old friends when near
Should talk together oft, and not lose time
In silly rhyme,
That only addles men's good brains to write,
While those who read, bless God they don't indite.

There is a tree close by the river's side:
There let's abide,
And only hear far off the world's loud din,
Where all is sin;
While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly.



VIEW FROM THE LAWN OF SIR H. WOTTON'S FISHING-HOUSE

Our sports and life oft contemned are
By men that spare
No cost of time, wealth, life, to gain their end,
And often spend
Them all in hopes some happiness to see
In what they are not, but they mean to be.

We will not search for that we may not find,
But dearly bind
Our hearts, friend Izaak, in a tighter knot,
And this our lot
Here long to live together in repose,
Till death for us the peaceful scene shall close.

I. PEDIGREES OF WALTON,

[*Compiled from Vincent's Stafford, No.* 113, *in the*

RICHARD WALTON, of Marchington, Woodlands, in the parish of Hanbury, co. Stafford. Will

HENRY WALTON, of Dovebridge, co. Derby. Query, if the HENRY WALTON, son of RICHARD WALTON, who is mentioned in his Will, dated 31st October 1557? = MARGARET, daughter of HENRY MILWARD, of Dovebridge, co. Stafford, third son of ROBERT MILWARD, of Catton, co. Derby.

JAMES WALTON, of Dovebridge. Presumed to have been the JAMES WALTON mentioned in the Will of GEORGE WALTON, of Yoxhall, as his brother, in Feb. 1570-71. =

HENRY WALTON.

WILLIAM WALTON.

JAMES WALTON, of Dovebridge. Query, if the JAMES WALTON, alias HARRISON, of Dovebridge, whose Will was proved by CONSTANCE, his widow, April 20, 1615. =

WILLIAM WALTON, living Feb. 1570-1. Query, if the WILLIAM WALTON, of St Mary's, Stafford, who was buried there April 28, 1604, and whose Will was proved November 9, 1604. =

JERVIS WALTON, living Feb. 1570-1. Presumed to have been the JERVIS WALTON, of Stafford, who was buried at St Mary's, Stafford, 11th February 1596-7. =

WILLIAM WALTON, of Dovebridge. = ISABEL, daughter of LAWRENCE SHRIGLEY, of Sinfin, co. Derby, widow of —— CRISPES.

KATHERINE, *m.* FRANCIS BURTON, Esq., May 5, 1622.

ANNA.

RICHARD.

GEORGE.

All minors April 1615.

WILLIAM WALTON, a minor 9th Nov. 1604.

JOHN WALTON. Living February 1570-1.

: : ELIZABETH.

WILLIAM WALTON. Living 1619.

RICHARD WALTON. Baptized at St Mary's, Stafford, 23d December 1603.

ELIZABETH. Baptized at St Mary's, Stafford, 4th June 1606.

ELEANOR. Baptized at St Mary's, Stafford, 10th February 1613-14.

HENRY WALTON. Baptized at St Dunstan's, London, 12th, and buried there 17th October 1632.

HENRY WALTON. Baptized at St Dunstan's, 21st March 1633-4. Buried there 4th December 1634.

ANNE WALTON. Born 10th July 1640. Died 11th May 1642.

WILLIAM HAWKINS, only son, born about 1678. Called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Died 29th November 1748, æt. 70. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I. = JANE, daughter of JOHN MEREWETHER, of Devizes, M.D. Married before July 1714. Died 11th June 1761. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.

Rev. WILLIAM HAWKINS, only son, Vicar of Boldre, co. Hants. Died about 1776 or 1777. = —— Widow of —— TREHERNE.

JANE HAWKINS, eldest daughter. Born 1716. Died 12th April 1728, æt. 12. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.

FRANCES HAWKINS, only child. Married at St Thomas', Winchester, 9th May 1790. Living at St Maloes, in France, without issue, April 1836.—Second wife. = MR THOMAS KNAPP BLAGDEN, of Winchester, deceased.

Rev. HENRY HAWES, of Clifton. Born 27th October 1756. Died 17th March 1809, without issue. = ELIZABETH, daughter of WILLIAM BROWN, Esq. Married January 1786. Living June 1836.

HAWKINS, AND HAWES.

College of Arms, Wills, and other Authorities.]

dated 31st October 1557. Proved by **Robert Milward** and **Thomas Boobye** in 1566.

Margery. **James.** **William.** **Mary.** **Elizabeth.** **Ellen.**

All living October 1557.

George Walton, bailiff of Yoxall, co. Stafford. Will dated 10th February 1570-1. Proved 7th April following. = **Isabel.** Proved her husband's Will 7th April 1571.

Denstell Walton. **Anne Walton.** **Alice**, *m.* —— **Haslam.**

All living February 1570-1.

George Walton, of St Mary's, Stafford. Buried there March 24, 1597-8. = **Elizabeth.** Administered to her husband's effects Sept. 25, 1598.

Ambrose Walton. Buried at St Mary's, Stafford, 3d March 1595-6.

Rachel, daughter of —— **Floud.** Born about 1605. Married at St Mildred's, Canterbury, Dec. 27, 1626. Died 22d, and buried at St Dunstan's in the West, London, 25th Aug. 1640.—First wife. = **IZAAK WALTON.** Born at Stafford, 9th August, and baptized at St Mary's, in that town, 21st September 1593. Will dated August 9, 1683. Proved February 4, 1683-4. Died December 15, and buried at Winchester December 1683. = **Anne**, daughter of **Thomas Ken**, Attorney of the Court of Common Pleas. Born 1610. Married about 1646. Died 17th April 1662, æt. 52. Buried in Worcester Cathedral 20th April 1662, M.I.

Izaak Walton. Baptized at Clerkenwell 10th February 1649-50. Buried there 10th June following.

Izaak Walton. Baptized at Clerkenwell 7th September 1651. Proceeded M.A. 13th March 1675. Obtained the rectory of Polshot, co. Wilts, about 1681, and afterwards was a Canon of Salisbury Cathedral. Will dated 14th July 1714. Proved 18th November 1720. Died in London, unmarried, 29th December 1719. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.

Anne Walton. Born 11th March 1647-8. Married about 1676. Died 18th August 1715, æt. 67. Buried in Winchester Cathedral, M. I. = **Dr William Hawkins**, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, Rector of Droxford, co. Hants. Born 1633. Died 17th July 1691, æt. 58. Buried in Winchester Cathedral, M. I.

Anne Hawkins, only daughter. Died unmarried 27th November 1728. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.

Henrietta-Rebecca. **Mary.**

Died unmarried.

Anne Hawkins. Born 1719. Died 2d June 1797, æt. 78. Buried at Bemerton, co. Wilts, M. I. = Rev. **John Hawes**, M.A., Rector of Wilton and Fugglestone St Peter, co. Wilts. Died 16th Dec. 1787, æt. 68. Buried at Bemerton, M. I.

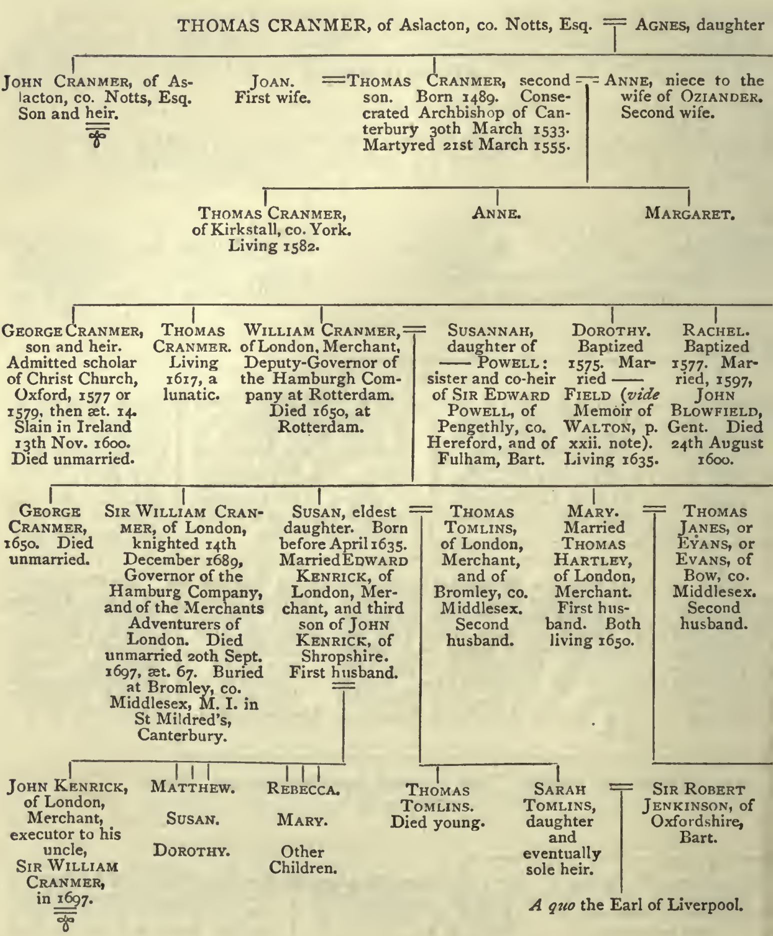
Rev. **Herbert Hawes**, D.D., Prebendary of Salisbury. Living unmarried at Salisbury June 1836.

Margaret-Jane. Born 14th May 1755. Died unmarried 31st July 1820. Buried at Bemerton, M.I.

Anne. Born 7th May 1761. Died 7th June following.

II. PEDIGREE

[*Compiled from Herald's Visitations, Le Neve's Pedigrees of*



THOMAS CRANMER, of Aslacton, co. Notts, Esq. = AGNES, daughter

JOHN CRANMER, of Aslacton, co. Notts, Esq. Son and heir.

JOAN. First wife. = THOMAS CRANMER, second son. Born 1489. Consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury 30th March 1533. Martyred 21st March 1555. = ANNE, niece to the wife of OZIANDER. Second wife.

THOMAS CRANMER, of Kirkstall, co. York. Living 1582.

ANNE.

MARGARET.

GEORGE CRANMER, son and heir. Admitted scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, 1577 or 1579, then æt. 14. Slain in Ireland 13th Nov. 1600. Died unmarried.

THOMAS CRANMER. Living 1617, a lunatic.

WILLIAM CRANMER, of London, Merchant, Deputy-Governor of the Hamburgh Company at Rotterdam. Died 1650, at Rotterdam. = SUSANNAH, daughter of —— POWELL: sister and co-heir of SIR EDWARD POWELL, of Pengethly, co. Hereford, and of Fulham, Bart.

DOROTHY. Baptized 1575. Married —— FIELD (*vide* Memoir of WALTON, p. xxii. note). Living 1635.

RACHEL. Baptized 1577. Married, 1597, JOHN BLOWFIELD, Gent. Died 24th August 1600.

GEORGE CRANMER, 1650. Died unmarried.

SIR WILLIAM CRANMER, of London, knighted 14th December 1689, Governor of the Hamburg Company, and of the Merchants Adventurers of London. Died unmarried 20th Sept. 1697, æt. 67. Buried at Bromley, co. Middlesex, M. I. in St Mildred's, Canterbury.

SUSAN, eldest daughter. Born before April 1635. Married EDWARD KENRICK, of London, Merchant, and third son of JOHN KENRICK, of Shropshire. First husband. = THOMAS TOMLINS, of London, Merchant, and of Bromley, co. Middlesex. Second husband.

MARY. Married THOMAS HARTLEY, of London, Merchant. First husband. Both living 1650. = THOMAS JANES, or EYANS, or EVANS, of Bow, co. Middlesex. Second husband.

JOHN KENRICK, of London, Merchant, executor to his uncle, SIR WILLIAM CRANMER, in 1697.

MATTHEW.

SUSAN.

DOROTHY.

REBECCA.

MARY.

Other Children.

THOMAS TOMLINS. Died young.

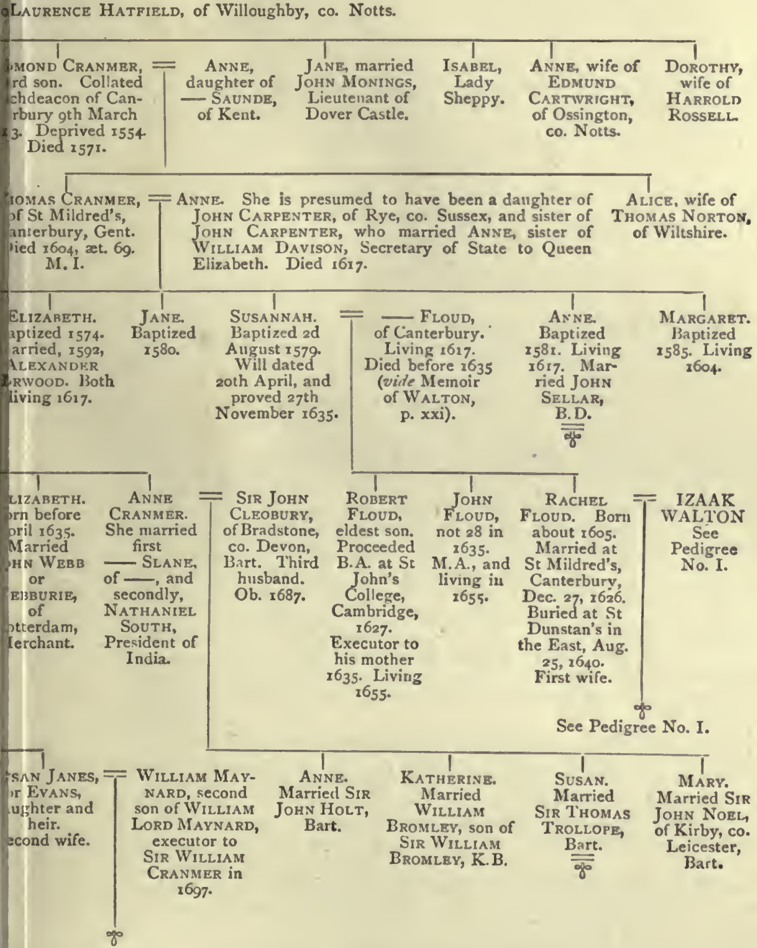
SARAH TOMLINS, daughter and eventually sole heir. = SIR ROBERT JENKINSON, of Oxfordshire, Bart.

A quo the Earl of Liverpool.

Note.—One of the daughters of THOMAS CRANMER and ANNE CARPENTER married Dr JOHN
have been the wives

F CRANMER.

ights in Harleian MS. 5802, *and other Authorities.*]



Laurence Hatfield, of Willoughby, co. Notts.

mond Cranmer, rd son. Collated chdeacon of Canrbury 9th March 3. Deprived 1554. Died 1571. = Anne, daughter of —— Saunde, of Kent.

Jane, married John Monings, Lieutenant of Dover Castle.

Isabel, Lady Sheppy.

Anne, wife of Edmund Cartwright, of Ossington, co. Notts.

Dorothy, wife of Harrold Rossell.

iomas Cranmer, of St Mildred's, anterbury, Gent. ied 1604, æt. 69. M. I. = Anne. She is presumed to have been a daughter of John Carpenter, of Rye, co. Sussex, and sister of John Carpenter, who married Anne, sister of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Died 1617.

Alice, wife of Thomas Norton, of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth. aptized 1574. arried, 1592, lexander rwood. Both living 1617.

Jane. Baptized 1580.

Susannah. Baptized 2d August 1579. Will dated 20th April, and proved 27th November 1635. = —— Floud, of Canterbury. Living 1617. Died before 1635 (*vide* Memoir of Walton, p. xxi).

Anne. Baptized 1581. Living 1617. Married John Sellar, B.D.

Margaret. Baptized 1585. Living 1604.

lizabeth. orn before pril 1635. Married hn Webb or ebburie, of otterdam, erchant.

Anne Cranmer. She married first —— Slane, of ——, and secondly, Nathaniel South, President of India. = Sir John Cleobury, of Bradstone, co. Devon, Bart. Third husband. Ob. 1687.

Robert Floud, eldest son. Proceeded B.A. at St John's College, Cambridge, 1627. Executor to his mother 1635. Living 1655.

John Floud, not 28 in 1635. M.A., and living in 1655.

Rachel Floud. Born about 1605. Married at St Mildred's, Canterbury, Dec. 27, 1626. Buried at St Dunstan's in the East, Aug. 25, 1640. First wife. = Izaak Walton See Pedigree No. I.

See Pedigree No. I.

san Janes, r Evans, ughter and heir. econd wife. = William Maynard, second son of William Lord Maynard, executor to Sir William Cranmer in 1697.

Anne. Married Sir John Holt, Bart.

Katherine. Married William Bromley, son of Sir William Bromley, K.B.

Susan. Married Sir Thomas Trollope, Bart.

Mary. Married Sir John Noel, of Kirby, co. Leicester, Bart.

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encer, the pupil and friend of Hooker; and two of his other daughters are supposed to —— Boote and —— Parry.

APPENDIX TO THE MEMOIR OF WALTON.

NOTE A. [Referred to in p. xvii.]

EXTRACTS FROM WILLS, &c. OF PERSONS OF THE NAME OF WALTON,

IN THE BISHOP'S REGISTRY AT LICHFIELD.

RALPH WALTON of the parish of the Holy Trinity, in Coventry. Proved at Lichfield on the 29th July 1551, by his widow, relict and executrix.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Worfield. Proved at that place 26th September 1552, by William Walton, his son and executor.

JOHN WALTON of Radford. Proved at Coventry on the 17th April 1553, by Thomas Walton, his son and executor.

JOHN WALTON of Granborow. Proved at Coventry on the 17th April 1553, by Alexander Walton, his son and executor.

RICHARD WALTON of Burton upon Trent. Proved by Nicolas Walton, his son and executor, at Lichfield, on the 6th September 1555.

Letters of administration of the goods of NICOLAS WALTON of Burton upon Trent, were granted on the 21st of January 1556, at Lichfield, to Edith Walton.

WILLIAM WALTON of the parish of Muccleston. Proved at Lichfield on the last day of August 1557, by Thomas Walton, his son and executor.

Letters of administration of the goods of THOMAS WALTON of Alfreton, were granted to Isabella, his widow, on the 16th of September 1557.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Long Frith. Proved at Ashbourn 17th September 1558, by Margaret Walton, his relict, and Prudence Walton, his daughter, the executrixes.

Letters of administration of the goods of ROGER WALTON of the parish of Muccleston, were granted to William Walton, his son, at Stafford, 11th April 1559.

HENRY WALTON of Bridgenorth. Proved at Lichfield on the 20th August 1559, by Dorothy . . . . , and Henry . . . . , the executors.

RICHARD WALTON of the parish of Muccleston. Proved by . . . . and

William Adams, the executors, at Stafford, on the 5th day of May 1561.

Letters of administration of the goods of WILLIAM WALTON of the parish of Muccleston, were granted to Alice, his widow, at Stafford, on the 19th day of April 1564.

EDYTH WALTON of Burton upon Trent, dated 8th March 1557. Proved at Lichfield 17th July 1559, by Joanna and Agnes, her daughters and executrixes. This will is very short; no person of the name of Walton are mentioned, nor is any one designated a relation in it.

RICHARD WALTON of Marchington Woodlands, in the parish of Hanbury, in the county of Stafford, dated the last day of October 1557, proved by Robert Millwood [query Millward] and Thomas Boobye at Uttoxeter, 1566. The testator mentions his having seven children, viz. Henry, Margery, James, William, Mary, Elizabeth, and Ellen, to each of whom he left a legacy.

ALICE WALTON of Marchington Woodlands, dated 22nd March 1561, proved at Uttoxeter, 1562, by Richard Walton. She mentions her daughters, Margaret, Joan, and Agnes, Thomas Boobye her son in law, and Richard Walton.

GEORGE WALTON of Yoxall, dated 10th February 1570. Proved by Isabella, his widow, 7th April 1571. He mentions his children, Denstell Walton, Jervis Walton, Anne Walton, and William Walton. John Walton, son of William Walton, Alice Haslam, his daughter, and James Walton, his brother. He is described in the signature to the will, as "late Baylie of Yoxall."

AGNES WALTON of the parish of Madeley, in the county of Stafford, dated 28th November 1572. Proved 22nd April 1573, by John Offley. No person is described as a relation in this will; but a John Walton is mentioned.

THOMAS WALTON of Swinnerton, dated 7th January 1582. Proved in 1584, by Margaret, his widow. He mentions his wife, Margaret, and his children, Richard, Thomas, Robert, John, and Margery.

WILLIAM WALTON of Stafford, dated 22nd April 1604. Proved by William Clarke in November following. He left the whole of his property, except a few trifling legacies, to his son, William Walton, who is the only person of the name of Walton mentioned.

NICOLAS WALTON of Kettleston. Proved at Ashbourn on the 27th April 1574, by Ellen, his widow.

WILLIAM WALTON of Bowleborough, was proved by . . . . Walton and Thomas . . . . , at Chesterfield, the 12th April 1575.

LAWRENCE WALTON of the parish of Beighton. Proved at Lichfield the 13th of October 1585, by Isabella, his widow.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Radford, proved at Coventry, 20th June 1597, by Francis Walton, his executor.

ALEXANDER WALTON of the parish of Granborowe, proved at Coventry 20th June 1597, by John Walton, his son and executor.

Letters of administration of the goods of ROBERT WALTON, alias CALLOWE, of Birmingham, were granted to Johanna, his widow, at Lichfield, the 9th February 1597.

Letters of administration of the goods of NICOLAS WALTON of the parish of Granborowe, were granted to Elizabeth, his widow, at Coventry, 27th April 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of THOMAS WALTON of the parish of Swinnerton, were granted to Richard Walton the elder, his brother, at Lichfield, the 25th of August 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of GEORGE WALTON of the parish of St Mary, Stafford, were granted to Elizabeth Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, the 25th day of September 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of RICHARD WALTON of the parish of Fellongley were granted to Johanna Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, 26th May 1599.

WILLIAM WALTON of the parish of St Mary, Stafford. Proved at Lichfield, the 9th day of November 1604, by William Starkie, his executor.

On the same day, the guardianship of WILLIAM WALTON, the son of the said William Walton deceased, was assigned to the said William Starkie during his minority, &c.

JANE WALTON of the town of Derby. Proved at Lichfield 29th January 1605, by Raymond Firman, one of the executors.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Willington. Proved by Richard his son and executor, at Salop, 12th May 1605.

Letters of administration of the goods of ELIZABETH WALTON of the parish of Willington, were granted to Richard Walton her son, at Lichfield 3rd of June 1607.

Letters of administration of the goods of JOHN WALTON of the parish of Drayton Bassett, were granted to Richard Walton and Margery Wilcox, his brother and sister, the 9th of September 1607.

Letters of administration of the goods of ROBERT WALTON of Seighford, were granted to Elizabeth Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, the 15th of December 1607.

At the same time letters of administration of the goods of the said deceased, bequeathed by his will to his son, John Walton, a minor, were granted to the said Elizabeth Walton, his mother, during his minority.

JOHN WALTON of Grindon. Proved at Lichfield 31st May 1609, by Alice, his widow, and William, his son, the executors.

JAMES HARRISON, alias WALTON, of Doveridge. Proved at Lichfield, the 20th April 1615, by Constance, his widow and executrix.

At the same time letters of administration of the goods of the said James Harrison, alias Walton, deceased, given by his will to his children, Katherine, Anna, Richard, and George (minors), were granted to their mother, the said Constance Harrison, alias Walton, during their minority.

HUMFREY WALTON of Aston juxta Birmingham. Proved at Lichfield 16th day of June 1615, by Margery, his widow.

Letters of administration of the goods of THOMAS WALTON, alias CALLOWE, of the parish of Aston juxta Birmingham, were granted to Maria, his relict, at Lichfield, October 25th, 1615. Also the guardianship, &c. of his children, Maria, John, Dorothy, Margaret, Margery, and Elizabeth Walton, alias Callowe, during their minority.

ROBERT WALTON of Sandon. Dated 22nd December 1616, and proved in 1617, by William Poker, George Pulston, and Francis Smith, the executors. At the same time the guardianship and letters of administration of the goods given by the said deceased to his children, George, Elizabeth, and John Walton, minors, were granted to the said executors during the minority of the said children.

Agnes Walton of the parish of Pinckeston. Proved by William her son and executor, at Lichfield, the 20th February 1616.

John Walton of the parish of Pinckeston. Proved 14th February 1616, by Agnes Walton, his mother and executor.

James Walton of the parish of Leighe, proved at Lichfield, 12th November 1616, by Katharine Walton his relict, one of the executors, power being reserved for William Walton, another executor. Also the guardianship of the deceased's children, Katherine Walton, and James Walton, minors, being granted to the said widow during their minority.

Isabella Walton exhibited an inventory of the goods of her deceased husband, William Walton, of Bentley, on the 1st July 1617.

John Walton of Leamington Hastings. Proved on the 30th July 1618, by Henry Walton, his son and executor.

Note B. [Referred to in pp. xli. and lxix.]

The following entries occur in Izaak Walton's copy of the Book of Common Prayer, printed by Barker, London, 1639, small folio, in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes.

In the handwriting of Isaak Walton the elder :—

My dafter Ann borne the eleventh of March, 1647.

My last son Izaak borne the 7° of Sept. 1651, at halfe an houre after 2 a Clock in the afternoone, being Sunday, and he was baptized in the evening by Mr Thrustros, in my howse in Clarkenwell. Mr Henry Davison, and brother Beacham were his god fathers, and Mrs Roe his godmother.

Rachell Walton dyed the 22° of August, about 12 on that day, 1640, buried the 25° day.

Her dafter Ann borne the 10° of July, 1640, dyed the 11° of May, 1642.

Ann Walton senyer dyed the 17° of Aprill about one a Clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary Chappell in the Cathedrall in Worcester, the 20th day.

A grave stone their laid over her, in which this written :

Here lyeth buried so much as could dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton.

A woman who was of remarkable prudence
And
of the primitive pietie
Her greate and generall knowledg
Being adorned with such trew humillitie
And blest with soe much Christian
Meeknes as made her worthy
Of a more memorable monument. She dyed
Alas ! Alas ! that she is ded.
Aprill. 17. 1662.

In the handwriting of Izaak Walton the younger:—

My father, Izaak Walton, dyed Dec. 15, 1683.
Thomas Ken, Bp. of Bath and Wells, deprived, dyed March 19, 1710–1.

In the handwriting of William Hawkins, the biographer of Ken:—

Dr William Hawkins my Father dyed July 17, 1691. W. H.
My sister Anne Hawkins dyed Aug. 18, 1715. I. W.
My uncle, Mr Isaac Walton Jun. dyed December 29, 1719. W. H.
My sister, Anne Hawkins, died Nov. 1728. W. H.

NOTE C. [Referred to in p. lxx.]

DR DONNE'S (THE YOUNGER'S) LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. JULY 21, 1657.

Video meliora proboque.

A Dieu mon droit.
Dieu est mon droit.

In the name of God, Amen. I, JOHN DONNE, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, being at this time in good and perfect understanding, do hereby make my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following: First, I give my good and gracious God an intire sacrifice of body and soul with my most humble thanks, for that his blessed spirit imprints in me now an assuredness of salvation of one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same spirit established in me, to live and dye in the same religion established in England by the known law. In expectation of the resurrection, I desire that my body may be buried in the most private manner that may be, in the churchyard of the parish where I now live, without the ceremony of calling any officers. And I desire to be carried to my grave by the ordinary bearers of the dead, without troubling any of my friends, or letting them know of my death by any means but by being put into the earth. And I desire my executor to interpret my meaning in this request by my word, and not by his own discretion; who, peradventure, for fashion sake, and apprehending we shall never meet, may think to order things better for my credit; (God be thanked,) I have not lived by juggling, therefore I desire to dye and be buried without any: and not having (as I hope,) been burdensome to my friends in my life, I would not load their shoulders being dead. I desire and appoint the Right Honourable Jerome, Earl of Portland, to be my executor, hoping that for all his cares of me, and kindnesses to me, he will undertake to see this my Will punctually performed, especially concerning my burial. To the most excellent, good, kind, virtuous, honourable Lady Portland, I give all the rest that I have in this Will unbequeathed: and I do not this foolishly (as may at the first sight appear,) because my lord is my executor, but because I know it will please the gaiety of her humour, which ought to be preserved for all their sakes that have the honour and happiness to be known unto her. To the Right Honourable the Lord Newport, I bequeath the picture of St Anthony, in a round frame. To my very good friend, Mr John Harvy, the picture of the Samaritan, by whose kindness I have been often refreshed. To my good friend, Mr Chr. Gise, Sir Thomas Moor's head, which upon my conscience I think was not more ingenious than his own. And I write this rather as a commemoration than a legacy, for I have always made a difference between kindnesses and courtesies. To Mr George Pitt, I give the picture of my Dutch Fair, which is full of business, but where there is always room for a kindness. And I brag of the favours I received from him, because they came not by chance. To my cousin, Henry Stafford, son to my kind friend, Mr William Stafford, I give all my printed books, which although they are of no great value, yet they may seem proportionable to his youth, and may serve as a memorial to incline him to be as indulgent to poor scholars as his father and grandfather have been before him. And by this means I give not only a legacy, but entail it upon other men that deserve their kindness. To my honourable friend, Sir Allen Broderick, I give my cedar table, to add a fragour to his excellent writing. To my kind friend, Mr Tho. Killigrew, I give all my doves, that something may descend upon a courtier that is an emblem of kindness and truth. To my servant, Mary Web, if she be with me at the time of my death, I give all my linen that belongs to my personal use, and forty shillings above her wages, if it does not appear that she hath occasioned my death; which I have often lived in fear of, but being alone could never help, although I have often complained of my sad condition to my nearest relations, 'twas not fit to trouble others. To Mr Isaac Walton, I give all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son, if he makes him a scholar. To the Reverend Bishop of Chichester, I return that cabinet that was my father's, now in my dining-room, and all those papers which are of authors analysed by my father; many of which he hath already received with his Common Place Book, which I desire may pass to Mr Walton's son, as being more likely to have use for such a help, when his age shall require it. These four sides of this small paper being written by my own hand, I hope will be a sufficient testimony that this is my last Will. And such trivial things were not fit for a greater ceremony than my own hand and seal, for I have lived alwaies without all other witnesses but my own conscience, and I hope I have honestly discharged that. I have in a paper annexed something at this present; and may do some things hereafter, which I presume my most honourable good Lord of Portland will see performed.

JOHN DONNE.

Witnesses:
Marleburgh.
Will. Glascocke.

When I made this Will I was alone; afterwards I desired my good friends, the Earl of Marleburgh, and Mr Glascocke to witness it. Which was in Novemb. the 2^{d}, 1661.

JOHN DONNE.

Non curo quid de me Judicet hæres. HOR.
Printed February 23, 1662

NOTE D. [Referred to in p. lxxxi.]

(*From Fulman's MSS. C.C.C. Oxon. vol. xij.*)

WALTON'S MEMORANDA RESPECTING JOHN HALES.

[6]JOHN HALES, the fourth sonne of John Hales of High Church, neer Bath, in Somersetshire, by Brigide his wife, one of the Goldsburghs of Knahill, in Wiltshire, was born in the City of Bath, where his Father then dwelt, (his Grandfather yet living at Highchurch.) His parents being of Gentile quality, kept him to school at Wells and Killmaston in that countrey, till he was fit for the universitie which was about the thirteenth yeare of his age.

He was admitted Scholar of Corpus Christi in Oxford, 1597, Ap. 16.

But being under age, not then sworn, till Aug. 17, 1599.

There he continued till he was Bachelor of Arts. Admitt. Jul. 9, 1603. Determ. Lent following.

1605. But then by the perswasion of Sir Henry Saville much taken with his excellent parts, he removed to Merton College, where he was chosen Prob. Sept. 2. Admitted Oct. 9. Admitted Fellow, Oct. 13, 1606.

He proceeded to his Master's Degree. Admitted Jun. 20, 1609. At the Act 1609, July 10.

Regius Professor of Greek, 1612, (potius 1613 or 15.) Left it 1619.

He left his Fellowship at Merton College. Admitted Fellow of Eton College, May 24, 1613. 4?

Chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador to the States; and by that meanes present at the Synod of Dort. Perhaps for that end.

Came to Dort, Nov. 13, 1618. Went away about Feb. 8. V. Lett. pp. 93, 100, 97.

In his being there appeares no ground for the story of Episcopius urging Joh. 3, 16.

Qu. Whether it were not rather Martinius. V. Lett. pp. 87, 92.

Insignia. Johannes Halesius Hujus Coll. Socius et Canonicus de Windsor.

Vide Heyl. Life of A. B. Laud, p. 362, and Parker's Reproof, p. 135, etc.

Prob. of Windsor, May (end) 1639.

Turned out of his Fellowship upon the engagement, 1649.

Musarum et Charitum Amor
Johannes Halesius
(Nomen non tam Hominis quam Scientiæ)
Hic non jacet
At Lutum quod assumsit optimum
Infra ponitur

---

[6] This intelligence I had from a sister of his, being a widow, antient, and in want, named Brigide Gulliford, who came to Oxford to desire reliefe, Jan. 20, 1663. But the Register of C.C.C. Oxf. diff. 1597, Ap. 16: Johannem Hales natum in villa vocat. Highchurch in com. Somerset. Bathon et Wellens. Dioces. ætatis suæ annum agentem decimum tertium circiter festum sive* diem Paschalis ult. præterit. (uti asseruit) in Discip. dict. Coll. admis.

* Easter Day, April 19, 1584.

Nam certe supra mortales emicuit
Moribus Suavissimis
Ingenio subtilissimo pectore pleno sapuit
Mundo sublimior
Adeoque aptior Angelorum choro
Ætatis suæ 72.
Impensis Pet. Curweni olim hujus Coll
Alumni 72.

Hales was born, 1584. Bapt. in St James' Church, Bath, 5 May. King's Professor of Greek, by grant dated 15 Sept. 1612, which took effect shortly after Doctor Perin dying May 3, 1615.

The following is an original Letter of Walton's, inserted in the Collections about John Hales :—

"I have told you that he satisfied many scruples, and in order to what followes, I must tell you that a yeare or two after the beginning of the long parliament, the citisens and many yong lecturers (scollers of their zeale and pich for Learning, and precedence) had got Mr Brightman's booke or Coment on the Revelations to be reprinted and greatly magnified: in which was so many gros Errors and absurd conclusions about government by Bishops, and other explications to the humors and the present ringleaders of the then Parliament (all whereof Brightman is now proved false, and that party not yet ashamed) with which the lecturers and their followers were so transported with Brightman's opinions, that they swallowed them without chawing, and all thought simple that approved him not.

"About this time comes a friend to Mr Hales (being a neighbour gentleman,) and requests that a kinsman of his that was trobled with some sad thoughts and scruples might obtain a conference with him, in order to the quieting of his minde: which was redyly granted by Mr Hales. When the perplext partie came to him at the howre apoynted, Mr Ha. having taken him into his study, and shut the dore in order to a private and larg discourse with him, the perplext partie being set down takes out of his pocket a bible, turnes to the profit Daniell, reades a part of one of the chapters, askes the meaning of that, and how it was to be reconciled with a part of the revelation of St John. When Mr Ha. had heard him reade, and heard him make his queries or scruples, he told him, he was mistaken in taking him for a fit man to satisfie his conscience, and that if he wood be satisfied he must goe to some of the young devines now about London, and not come to so old a devine as he was, but they wood doe it readily.

"About the time he was forc't from the Lady Saltrs, that family or collage broke up, or desolv'd, a little before which time, they were resolv'd to have Mr Ha. picture taken, and to that end, a picture maker had promis'd to atend at Ricking to take it, but fail'd of his time, and Mr Ha. being gone thence, dyed not long after. The not having his picture was lamented very much by the societie in w^ch^ number the Bish^s^ sister (once M^ris^ Anne King, now the Lady How) undertooke boeth for theirs and her owne satisfaction to draw it, and did so, in black and white, boeth excellently well as to the curiousness and as well as to the likenes. But before she wood shew it to any that knew either him or herselfe, she writ underneth it, this which she ment to be an Apologie for her undertaking it.

> Though by a sudden and unfeard surprize,
> Thou lately taken wast from thy friends' eies:
> Even in that instant, when they had design'd
> To keipe thee by thy picture still in minde:
> Least thou like others lost in deth's dark night
> Shouldst stealing hence vanish quite out of sight;
> I did contend with greater zeale then art,
> This shadow of my phansie to impart:
> Which all shood pardon, when they understand
> The lines were figur'd by a woman's hand,
> Who had noe copy to be guided by
> But Hales imprinted in her memory.
> Thus ill cut Brasses serve uppon a grave,
> Which less resemblance of the persons have.

You may take notice that she is a most generous and ingenious Lady. Greater friendship 'twixt her and Mr Ha. she has told me he told her he had liv'd 14 days with bere and bred and tosts, in order to try how litell would keepe him if he were sequestered. She told me he would eate very fully at a diner, and of the strongest or coarsest of the mete rather than the finest.

She told me he was never out of Humour but always even, and humble, and quiet, never disturbed by any news, or any losse or any thing that concerned the world, but much affected if his friends were in want or sick.

At his being at Rickkings towards his later end when he was alone he was usually reading Tho. à Kempis, which of a small print he read without specktacels.

He kept his opinions to himself especially towards his later part of his life: and would often say there was plainness in all necessary trewths.

He was Bowser about that time when in the contest began betwixt the King and Parliament (and) boeth armies had sequestered the College rents: so that he could not get money to pay wages to the servants, or for victuals for the schollers. But after 9 weekes hiding himselfe to preserve the college writings and keyes, he was forc'd to appere, at the end of which time, the old woman that conceal'd him demanded but 6*d*. a weeke for his browne bread and bere, which was all his meate, and he wood give her 12*d*. His concealment was so nere the Cottage or Highway, that he said after, pleasantly, those that searched for him might have smelt him, if he had eaten garlick.

This was told me by Mrs Powney, from whome Mr Montague it may be, had (it?) more perfectly.

He lived 5 yeares after he was sequestered. He dyed the 19th of May, Anno —q—, Mrs Powny, and was by his owne comand buried next day in the Church yeard. He had a monument made for him (by some friend) w^{ch} is now in Eaton church yard.

He was not good at any continuance to get or save money for himselfe; yet he undertook to do it for Sir H. Wotton, who was a neglector of mony, and Mr Ha. told me he had got £300 together at the time of his deth, a some to which Sir H. had long been a stranger, and would ever have been if he had managed his owne money-business. It was happily got together to bury him, and inable him to doe some offices of honor, and justice, and gratitude, and charitie.

Mrs Powny told me Sir Fra. Bacon and the Lord Falkland came one day purposely from London to sup and discourse with him, and return'd early next morning.

Mr Ha. like Paule at Damascus, eate not in 3 dayes.

I thinke he bought and gave the howse in which he dyed to Mrs Pownye's husband, who had been his honest servant of which —q—

I have heard that Mr Ha. being suppos'd to hold some heterodox opinions, he, to testifie the contrary, did in his sickness (which was not long,) declare his beleife to his pupell, the Lady Salter's son, which he tooke in his writing from his owne mouth. This, Mr Salter (who is now dead,) told me long since, and promised me a Copie of it.

Mr Montague, formerly the scolem^r^ of that college and now fellow 'tis like has it, and he hath promis'd me to write and give me what materiall passages he can rem^r^ concerning him, and he will give them to Mr. Marryot if the be cal'd for.

He or Mrs Powny will answere all the q as to the yeare of his deth, and who was at the charge of his monument, how long he lay sick, his behaviour then, and what ells is defective in theise collections gathered by me. Mrs Powny dwells nere the college, and Mr Montague is constantly in it being now sickly.

As you reade this make y^r^ que. and let them be given to me or Mr Marryot who may get a resolution for you. J. W. Octo. 20, 73.

I think the Lady Salter did many yeares since tell me she had the profession of the beliefe taken by her son, Salter, from Mr Hales' mouth. If she have it, I will endeavour to get it of her. Her Husband's name was Sir William, her son's name, Emund. (? William, see Will.)

Then was told this by Mr Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it discourst by others, that Mr Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a great libertine in his life and talke, and one that had in his youth bein acquainted with Mr Ha. sent for Mr Hales to come to him in a dangerous fit of sickness, and desired his advice and absolution, which Mr Hales, uppon a promise of amendment, gave him, (this was I think in the country.) But Mr Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into a more visable scandalous life, and especially in his Discourse, and be (being?) taken very sick, that which proved his last, and being much trowbled in mind procured Mr Ha. to come to him in this his sickness and agony of minde, desyring earnestly, after a confession of many of his sins to have his Prayers and his absolution. Mr Ha. told him he shood have his Prayers, but wood by noe meanes give him then either the sacrament or absolution.

The following was communicated by N. Ingelo, dated, Eton Coll. Oct. 29, (1675?) to Mr Marriot. The writer begs his hearty respects to Mr Isaac Walton.

"Mr Montague says, that he (Hales) gave an Explication of his belief concerning the Trinity to Mr Salter, according to the Doctrine of the Church of England.

"Abp. Laud gave him the Preb. of Windsor at a publike Dinner.

"Abp. Laud also sent for him, and told him he might have what preferment he would; and he answered, if it please your grace I have all I desire.

"He was made prebendary of Windsor about two years before the Wars, and enjoyed it but two years.

"He was not long sick; about a fortnight, and then not very ill, but discoursed with all his friends as freely as in his Health, till within half an hour before his death, for Mr Montague was then talking with him, and left him for half an Hour, and before he returned he was dead, and had his perfect senses to the last minute.

"After he came to Eton, for thirty years together he was never hindered by any sickness from studying constantly from 5 o'clock in the morning till night, seldom eating any Dinner.

"About the time of Archb. Laud's Death, he retired from his Lodgings in the College into a private chamber in Eton, where he remained for a quarter of a yeare unknown to any body, and spent in that time only 6*d.* ꝑ week, living only upon Bread & Beere, and as he had formerly fasted from Tuesday night to Thursday night, so in that time of his retirement he absteined from his Bread & Beer, and when he heard that Abp. Laud was murdered, he wished his head had been cut off for him."

Then follows the Will; with two letters of Hales on Cases of Conscience; and one or two tracts.

NOTE E. [Referred to in p. cxvii.]

BOOKS IN THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, SALISBURY, FORMERLY BELONGING TO IZAAK WALTON.

1. King James' Works, fol. Lond. 1616. '*Iz. Walton.*'
2. Charon of Wisdom, 4to. Lond. n. d. '*Izaak Walton, price* 4*s.* 6*d. Nov.* 17, 1652.'
3. Heylin's Microcosmus, 4to. 1621. '*Izaak Walton.*'
4. Heylin's Parable of the Tares, 4to. 1659. '*Izaak Walton given me May* 28, 1659, *by Mr Richard Marryot.*'
5. Shute's Divine Cordials in X Sermons, 4to. 1644. '*Izaak Walton.*'
6. Bishop Reynolds' Treatise of the Passions, 4to. 1640. '*Izaak Walton.*'
7. Dr Thomas Fuller, Abel Redivivus, 4to. 1651. '*Izaak Walton.*'
8. Hammond's, The Christian's Obligations to Peace and Charity, X Sermons, 4to. 1649. '*Izaak Walton.*'
9. Camerarius', Living Library, fol. Lond. 1621. '*Izaak Walton, given mee by my very good friend Ma^r henryffield, July* 29, 1634.'
10. R. Sibb's, The Saint's Cordiall, fol. 1658. '*Izaak Walton*, 1682.'
11. Pat. Symson's Historie of the Church, 4to. Lond. 1624. '*Izaak Walton.*'

12. Dr Donne's Letters, 4to. Lond. 1651. '*Izaak Walton.*'
13. Mornay, of the Christian Religion, 4to. 1617. '*Izaak Walton, July* 5, 1621.'
14. Cowper's Heaven opened, 4to. 1613. '*Liber Izak Walton.*'
15. Cowley's Works, fol. 1674. '*Izaak Walton*, 1682.'
16. Donne's 80 Sermons, fol. 1640. '*Izaak Walton.*'
17. Hooker's Eccles. Politie, fol. 1666. '*Izaak Walton.*'
18. Ovid's Metamorphoses, by G. S[andys], fol. 1626. '*Izaak Walton, pr.* 5*s.*'
19. Sibb's Returning Backslider, 4to. Lond. 1650. On the title—

> '*Of this blest man let this just praise be given,*
> '*Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.*
> '*Izaak Walton.*'

20. Eusebius, Socrates, and Evagrius, Ecclesiastical Histories, fol. Lond. 1636.

On the flyleaf, erased, '*Francis Garrard his booke.*'
On the title-page, '*Izaak Walton.*'
On the inside of the cover, in Walton's writing—

'A^{t} his conversion take out of Jeremy the ways of man are not in his owne power.[7]

Loke doc^{r} dones letter to Tilman.[8]

And on S^{r} Philip Sidneys Salms.[9]

On this booke folyo 28 himns and psalms w^{ch} was his holy recreation the latter part of his life and is now his imployment in heven where he makes new ditties in the praise of that god in 3 persons, to whome be glorie. And his better part is now doing that in heaven which was most of his imployment on earth magnyfying the mercies and making himns and singing them, to that god to whome be glory and honor.

Vew Hookers preface; and hooker 226 & 229

Vew the verses before Sands psalms and Sir Tho. Haukins his Horrace doc dons letters and the elegies on him

In heaven wher his imployment is to sing such himns as he made on erth in prase of that god to whome be glory and honor

His deth was the prolog to joye and the end of troble

Vew Chudleys elegies and godolphins on doc^{r} done where they are scratcht and vew the elegies on Cartwrite.[1]

Vew Doc. Cozens devotions

Vew the complete woman of a good grace. Vew the penygerick on M^{r} Harvie

Make his description that he was 1^{o} for his complexion, then his behaviour, then his stature, then his discourse in my lord grace to the honor that he was like the dove without gall.

doc^{r} taylor, living and dying

doc^{r} Pridiex

M^{r} Gouldsmithes poem. Vossius then.'

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[7] See Donne's Poems, p. 372, ed. 1635.

[8] See p. 369, ib.

[9] See p. 366.

[1] See ib. p.

NOTE F. [Referred to in p. cxxiii.]

ACCOUNT OF WALTON'S CHARITIES.

The following statement occurs in the parish church of St Mary, at Stafford :—

"The Gift of Mr Isaac Walton, borne in ye Burrough of Stafford, A worthy & generous benefactor to this Burrough as followeth.

First ye said Mr Walton in his life tyme gave a garden of eight shillings a yeare in ye possession of widdow Tildesley to buy coales for ye poore yearely about Christmas.

Alsoe ye said Mr Walton in his life tyme gave 22 pounds to build a stone wall about St Chad's church yard in this Burrough, and alsoe set forth 9 boys apprentices, and gave to each 5 pounds, viz.

Samuel Henshaw
Richard Hanson
Daniel Bullock
Francis Battey
John Boulton
James Eaton
Richard Lees
George Sutton
Adam Hubball

The said Mr Walton at his death gave by his Will to this Burrough one Messuage or Tenement in Shalford in this county wth all the lands thereto belonging of the yearly value of £20. 10. 6. besides Taxes and Repairs to the use hereafter as in & by his Will is mentioned, viz. "I would have & doe give 10 pounds of the said rent to bind out yearley 2 boys ye sonns of honest & poore parents to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handicraft men to ye intent ye said boys may ye better afterwards gett their owne living. And I doe also give 5 pounds yearley out of ye said rent to be given to some maid servant yt hath attained ye age of 21 yeares not less & dwelt long in one service or to some honest poore Man's daughter yt hath attained to yt age to bee paid her at or on ye day of her marriage. And this being done my will is, that what rent shall remaine of ye said farme or land shall be disposed of as followeth. First I doe give yearley 20 shillings to bee by the Major of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have or shall hereafter direct. And that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of shall bee employed to buy coles for some poore people that shall most need them in the said town : the said coales to bee delivered in the last weeke in January or every first weeke in February I say then because I take that tyme to bee the hardest and most pincheinge tyme with poore people."

Before inserting the following account of the present state of those Charities, from a pamphlet which was published about twenty-seven years ago,[2] it must be observed, that the farm there mentioned did not become the property of the Corporation of Stafford until the death of Canon Walton in 1719.

"This farm is now [1808] let at the yearly rent of £80, and, excepting the application of the money directed to be given to some maid servant or poor man's daughter, I believe that the trusts of the will have for some years past been complied with. With respect to that sum, it has been the practice almost invariably for the mayor to give it to his own servant, without even considering, in some instances the time she may have continued in her service.

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[2] A Letter to the Inhabitants of Stafford.

"Upon St Thomas's day last, the only application made was by the mayor's servant, so useless is it supposed to be to oppose the pretensions of a person claiming the money under such authority.

"It seems to have been the intention of Mr Walton, that whether the money be given to a servant or poor man's daughter, it should be paid on the day of her marriage; but admitting that construction of his words to be wrong, to bestow it upon a servant who has not 'dwelt long in one service' is certainly incorrect. That the mayor's servant may sometimes be as well entitled to it as any other person is not to be disputed, but that it should so happen nine years out of ten, is somewhat too improbable to obtain belief; and such a disposition of this charity must unquestionably create a suspicion as to the motives of the gift which, it is to be presumed, the chief magistrate of a town would be desirous of avoiding."—P. 41, 42.

The author of the pamphlet next proceeds to describe Startin's charity, and Mr Walton's gift in his lifetime.

"Richard Startin, who was a baker in Stafford, gave £60 to the corporation to be put out at interest, and to be applied and given weekly in bread for ever, in the parish church of St Mary. By the advice, and with the assistance of Mr Isaac Walton, the money was laid out in the year 1672 in the purchase of a fee-farm rent of £3, 6*s*. 8*d*. payable to the crown from the borough. In a deed made in the following year, to which Mr Walton and the corporation were parties, it is stated that by the will of Mr Startin £2, 12*s*. only were to be paid to the poor, and that the corporation had, at Mr Walton's request, agreed to apply the surplus of the fee-farm rent (being 14*s*.) in the purchase of coals for the poor. By that deed, and, it should seem, in order to induce the corporation to accede to his wishes, Mr Walton granted to them a garden near the gaol (as it then stood), in trust that the rent should be disposed of by the mayor with the alderman and church-wardens of the parish of St Mary's, 'towards the buying of coals for the poor of the borough of Stafford, according to the discretion of the mayor, &c. at two days in the year; viz. one half of the coals to be given at or before St Thomas's day, and the other half at the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' It was also provided, that in case the coals were not disposed of as directed, the rent of the garden should be paid to the church-wardens of the parish of St Chad, either to keep in repair the wall of St Chad's church, or to buy coals for the poor of the parish, at their discretion. Mr Walton's suspicions that the trusts, which he had reposed in the corporation, might in after-times be disregarded, appear as well by this deed as by his will, and even the members of that body must admit that they were but too well founded. In the gift of both charities he prudently endeavoured to guard against their abuse; but neither his exhortations to his trustees to a faithful discharge of their duty, nor the condition which he annexed to the non-conformance of it, seem to have had any effect. Of part of the garden, upon which four cottages have been erected, two leases, each for ninety-nine years, have been made, and none of the rent has been laid out in the purchase of coals; neither has the surplus of the fee-farm rent been applied for that purpose. For the amount of those sums, the corporation will therefore have to account; of the money appropriated to the purchase of bread, 1*s*. is laid out weekly; and the bread is given away in St Mary's church on a Sunday."

Since that statement was written, the following remarks on the subject have been communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine by an intelligent correspondent :—

"The estate has not hitherto been forfeited, although as appears from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Public Charities (wherein it is particularly described,) complaints have occasionally been made that the money was not distributed with perfect impartiality. The subjoined accounts of the manner in which the receipts have been expended in one or two recent instances are from the Stafford Newspaper. 'This week has been dispensed to the poor of the Borough of Stafford the bounty of the celebrated and ingenious Izaak Walton, a native of the place, who bequeathed a portion of the "rents and profits of a farme" for the purchase of coals "for some poor people," to be delivered in January or February. "I say *then*," run the words of the humane testator, "because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching time with poor people." The farm in question is now of considerable value, bringing in, we believe, about 80*l.* a year, and after deducting a moiety of the profits directed to be applied to the apprenticing of two boys, and in a gift to a maid servant, or some honest poor man's daughter, a sufficient sum has this year remained for the purchase of a small allowance of coal to almost every poor family, which has this week been distributed.'—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, 27th January 1827.

'On Monday last (Sunday being St Thomas's Day) the Corporation of this borough, in pursuance of the will of "good old Izaak Walton," gave 5*l.* each with the son of Charles Smith's widow, and the son of William Pilsbury, on their being bound apprentices ; also 5*l.* to Martha Smith, for long servitude in one place and general good conduct, and 40*s.* each to ten burgesses of this borough.'—*Ibid.* 27 Dec. 1828."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcix. pt: ii. p. 111.

NOTE G.

LIST OF PORTRAITS OF WALTON'S FAMILY,

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DESCENDANT, THE REV. DR HAWES, AT SALISBURY, JUNE 1836.

Izaak Walton, by Housman, æt. 79.
—— —— a crayon drawing, æt. 82.
Izaak Walton, Jun. by A. Bega.
Dr Hawkins, by ——
Mrs Hawkins, Daughter of Izaak Walton, by Housman.
Anne Hawkins, Daughter of the above.
William Hawkins, Esq.
His Wife.
Bishop Ken, by F. Skiffer.

NOTE H.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH BOOKS OF ST DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST, AND FROM THE REGISTERS OF THAT PARISH.

In 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, and 1640, Izaak Walton resided in Chancery Lane about the seventh or eighth house from Fleet Street, and paid 2*s.* 8*d.* to the scavenger's rate. His house was never described as a shop.

He was nominated on the petty jury on St Thomas's Day, 1628.

He was presented for the office of scavenger for the parish of St Dunstan's, 21st December, 1632.

He was on the grand jury in 1633, and 21st December, 1638.

He was on the wardmote inquest of the parish of St Dunstan's on the 20th December, 1636, and was then appointed a constable.

On the 18th April, 1639, Isaak Walton and Daniel Holtenby were elected overseers of the poor and sidemen to serve for the year ensuing.

He and others were elected vestrymen in February 1639-40, and he was appointed examiner of St Dunstan's on the 27th August, 1641.

He was also on the vestry in February 1643-4.

At a vestry holden 20th August, 1644, divers persons were chosen vestrymen in the room of Thomas Taglis, &c. and "Isaak Walton, lately departed out of this parish, and dwelling elsewhere."

EXTRACTS FROM THE REGISTERS OF ST DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

1627. Dec. 19. Izacke, the sonne of Isack Walton, was baptized out of Chancery Lane.

1629. July 23. John, the sonn of Isaack Walton, was baptized.

1630[1]. Jan. 20. Thomas, sonne of Isaack Walton, baptized.

1630[1]. Mar. 6. Thomas, sonne of Isaack Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.

1631. Mar. 28. Isaac Walton, sonne of Isaac Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.

1632. Oct. 12. Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was baptized.

1632. Oct. 17. Henry, sonne of Mr Isacke Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.

1633[4]. Mar. 21. Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was baptized out of Fleet Street.

1634. Dec. 4. Henry, sonne of Isacke Walton, buried.

1637. Aug. 19. William, sonn of Izack Walton, was buried.

1640. Aug. 25. Rachell, wife of Isaack Walton, was buried.

1642. May 13. Anne, daughter of Isaac Walton, was buried.

OTHER ENTRIES OF THE NAME OF WALTON.

1607. June 3. Ellin Walton, from Fewter Lane buried.

1620. June 27. Jeffrey Walton, Gent. was buried.

1622. Nov. 19. Mary, daughter of Thomas Walton and Mary his wife, baptized.

1623. Dec. 14. Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Walton and Mary his wife, baptized.

1625. Sept. 4. Alice, daughter of Thomas Walton, was buried out of Fetter Lane.

1625. Sept. 28. Thomas Walton buried out of Fetter Lane.

1630. Nov. 28. Sara, the daughter of John Walton, was baptized.

1630. Dec. 11. Sara, daughter of John Walton, was buried out of Fleet Street.

1630. Feb. 20. William Walton and Alice Chapman married by banns.

1632. Aug. 8. Margaret, daughter of John Walton, baptized.

1632. Oct. 2. Margaret, daughter of John Walton, buried out of Fleet Street.

1641. Sept. 14. William Walton was buried.

It appears from these extracts, which were not discovered until very recently, that Izaak Walton had four children besides those mentioned in the pedigree in the Appendix, No. I. ; namely, Izaak, born in December 1627, who died in March 1631 ; John, born in July 1629, of whom nothing more is known, and who probably died very young ; Thomas, who was born in January, and died in March 1630-1 ; and William, who died in August 1637.

The register of St Dunstan's contains also notices of the following persons, who were probably related to those of the same names mentioned by Walton.

1610. April 22. Jane Marriott, widow, Fewter Lane, buried.

1622. April 9. John, the sonne of John Marriott, stationer, buried.

1628. March 25. John, son of John Marriott, was buried out of the Gardens in Fetter Lane.

1628. August 29. Edward, son of John Marriott, (buried) out of the Gardens.

1626. May 15. Mary, the daughter of John Marriott, baptized.

1629[30]. March 2. Elizabeth, daughter of John Marriott, was baptized.

1634. April 17. Valentine and Sarah, sonne and daughter of John Marriott, baptized.

1635. April 17. Elizabeth, daughter of John Marriott, buried.

1638. September 7. Ann, daughter of Richard Marriott, was buried.

1649. January 23. Elizabeth, wife of John Marriott, bookseller.

1656. July 12. Richard Marriott, infant, buried out of Crane Court in the churchyard.

1613. April 17. John Grinsells, son of Thomas Grinsells, buried.

1609. July 8. Thomas, a chrizom child of Thomas Grinsells, buried.

1609. October 24. Walter, sonne of Thomas Grinsell, buried.

1644. March 5. Mr Thomas Grensells was buried.

1647. October 2. Mrs Ann Grinsell, widow, buried in the body of the church.

1621. July 15. Francis, son of John Cranmer, buried.

1621. December 8. Humphry Cranmer buried.

1631. November 8. Samuel, son of Mr Francis Underhill, buried out of White's Alley.

1635. January 23. Francis Underhill buried.

NOTE I.

Extracts from the Registers of St Mary, Stafford.

Jun. 1564. Baptizatus fuit Edwardus Walton filius Willielmi Walton, et Agnetis uxoris ejus primo die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Jan. 1579. Baptizata fuit Elizabetha filia illegitima Margaretæ Phillippes ex fornicario concubitu cum quodam Francisco Waltone ut dicit, sexto die mensis Januarii.

Sept. 1593. Baptizatus fuit Isack filius Jervis Walton xxj die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Oct. 1593. Sepultus fuit Ricardus Walton lethaliter vulneratus decimo quarto die Octobris.

Mar. 1595. Sepultus fuit Ambrosius filius Jervis Walton tertio die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Feb. 1596. Sepultus fuit Jarvicius Walton xj° die mensis prædicti.

Mar. 1597. Sepultus fuit Georgius Walton xxiiij° die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Sept. 1605. Matrimonium solemnizatum fuit inter Johannem Forde et Elizabetham Walton quarto die Septembris anno 1605.

Jun. 1606. Baptizata fuit Elizabetha filia Johannis Walton et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus quarto die Junii an. 1606.

Feb. 1613. Baptizata fuit Helena filia Johannis Walton et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus decimo die Februarii, 1613.

NOTE K.

With reference to the early part of the Walton pedigree, it may be observed that it is extremely probable that George Walton was a younger son of Henry Walton of Dovebridge, by Margaret, daughter of Henry, and sister of John Milward of that place, whose descendants are mentioned in Izaak Walton's will. George Walton, of Yoxhall above mentioned, died in 1571; and it appears from his will, which was dated on the 10th of February, and proved by Isabella his widow on the 7th of April in the same year, that he had three sons, Denstell, Jervis, and William; and two daughters, Anne and Alice, the latter of whom was then the wife of a person of the name of Haslam. Extracts from the wills of several persons of the name of Walton will be found in Note A.

NOTE L.

The following is a full abstract of the will of "Samuel Walton, of St Mary's Cray, in Kent, gentleman," dated on the 2nd of April 1631, and proved at Doctors' Commons on the 9th of the same month. He bequeathed to his uncle John Walton, of Mathfield, in the county of Stafford, yeoman, an annuity of five pounds; to his brother-in-law, Henry King, of Foster Lane, London, gentleman, and John King, of Fleet Street, London, gentleman; to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Long, of Bury St Edmunds; to his "kinsman," George Rowell, citizen and upholder of London; to his cousin, Anne Brookhouse, of Bubton in the county of Derby, sister of the said George Rowell, and wife of Robert Brookhouse, husbandman; to his cousin, Thomas Kerobyn, of Burton, in the county of Stafford, chirurgeon; to his cousin Anne Aldridge, sister of the said Thomas Kerobyn, and wife of Robert Aldridge, gentleman, of Burton, a gift of thirty shillings each: to his cousin and late servant, William Walton, of Bromley, in Kent, yeoman, a house and garden in Bromley, which was purchased by the testator's late father, Henry Walton, citizen and clothworker, of London: to his cousin, Margaret Burrows, of Ashbourn, in the county of Derby, widow, and to his cousin, Matthew Andrews, of Mathfield, a gift of thirty shillings each; to Elizabeth Chatfield, of Bermondsey Street, in Southwark, wife of William Chatfield, twenty shillings; to his tenant, Ellen Hobson, of Bromley, widow, thirty shillings; and he appointed his cousin, Henry Walton, of Whitechapel, citizen and haberdasher, his residuary legatee and sole executor.

The other reasons for supposing that Izaak Walton was apprenticed to Henry Walton of Whitechapel, besides those already mentioned, are his friendship with the family of King; his having become connected with the county of Kent, in which Samuel Walton resided and had property; and his having called two of his children by the baptismal name of *Henry*, a mark of respect which he is very likely to have shown to his master and kinsman.

NOTE M.

Since the Memoir of Walton was printed, the following Deed, to which he was a party, has been obligingly communicated by Thomas B. Chinn, of Lichfield, Esq. It appears from it, that in December 1658, Walton was at Worson Farm, in the parish of St Mary's, in Stafford.

THIS INDENTURE TRIPERTITE made the second day of December in the year of our Lord God accordinge to the Englishe accompt one thousand six hundred and fifty eight between Mary Fitzwilliams of Malpas in the County of Chester Widdowe Walter Heveningham of Aston neare Stone in the county of Stafford Esquire and Isaacke Walton of Worson Farme in the parish of St Marye's in Stafforde in the county of Stafforde Gent. and Raphe Smith of Stone aforesaid Gent. of the first part. Francis Bagshawe of the Middle Temple London Esq. and Richard Bold servant to the said Francis Bagshawe of the second part and William Chetwinde of Rugeley in the said county of Stafford Esquire and Edward Arblaster of Longston in the said county of Stafford Esquire of the third part. WITNESSETH that for and in consideracion of the summe of tenne pounds of lawfull English money by the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold to the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smith in hand paid whereof they and every of them doe hereby confesse the Receipt and thereof acquitt the said Francis Bawshawe and Richard Bold their heires executors and administrators for ever by theise presents. They the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smith have granted bargained and sold and by theise presents doe grant bargain and sell to the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires all and every the Messuages Cottages Lands Tenements Meadowes Leasowes Pastures Rents Reversions Remainders Services and Hereditaments whatsoever with theire and every of theire Appurtenants of them the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smithe and every of them situate lyinge and beinge at Blyminhall otherwise Blimhill and Brynton in the said County of Stafforde or either of them And also all that the moity of the Mannor Lordship or Farme of Creswell situate lyinge and beinge or reputed to be situate lyinge and beinge in the parish of St Marye's in Stafforde aforesaid and the moity of all and every the Messuages Houses Buildings Lands Tenements Meadowes Leasowes Pastures Rents Revertions Remainders Fishinges Services and Hereditaments whatsoever with theire and every of theire Appurtenants to the said Mannor Lordship or Farme of Creswell aforesaid belonginge or in anywise apperteyninge or to or with the same usually used demised occupied or enjoyed or reputed taken or knowne as part parcell or member thereof To HAVE AND TO HOLDE the said Messuages Lands Meadowes Pastures Moity of the said Mannor Lordshippe or Farme and all and singular the premises with theire and every of theire Appurtenants to the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires to the use of the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires. NEVERTHELESS upon this speciall trust and confidence and to the intent and purpose that they the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold may become perfect Tenants of the Freehold to the intent a good and perfect common Recovery may be had and suffered of all and singular the said Messuages Lands and premises in which said Recovery the said William Chetwinde and Edward Arblaster shall be demandants the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold shall be the Tenants who shall appeare and enter into warrantie and vouch over the said Mary Fitzwilliams who shall also appeare and enter into warrantie and vouch over the common vouchee who shall also appeare enter into warrantie imparte and make default and thereuppon a good and perfect common Recovery may be had and suffered of the same manor and premises accordinge to the usuall course of sufferinge of common Recoveryes in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster. And it is declared by theise presents and all the parties to the same and the said Mary Fitzwilliams for her and her heires doth declare that the said Recovery shall be and inure and the said William Chetwinde and Edward Arblaster and theire heires shall stand and be seized of the said messuages lands and premises to the use of them the said William Chetwind and Edward Arblaster their heires and assignes for ever. IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to theise presents have interchangeably putt to theire hands and seals 1658.

MARY FFITZWILLIAM. WA. HEVENINGHAM.
IZAAK WALTON. RALPH SMYTHE.

Sealed and delivered by the within-named Mary Fitzwilliams and Walter Heveningham in the presence of MARY FLUNKETT, OSWALD EYNES, The × mark of JOHN CURTIS. Sealed and delivered by the within-named Isaacke Walton in the presence of RT. MILWARD, WA. HIGGES. Sealed and delivered by the within-named Raphe Smith in the presence of CR. HEVENINGHAM, WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

Indorsed.—A Deed inrolled between Mary Fitzwilliam Walter Heveningham Isaac Walton and Ralph Smith of the 1st part Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold of the 2nd part and William Chetwynde and Edward Arblaster of the 3rd part in order to suffer a Common Recovery 2nd Dec. 1658. Inrolled in the Close Rolls in Chancery the six-and-twentieth day of January in the year of our Lord 1658 by Humfrey Jaggard.

There was no impression on the wax of Walton's seal, and judging from its perfect state, none could ever have been made on it.

LIFE OF CHARLES COTTON.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE JOHN LORD VERNON

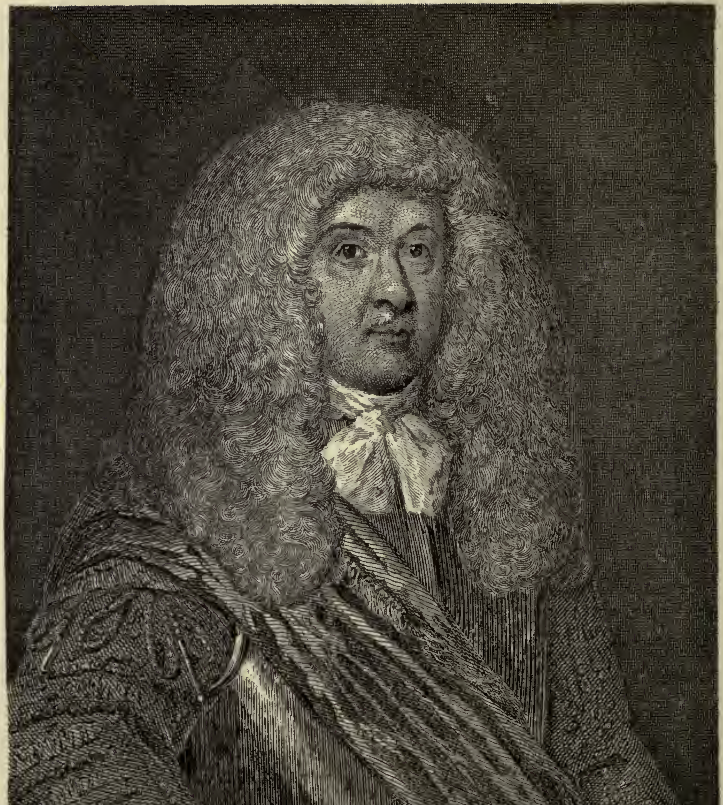
Baron of Kinderton in the County of Chester

the following Memoir is respectfully inscribed

by his obliged and faithful servant

N. HARRIS NICOLAS.

August 1836.



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY

MEMOIR OF CHARLES COTTON.

> "All he desires, all that he would demand,
> Is only that some amicable hand
> Would but irriguate his fading bays
> With due, and only with deserved praise."

THE family of Cotton, of which the subject of this memoir was a younger branch, is both ancient and honourable; and his immediate ancestor, Sir Richard Cotton, Comptroller of the Household and Privy Councillor to Edward the Sixth, was settled at Warblenton, in the county of Sussex, and at Bedhampton, in Hampshire.[3] His grandfather, Sir George Cotton, who died in 1613, left issue by Cassandra Mac William,[4] his wife, two children, Charles and Cassandra. The latter died unmarried before the year 1649, and an elegy was written on her decease by the friend of her father and brother, Colonel Richard Lovelace.[5]

Charles Cotton, the father of the poet, and the only son of Sir George Cotton, is said to have lived at Ovingdean in Sussex; but having married Olive, the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of

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[3] Sir George Cotton (the poet's grandfather) who died in 1613, is described in the Heralds' Visitation of Staffordshire in 1664, as "a younger son of Cotton, of Warblenton, in the county of Sussex, and of Bedhampton, in the county of Hants;" but though considerable trouble has been taken to ascertain the connection, it has not been successful. Sir George Cotton of Warblenton was living in 1595, and by Mary, daughter of John Shelley, of Michelgrove, in Sussex, had several children, but none of the name of Charles or George are mentioned in the pedigrees of the family; and it is doubtful whether Sir George Cotton (the grandfather of the poet) was a ***younger son*** of Sir George Cotton by Mary Shelley, or whether he was that ***identical person***, who may have married Cassandra Mac William to his second wife, and by her have been the father of a son named Charles, who was possibly so called after Charles Earl of Kent, the husband of Susan Cotton, sister of the said Sir George Cotton of Warblenton.

[4] It is most probable that Cassandra Mac William was the daughter of Henry Mac William, by Margaret or Maria, daughter and coheir of Richard Hill, Sergeant of the Wine-cellar to Henry VIII., and widow of Sir John Cheeke, Secretary of State and Preceptor to Edward VI. The said Maria Hill was one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Elizabeth. Vide Harleian MS. 801, f. 49, and Anthony Wood's MSS. 8469, f. 102^{b}. Cassandra Mac William is said, in the Visitation of Staffordshire in 1664, to have been the "daughter and heiress of Mac William," but the pedigree in the Harleian MS. 891, states that Henry Mac William had by Margaret (or Maria) Hill two sons, Henry and Ambrose, and three daughters, Susan, the wife of Edward Saunders, Cicely, and Cassandra.

[5] Lucasta, 8vo, 1649, p. 112 "An Elegie on the death of Mrs Cassandra Cotton, only sister to Mr C. Cotton."

Elvaston in Derbyshire, by his first wife Olive, daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford in Staffordshire, and of Bentley in the county of Derby, he succeeded to those estates in her right, and settled at Beresford. Mr Cotton was distinguished for his talents and accomplishments, and was the friend and companion of many of the most eminent of his contemporaries, including Ben Jonson, Sir Henry Wotton, Dr Donne, Selden, Fletcher,[6] Herrick,[7] Carew, Lovelace, Davenant, and May, the Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, and the great Lord Clarendon. Some of those writers celebrated his merits in their verses ; and Lord Clarendon has particularly mentioned him in his well-known autobiography.[8]

Mr Cotton's marriage connected him with the families of Stanhope, Cokayne, Aston, Port, and others of the highest rank in the counties of Derby and Stafford. Mrs Cotton died at Beresford between 1650 and 1658, in the thirty-eighth year of her age ; and her cousin, Sir Aston Cokayne, wrote some verses to her memory.[9]

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[6] Vide Cokayne's Poems, p. 91, and the Apology to the Reader.

[7] Herrick inscribed one of his poems to the elder Cotton, 8vo, 1648, p. 352.

[8] "CHARLES COTTON was a gentleman born to a competent fortune ; and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation ; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height : but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument ; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen ; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person : all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind ; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long."—*Clarendon's Life*, vol. i. p. 36, ed. Oxford, 1827.

[9] Cokayne's Poems, 8vo, 1658. "On the death of my dear cousin germane Mrs Olive Cotton, who deceased at Beresford the 38th year of her age, and lyes buried at Bently by Ashbourne."—He also wrote verses "To my cousin german Mrs Olive Cotton," p. 138 ; and "Of my staying supper with my cousin Mrs Olive Cotton," p. 139 ; and the following

EPITAPH ON MY DEAR COUSIN GERMAN MRS OLIVE COTTON.

Passenger, stay, and notice take of her
Whom this sepulchral marble doth inter:
For Sir John Stanhope's daughter and his heir,
By his first wife, a Beresford, lies here.
Her husband of a noble house was, one
Every where for his worths belov'd and known.
One only son she left, whom we presage
A grace t' his family, and to our age.

CHARLES COTTON, the only child[1] of Mr Cotton by Olive Stanhope, was born at Beresford on the 28th of April 1630. No particulars are preserved respecting the place of his education; but he is supposed to have become a member of the University of Cambridge sometime about the year 1649, though that fact can only be reconciled with his having been a pupil of Mr Ralph Rawson, Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, by supposing that Rawson removed to Cambridge on being ejected from his fellowship by the Parliamentary visitors in 1648.[2] His affection for his tutor is strongly expressed in the translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus;[3] and his cousin Sir Aston Cokayne likewise showed his esteem for him in a similar manner; but some verses by Cokayne render it doubtful whether Rawson ever removed from Oxford to Cambridge.[4] If, however, Cotton was educated at either of the Universities, he did not take his degree, as his name is not mentioned by Anthony Wood among the writers of Oxford; nor does it occur in the manuscript list of graduates of Cambridge in the British Museum.[5] That he possessed considerable classical

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She was too good to live, and young to die,
Yet stay'd not to dispute with destiny.
But (soon as she receiv'd the summons given)
Sent her fair soul to wait on God in heaven.
Here, what was mortal of her turns to dust,
To rise a glorious body with the just.
Now thou mayst go; but take along with thee
(To guide thy life and death) her memory.

[1] In the parish register of St Dunstan's in the West the following entry occurs: "1653, Sept. 6, Persis, daughter of Charles Cotton, was baptized;" but as the younger Cotton was then unmarried, and his father aged and a widower, it is not likely that either of them was the person alluded to.

[2] Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, vol. iv. p. 635.

[3] Poems on Several Occasions written by Charles Cotton, Esq., 8vo, 1689. "An Ode of Johannes Secundus translated. To my dear Tutor, Mr Ralph Rawson," p. 547. Rawson acknowledged his kindness in some verses addressed "To my dear and honoured patron, Mr Charles Cotton, Ode, occasioned by his translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus directed to me, and inserted amongst his other Poems," a copy of which occurs in a manuscript containing the greater part of Cotton's Poems, some, if not all, of which are apparently in his own handwriting.

[4] Cokayne's Poems, p. 207. "To Mr Ralph Rawson. *lately* Fellow of Brazen Nose College." It commences:—

"Though I of Cambridge was, and far above
Your mother Oxford did my Cambridge love;
I those affections (for your sake) remove,
And (above Cambridge) now do Oxford love."

and thus concludes:—

"I far above
My Cambridge, and your Oxford shall it love."

Had Rawson removed to Cambridge, some allusion would probably have been made to the circumstance in these verses, which were evidently written after he was ejected from his fellowship at Oxford.

[5] Additional MSS. in the British Museum, No. 5885. Cole, however, mentions Cotton among the writers who belonged to that University, in his manuscript collections for an Athenæ Cantabrigiensis in the Additional MS. 5865, f. 47, in the British Museum.

attainments, and united with them an extensive knowledge of modern languages, particularly of French and Italian,[6] together with the usual accomplishments of the age, is however unquestionable. It does not appear that he was intended for any profession,[7] and the early part of his life seems to have been passed in the society of the wits and other literary men of his time. He was himself ardently attached to literature; but except a few poems, he wrote nothing which was published until after the Restoration. Before that period the little which is known of his pursuits has been gleaned from the works of one or two of his friends, and from his own verses; but he probably went abroad before he attained his twenty-fourth year, as he certainly had travelled in France and Italy.

That Cotton wrote many of the poems which were for the first time collected and published after his decease, at an early period of his life,[8] is not only proved by internal evidence, but it is placed beyond dispute, by the subjoined verses addressed to him by Sir Aston Cokayne:—

"TO MY MOST HONOURED COUSIN MR CHARLES COTTON THE YOUNGER, UPON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

Bear back, you crowd of wits, that have so long
Been the prime glory of the English tongue,
And room for our arch-poet make, and follow
His steps, as you would do your great Apollo.
Nor is he his inferior, for see
His picture, and you'll say that this is he;
So young and handsome both, so tress'd alike,
That curious Lilly, or most skill'd Vandyke,
Would prefer neither. Only here's the odds,
This gives us better verse than that the Gods.

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[6] It appears that Cotton's library contained some of the best Italian authors, as Cokayne says in one of his effusions, p. 231,

" D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
And Machiavil the subtile Florentine,
In their originals, I have read through,
Thanks to your library, and unto you;
The prime historians of late times; at least,
In the Italian tongue allow'd the best."

[7] Cotton says in his "Voyage to Ireland:" "Indeed I had a small smattering of Law," but his legal knowledge appears to have been gained from the performance of the duties of a Justice of the Peace, as he adds:—

"Which I *lately* had got *more by practice* than *reading*,
In sitting o' th' Bench, whilst others were pleading."

[8] Among the poems attributed to the younger Cotton are an Elegy upon Henry Lord Hastings, only son of Ferdinand Earl of Huntingdon, who died in June 1649, which was printed in Brome's "Lachrymæ Musarum, the Tears of the Muses, expressed in elegies written by divers persons of nobility and worth" upon that young nobleman's death, 8vo, 1650, when Cotton was only twenty years of age; and a copy of verses prefixed to Edmund Prestwich's Translation of the Hippolitus of Seneca in 1651.

Beware, you poets, that (at distance) you
The reverence afford him that is due
Unto his mighty merit, and not dare
Your puny threads with his lines to compare;
Lest (for so impious a pride) a worse
Than was Arachne's fate or Midas' curse,
Posterity inflicts upon your fames,
For vent'ring to approach too near his flames,
Whose all-commanding muse disdains to be
Equall'd by any, in all poesy.
As the presumptuous son of Clymene,
The sun's command importun'd for a day
Of his unwilling father, and for so
Rash an attempt, fell headlong into Po.
So you shall fall or worse; not leave so much
As empty names, to show there once were such.
The Greek and Latin language he commands,
So all that then was writ in both these lands;
The French and the Italian he hath gain'd,
And all the wit that in them is contain'd.
So, if he pleases to translate a piece
From France or Italy, old Rome or Greece,
The understanding reader soon will find,
It is the best of any of that kind;
But when he lets his own rare fancy loose,
There is no flight so noble as his muse.
Treats he of war? Bellona doth advance,
And leads his march with her refulgent lance.
Sings he of love? Cupid about him lurks,
And Venus in her chariot draws his works.
Whate'er his subject be, he'll make it fit
To live hereafter emperor of wit.
He is the Muses' darling, all the nine
Phœbus disclaim, and term him more divine.
The wondrous Tasso, that so long hath borne
The sacred laurel, shall remain forlorn.
Alonso de Ercilla, that in strong
And mighty lines hath Araucana sung,
And Sallust, that the ancient Hebrew story
Hath poetiz'd, submit unto your glory.
So the chief swans of Tagus, Arne, and Seine,
Must yield to Thames, and veil unto your strain.
Hail, generous magazine of wit, you bright
Planet of learning, dissipate the night
Of dulness, wherein us this age involves,
And (from our ignorance) redeem our souls.
A word at parting, Sir, I could not choose
Thus to congratulate your happy muse;
And (though I vilify your worth) my zeal
(And so in mercy think) intended well.
The world will find your lines are great and strong,
The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue."

Cokayne also celebrated Cotton's merits on several other occasions,[9] but only two of those effusions are deserving of notice, the one for the pithiness of the compliment paid to him, and the other because his father is mentioned :—

"TO MY HONOURED COUSIN MR CHARLES COTTON, JUNIOR.

Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were;

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[9] Poems, pp. 147, 154.

Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,
And with them too should have acquainted been.
What needs this catalogue? Th' are dead and gone,
And to me you are all of them in one."

"TO MY COUSIN MR CHARLES COTTON THE YOUNGER.

In how few years have you rais'd up an high
Column of learning by your industry,
More glorious than those pyramids that old
Canopus view'd, or Cair doth yet behold!
Your noble father (that for able parts
Hath won an high opinion in all hearts)
May like the elder Scaliger look down
With admiration on his worthy son.
Proceed, fair plant of ex'ellencies, and grow
So high to shadow all that are below."

Colonel Lovelace, who addressed an ode[1] to Cotton's father, and wrote an elegy on his aunt, Cassandra, inscribed "The Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret, to the noblest of our youth and best of friends, Charles Cotton, Esquire, being at Beresford, at his house in Staffordshire, from London."[2] In these verses he laments Cotton's absence, and thus affectionately anticipates his return;—

"But all our clouds shall be o'erblown when thee
In our horizon, bright, once more we see;
When thy dear presence shall our souls new dress;
And spring an universal cheerfulness,
When we shall be o'erwhelm'd in joy, like they
That change their night for a vast half-year's day.
Then shall the wretched few that do repine
See and recant their blasphemies in wine;
Then shall they grieve that thought I've sung too free
High and aloud of thy true worth and Thee:
And their foul heresies and lips submit
To th' all-forgiving breath of Amoret;
And me alone their anger's object call,
That from my height so miserably did fall;
And cry out my invention thin and poor,
Who have said nought, since I could say no more."

The most remarkable lines are, however, the following, because they seem to corroborate Aubrey's statement that Cotton had relieved Lovelace in his distress: [3]—

"What fate was mine when in my obscure cave
Shut up almost close prisoner in a grave
Your beams could reach me through this vault of night,
And canton the dark dungeon with light!
Whence me, as gen'rous Spahy's, you unbound,
Whilst I know myself both free and crown'd."

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[1] Lucasta. edit. 1649. "The Grasshopper, To my noble friend, Mr Charles Cotton." P. 34.

[2] Lucasta. Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq., 8vo, 1659.

[3] "Lovelace died in 1658, in a mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane. Aubrey's statement is, that 'George Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street, carried twenty shillings to him every Monday morning from Sir —— Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, and was never repaid.'" Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, vol. iii. pp. 462, 463.

Cotton[4] and several other persons wrote Elegies to Lovelace's memory, which were printed at the end of his "Lucasta and Posthume Poems" in 1659.

The most material facts which Cotton's own poems establish are, that he was a zealous Royalist, and an uncompromising enemy of Cromwell. He omitted no opportunity of expressing his sentiments;[5] and a decisive proof of his political opinions is exhibited in his verses on the execution of James Earl of Derby, in 1651,[6] and in his severe castigation of Waller for writing a panegyric on the Protector about the year 1654:—

"TO POET E. W. OCCASIONED FOR HIS WRITING A PANEGYRIC ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

From whence, vile Poet, didst thou glean the wit,
And words for such a vitious poem fit?
Where couldst thou paper find was not too white,
Or ink that could be black enough to write?
What servile devil tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own slavery?
To kiss thy bondage and extol the deed,
At once that made thy prince, and country bleed?
I wonder much thy false heart did not dread,
And shame to write what all men blush to read;
Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy master's murtherer?
Who call'd the coward (—) much mistook
The characters of thy pedantic look;

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[4] See Cotton's Poems, p. 481.

[5] For example, in his Voyage to Ireland:—

"We enter'd the port,
Where another King's head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown."—P. 198.

In his Contentation, he says: "The man is happy
Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear,
Who ill of princes in worst times,
Will neither speak himself, nor hear."—P. 258.

In his Ode to Melancholy:—
"An infamous Usurper's come,
Whose name is sounding in mine ear
Like that, methinks, of *Oliver.*"

"And yet, methinks, it cannot be
That he
Should be crept into me.
My skin could ne'er contain sure so much evil,
Nor any place but hell can hold so great a Devil."—Pp. 264, 265.

The Chorus to one of his Bacchanalian songs is:—
"Then let us revel, quaff, and sing,
Health and his sceptre to the King."—P. 448.

See also his Epode to Alexander Brome on the King's return, p. 511, and several other instances throughout his Poems.

[6] Cotton's Poems, p. 411.

Thou hast at once abused thyself and us ;
He's stout that dares flatter a tyranne thus.
Put up thy pen and ink, muzzle thy muse,
Adulterate hag fit for a common stews,
No good man's library ; writ thou hast
Treason in rhyme has all thy works defaced :
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind,
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater ; than, once to commit the same.
Where was thy reason then, when thou began
To write against the sense of God and man ?
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,
Thou wouldst despairing die in spite of grace.
At once thou art judge, and malefactor shown,
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.
Then, what thou hast pronounced go execute,
Hang up thyself, and say, I bid thee do it ;
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,
This panegyric is thy elegy,
Which shall be when, or wheresoever read,
A living poem to upbraid thee dead."

Though ardent Royalists, both Cotton and his father seem to have escaped the persecutions to which the Cavaliers were exposed, as their names have not been found in connection with any public event during the Commonwealth ; nor do they appear to have been obliged to purchase safety by compounding for their estates. Of Cotton's acquaintances at this period, the most remarkable, with reference to this work, was Isaak Walton, his adopted father in the art of Angling, who became one of his intimate friends, and whose esteem is strong evidence of Cotton's moral worth. Walton was also known to his father, for in speaking of the Lives of Donne and Wotton, Cotton observes,

"How happy was *my father*, then, to see
Those men he lov'd, *by him he lov'd* to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality."

Literature and the pleasures of society did not, however, entirely engross his time ; for besides his favourite pursuit of Angling, which he followed before he was seventeen,[7] he amused himself in gardening and planting. Upon the latter subject, he not only afterwards wrote a treatise,[8] but proved that his knowledge was practical, by planting his own grounds near Beresford Hall ; [9] and the taste with which he improved that place, caused him to be complimented by his constant eulogist, Sir Aston Cokayne.[1]

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[7] Cotton says in his part of "The Complete Angler," in 1676 : "I will tell you nothing, I have not made myself as certain of as any *man* can be in *thirty years' experience*, for so long I have been a *dabbler* in that art."—P. 406.

[8] Vide postea.

[9] "Viator. It [Beresford Hall] appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for. It stands prettily, and *here's wood about it too*, but so young as appears to be of your *own planting*.

"Piscator. *It is so*."—Cotton's part of "The Complete Angler," p. 420.

Towards the end of July or early in August 1656, when Cotton was in his twenty-seventh year, he married his cousin Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire.[2] In contemplation of that alliance, his father and himself vested the manors of Bentley, Borrowashe, and Beresford, together with the rectory of Spoondon, and other lands, in trustees, to sell so much of the same as would pay off a mortgage of £1700, granted in July 1655, by the younger Cotton; and to hold the surplus in trust for him and his heirs. The manor of Beresford was then settled upon his father for life, with remainder to his children; and a life interest in his other property was secured to his intended wife, Isabella Hutchinson, in case she survived him.[3]

In December 1658, Cotton lost his father, who appears from Lord Clarendon's account of him, to have lived to an advanced age, and to have injured his property by lawsuits. This circumstance ought not to be forgotten in forming a judgment of his son's character: nor is it less material to remember, that though he may have inherited his father's talents, and been much indebted to his assistance during his education, yet his parent's conduct, particularly in the latter part of his life, afforded him an example of imprudence and irregularity, which he too closely followed.

Upon the restoration of Charles the Second, Cotton first appeared before the public as an author. He addressed a panegyric to the King, consisting of fourteen pages in prose, but it contains nothing which distinguishes it from the numerous other productions with which Charles's return was greeted.[4] In the same year he became (probably for the first time) a father, by the birth of his eldest son, to whom he gave the name of Beresford. All which is known of Cotton during the ensuing four years is, that in 1664 he published a burlesque poem entitled "Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie," which will be again alluded to; and that he prepared for the press a translation of "The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," from the French of Du Vaix, but which was not published until 1667.[5] In the dedication of that volume to his friend and kinsman John Ferrers, Esq., dated on the 27th of February 1663–4, he says he had translated it some years before by his father's command, who was a great admirer of the author, "so," he tells Ferrers, "that which you see was an effect of my obedience, and no part of my choice, my little studies, especially at that time, lying another way, neither had I now published it, but that I was unwilling to have a thing, how mean soever, turned to waste paper that cost me some hours' pains, and which, however I may have disguised it, is no ill thing in itself."

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[1] "Your Basford house you have adorned much,
And Bently hopes it shortly shall be such;
Think on't; and set but Bently in repair,
To both those Basfords you will show y' are heir."

[2] Vide the accompanying pedigree.

[3] Stat. 27 Car. II. 1675.

[4] Several of these addresses are collected in one volume in the British Museum; and the exact date of their respective appearance, with some corrections of the names of their authors, have been added in a contemporary hand. Cotton's Panegyrick is dated 27th August 1660.

Cotton having found his income inadequate to his expenses, he was obliged to apply to Parliament for power to sell part of his estates for the payment of his debts ; and an Act was accordingly passed in the 16th Charles II., 1665, for that purpose.[6] He was at that time employed in translating Corneille's Tragedy of Horace, for the amusement of his wife's sister, Miss Stanhope Hutchinson. It was published in 1671, with a dedication to that lady, dated at Beresford, 7th November 1665, in which he says it was never to be made public ; and in the printed address to the reader, written at the same place in October 1670, he refers to the dedication as proof that it was not intended for publication, but had been written for the "private amusement of a fair young lady." He adverted to Mrs Katherine Philips' translation of the same play in very respectful terms; and says that the songs and choruses to the Acts were "all wholly his own."

Between the years 1665 and 1670, the only thing which is positively known of Cotton is, that about 1667 he wrote some verses on the Poems of his friend Alexander Brome, who died in June 1666, which were prefixed to a collection of his works published in 1668. In those verses he thus justly noticed the neglect which attends a Poet, in comparison with the fame that awaits a Hero and a Statesman :—

> "To advance their names no cost is spar'd ;
> Medals are cast, and obelisks are rear'd ;
> The marble quarry is torn up, the mine
> Is search'd, and robb'd to make their triumphs shine;
> But the neglected Poet when he dies,
> Or with obscure, or with no obsequies

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[5] The Imprimatur is dated 13th April 1664.

[6] In consequence of the fire in the House of Lords, which has caused great confusion among the Parliamentary Records, the Act cannot at this moment be found.

Is lay'd aside; and though by living verse,
Strew'd on this Hero's and that Statesman's hearse,
His pen graves characters by which they live
A longer life, than brass or marble give:
Yet has this generous Poet no return,
None to weep o'er his urn, nay, scarce an urn.
O undiscerning world! The Soldier's brave
Either for what he wants, or thirsts to have:
His breast opposing against fire and flame,
Either for riches or a glorious name.
Reward and honour make the Soldier's trade,
And if he either win, the man's well paid.
The Statesman, on the other side, takes pains
To smooth that war to peace, and works his brains,
Or to appease an enemy, or make
Such friends, as may at need make good the stake.
Nor is his reverend care, when all is done,
More for his country's safety, than his own;
And that which makes his city's freedom dear,
Is that himself and his inhabit there.
Whereas the Poet, by more generous ways
Distributes boughs of oak, and shoots of bays
According to due merit, nor does take
Thought of reward, but all for virtue's sake.
It were in vain to write on other score,
The Poet knows his lot is to be poor:
For whatsoe'er's well done, well writ, well said,
The Bard is ever the last man that's paid;
The wary world has wisely taken time,
Till the Greek Calends to account for rhyme.
  Nor do I here intend the gold that's hurl'd
Like flaming brands thorough the peaceful world,
To make whole kingdoms into faction split,
Should be supposed the recompense of wit:
The Poet scorns that sordid seed of earth,
The world's alluring, but unhappy birth.
All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand
Would but irriguate his fading bays
With due, and only with deserved praise;
Yet even this, so modest a request,
The age denies."

That edition of Brome's Poems contains an epistle to Cotton with his answer; but the latter is only remarkable for the abhorrence which he expressed at being obliged to live in the country with no other friends, visitors, or company,

"But such, as I still pray, I may not see,
Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit,
Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit;
Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)
If through a perspective I chance to spy,
Though a mile off, I take the alarm and run
As if I saw the Devil or a dun;
And in the neighbouring rocks take sanctuary,
Praying the hills to fall and cover me;
So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,
And my best company's my horse and hounds."

The same feeling of dislike at being separated from his literary companions, and from those intellectual enjoyments which a capital, and a capital only, affords, may be frequently traced in his other pieces.[7] It is most likely that many of his poems were written about this period; and it is nearly certain that the one in which he gives the fullest and most interesting account of himself, namely, "A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque," was composed about the year 1670 or 1671, because he says he was then forty years old. For this reason it is desirable to insert several extracts from it, the length of which is justified by the humorous descriptions which they contain of his history, situation, and feelings. Cotton had, it appears, before that time entered the army, in which he then held a captain's commission; and being sent to Ireland, he describes his journey from Beresford to the place of embarkation in Wales.

His narrative thus commences:—

"The lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages,
Or unto short journeys, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends, to be plain in my matter;
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a-madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen a high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mong the wonder o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;
But at forty years old you may, if you please,
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland, I ne'er should have chose:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd."

Among his regrets at taking leave of his home, his favourite pursuit of Angling is not forgotten:—

"And now farewell, Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes:
Thy trout and thy grayling may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on, then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear."

Of the ale which he drank at Holmes-Chapel, he observes,

"I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better."

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[7] Vide Cotton's Poems, ed. 1689, pp. 86, 128, 129.

At Chester he was taken ill, but he speedily recovered; and after he had

"Comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizzle,"

he went to the Cathedral, and when the service was ended, he fell into the rear of the procession of the mayor and aldermen;

"For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marched from prayer,
The mace before me borne as well as the Mayor,
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days;
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd,
By which, though thick-skull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look),
That to have me dogg'd home, he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted;
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But this man was there too, to invite me to supper;
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation,
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands."

The mayor however insisted upon having his company at supper: he obeyed, and

"Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master Mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither?
Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me."

His answer to these inquiries contains an amusing account of himself:—

"I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ Squire;
That of land I had both sorts, some good and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That indeed I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more studied than arts,
And was now to a Captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the business which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound."

It may be inferred from Cotton's description of a storm which he inscribed to a nobleman whose name is not mentioned,[8] that he was nearly shipwrecked in his passage to Ireland.

Allusions to himself also occur in his "Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, then sitting in Parliament," and in several other of his pieces. He tells Clifton

"That you may guess at the party that writes t'ee,
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these lights t'ee.
  For his stature, he's but a contemptible male,
And grown something swab with drinking good ale;
His locks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,
Which grey hairs make every year whiter and whiter:
His visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,
Is warp't, or by age, or cutting of faces.
So that, whether 'twere made so, or whether 'twere marr'd,
In good sooth, he's a very unpromising bard:
His legs, which creep out of two old-fashion'd knapsacks,
Are neither two mill-posts, nor yet are they trap-sticks:
They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,
And who the devil can stand when they are not?
  Thus much for his person, now for his condition,
That's sick enough full to require a physician:
He always wants money, which makes him want ease,
And he's always besieg'd, tho' himself of the peace,
By an army of duns, who batter with scandals,
And are foemen more fierce than the Goths or the Vandals.
But when he does sally, as sometimes he does,
Then hey for Bess Juckson, and a fig for his foes:
He's good fellow enough to do every one right,
And never was first that ask'd, what time of night?
His delight is to toss the cann merrily round,
And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd:
He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
Which gives him the trouble that other men have not.
He honours his friend, but he wants means to show it,
And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst poet.
Yet among all these vices, to give him his due,
He has the virtue to be a true lover of you.
But how much he loves you, he says you may guess it,
Since nor prose, nor yet metre, he swears can express it."

In 1670 he published a new edition of his "Virgil Travestie," which contained the first and fourth books.[9] To this work he is principally indebted for his literary fame; for such is the caprice of the public, that whilst his other, and far more important writings have been comparatively neglected, this absurd burlesque has gone through no less than fifteen editions. Upon a work which is so well known it is unnecessary to make any critical remarks; and though no person would wish the example of one of Cotton's biographers[1] to be followed, by introducing a long dissertation on that kind of composition, there are some facts connected with that poem which must be stated. The chief objection which has been urged against it is that it is disfigured by indecent and vulgar expressions; and though it is by no means intended to defend them, still much allowance ought to be made for the taste of the age in which Cotton lived, which produced Hudibras, and several other works of a similar nature. But it is remarkable that the early editions of "Virgil Travestie" are free from many of the grosser allusions that occur in the later impressions; and as Cotton's motive for introducing them into the subsequent editions is not known, it is doubtful whether the appetite of the public or his own feelings had become more depraved, or whether they were the suggestions of some of his companions. The deterioration may however have arisen from the desire of his bookseller to give greater piquancy to the later editions, for the sake of the sale; but as they were made in the author's lifetime, that circumstance would not excuse him.

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[8] Poems, p. 199.

[9] Cotton did not affix his name to this work, which was thus advertised by Henry Brome in 1668, "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie, both parts by a person of honor, in 8vo."

[1] Oldys.

It has been said that some lines in "Virgil Travestie" gave so much offence to a female relation, whose name he had used in allusion to her ruff, that she changed her intention of leaving him her fortune, amounting to between four or five hundred pounds per annum. This anecdote has however been doubted, because he had neither an aunt nor grandmother whose name was Cokayne;[2] and another[3] of his biographers even denies that such an offensive passage can be found in any of his writings. The lines in question are thus printed in all the early editions:—

"And then there is a fair great ruff,
Made of a pure and costly stuff,
To wear about her Highness neck,
Like Mrs Cockaynes in the Peak."[4]

The tradition on the subject is, that the lady alluded to was Cotton's cousin, Miss Lucy Cokayne, youngest daughter of Thomas Cokayne, of Ashbourn Hall, in Derbyshire, and sister of Sir Aston Cokayne; that she was deformed, and to conceal the defect wore a remarkably large ruff; and that when Cotton was remonstrated with, and requested to substitute some other lines, he replied, "I will not spoil my joke for any humpbacked b—— in Christendom."[5]

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[2] Biographia Britannica.

[3] Sir John Hawkins.

[4] Altered in the collected edition of Cotton's works in 1715, to "Like Miss Cockayne's in the Peak," probably for the sake of the metre, which is, however, perfectly correct as the line was originally written, if "Mrs," when printed at length, stood as it ought to do, "Mistress," which was then the usual appellation of unmarried women.

[5] From the information of the late William Bateman, Esq. of Middleton, near Bake-

Part of this story is, however, rendered extremely doubtful by the following facts. The lady[6] was a younger child of a large family, and therefore was not likely to have had much fortune at her own disposal: moreover, she appears to have died before Cotton was twenty years of age, and long before "Virgil Travestie" was published; and whilst he was only distantly related to her, she had a brother, several sisters, and many nephews and nieces.

In the same year, 1670, Cotton published a translation of Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, in a folio volume, which he dedicated to Dr Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury. His motive for inscribing it to that prelate he thus explained in his letter to the Archbishop, dated at Beresford on the 30th of October 1669:—

> "I have been prompted thereunto by an honest vanity I have, the world should take notice, that how private soever my life has been, I have not altogether conversed with obscurity; but that I have had the honour to be sometime known unto, and to have been favoured by one of the greatest Prelates, and the best men upon earth."

He also said that the work "has so the much better title to your acceptance, as it is the fruit of the most innocent part of my time; and offered with a heart as grateful for the many favours I have received from your Grace's bounty, and as full of honour and reverence for your person and dignity, as any man who in a better and more studied stile, may take the boldness to subscribe himself," &c.

Some extracts from the preface will be read with interest because they afford information about Cotton himself:—

> "Having about three years since, and in the vacancy of a country life, taken this volume in hand, before I had gone through the first three books, I was called away first by employment, and after dismissed from that, taken off by so long and so uncomfortable a sickness, that I found myself utterly unfit for any undertaking of this, or any other kind; and consequently, had almost given over all thoughts of proceeding in a work,

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well. That gentleman added, "This tradition has been handed down in a family for four generations from the great-grandfather, John Marsh, who was a servant in the Cotton family, and a great favourite of the poet's, to John Marsh, his great-grandson, who has often related it to me as being certainly what happened."

[6] Lucy Cokayne was the fifth daughter of Thomas Cokayne. She was born shortly after 1612, and died unmarried at the age of thirty-four, probably about 1647, and certainly before 1658. See an epitaph by Sir Aston Cokayne on his dear sister Mrs Lettice Armstrong, "who deceased about the 43d of her age, and of Mrs Lucy Cokayne, who died about the 34th of hers, and lye both buried at Ashborn." Cokayne's Poems, p. 214.

which at some melancholy times, I believed I might not live to finish. Being since restored to a better state of health, and coming to review my papers, either the dislike of what I had already done, the shame of having been so long in doing it, the indisposition of my disease left still hanging upon me, the bulk of what I had undertaken, the little leisure I conceived I might have wherewith to perform it, or all together, had almost persuaded me to hold on the same resolution, and for ever to let it alone; till recollecting myself, I remembered I had a greater obligation upon me (which nevertheless I do not think fit to publish in this place) to go through with what I had already begun, than was to be dissolved by any truant humour, or private aversion of my own. I, therefore, reassumed my former purpose, and some months since took the book again in good earnest in hand, which when I have said, any ingenious person may reasonably wonder, how a man in good earnest, and that has so little to do in the world as I have, could be all this tedious time about such a piece of work as this: to which, if what I have already said will not serve for an excuse, I shall answer, that although by my incapacity, my ill fortune, or both, I stand excused from public employment, I have notwithstanding so much private concern of my own to divert me, and so few moments to bestow upon myself, that I wonder it is done so soon; an apology I might however have spared, since my haste will I fear be too legible in every line."

It would seem that Cotton had met with some pecuniary losses from his previous publications, and that he was not induced to translate the work from any expectation of profit, as he says:—

"It was not, therefore, out of any ambition I had to be again in print, I having suffered too much that way already; nor to be reputed a good translator, the best whereof sit in the lowest form of writers,"—"neither was I prompted to it by any design of advantage, that consideration being ever very much below my thoughts; nor to oblige the world, that being as much above my expectation: but having an incurable humour of scribbling upon me, I believed I could not choose a braver subject for my friends' diversion, and my own entertainment than this."

He often adverts to the Duke of Espernon's loyalty in terms of admiration, and states that it was his greatest inducement to undertake the work, "especially," he adds, "when I reflected upon the times we ourselves have too lately seen, when loyalty was not very much in fashion, or not to be owned without manifest ruin." He then makes a pleasing acknowledgment to his publisher, Henry Brome, who was, it is presumed, the brother of the poet of that name, with whom, as has been already observed, both Walton and Cotton were intimate:—

"Lastly, in the behalf of my bookseller Mr Brome (to whose kindness I owe more than I can pay him by this impression) I am to say, that although I dare not answer how far this history may suffer by my oversights or mistakes, or by the faults escaped the press, which (I know not by what accident) are very many, and some of them very considerable; yet I dare pronounce it one of the best things I have seen in that language, I do not mean for the excellency, or harmony of the style which in the original itself, though the words there be very significant, elegant, and admirably well chosen, is notwithstanding none of the smoothest I have read: but for the importance of the subject, wherein you will find much of the policy of that time, not only of France itself, but moreover of the courts of England, Rome, Spain, Savoy, Germany, Sweden, and the States of the United Provinces, together with a narrative of all the most celebrated battles, skirmishes, rencounters, combats, sieges, assaults and stratagems, for above threescore years, together with the descriptions of the strengths, situations, and distances of cities, towns, castles, citadels, forts, rivers, countries, seignories, jurisdictions and provinces, and all this collected and delivered by a judicious and impartial hand, an extraordinary effect of a French pen, that nation (especially in records that immediately concern their own honor) having been commonly observed to be very civil to themselves; so that methinks the dignity of the subject, and the ingenuity of the author considered, a work how unhappily soever performed by me, undertaken nevertheless merely for the common benefit and delight, ought not to be discountenanced, nor very ill received. Yet do I not (though in the foregoing paragraph I have discovered something of the charlatan in the behalf of my bookseller) hereby intend to beg any favour for myself, or by these large promises to bribe my reader into milder censures, neither do I think it fit to provoke him by a defiance; for that were to be an ill man as well as an ill writer. I therefore frankly, and without condition expose myself to every man's judgment, of which such as appear civil to me are my friends, and I shall owe them the same respect when it shall be my turn to judge, as it is now to be censured. Those who will not be so, I shall threaten no further, than to put them in mind, that if ever they attempt anything of the same nature, they will then lie under the same disadvantage I now do, and consequently may meet with the same injustice."

Between 1670 and 1674, Cotton translated "The Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France;" which was published in 1674. He dedicated that volume to his distant relation[7] the Earl of Chesterfield, to whom he expressed much gratitude for "many and great obligations;" and he said, "I confess I have a desire both to be more universally known your servant, and that the world at the same time should take notice, that though you may in my person have placed your favours upon an unworthy, yet they have nevertheless been conferred upon a grateful man."

In his preface he again mentions the little success which had attended his literary efforts, and explains the reason of his continuing nevertheless to write:—

"A man that has had no better luck in printing books than I, and received from the world so little thanks for his labour, should, one would have thought, have taken some reasonable warning, and in some moderate time have given over scribbling; but notwithstanding these discouragements, I have hitherto, and do yet continue incorrigible, as whoever will take the pains to read them, will see by the following Commentaries; and seeing I acknowledge this to be a fault, and that every fault requires some excuse, I think fit to give the reader some account why I still persist so obstinately to pester the world with my writings. It is not then out of any ill-natured desire I have to be troublesome, or any great ambition I have to be laughed at; but being by a perpetual confinement to the solitude of my own house, put eternally upon reading, that reading, when I meet with anything that pleases my own fancy, inspires me with a desire to communicate such things as I conceive are worth knowing, and are out of the common road of ordinary readers, to their observation, and to dedicate those hours which I myself have spent with some delight in such translations, to their vacancy and diversion."

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[7] See the accompanying pedigree.

Cotton prefixed some verses to the volume "On the brave Marshal de Montluc, and his Commentaries writ by his own hand;" and Flatman and Newcourt wrote several lines "On the worthy Translator," but none of these pieces merit further notice. A work was published in the same year, called "The Complete Gamester,"[8] which has been confidently attributed to Cotton;[9] but there is nothing to prove that it was written by him. He likewise published a small volume in 1674, entitled "The Fair One of Tunis; or, The Generous Mistress: a new piece of gallantry out of French,"[1] which has been considered a mere translation; but it would appear from the curious "Advertisement to the Reader," that it was almost, if not entirely, an original work:—

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[8] Or "Instructions how to play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess; together with all manner of usual and most gentele Games, either on Cards or Dice, to which is added, the Art and Mysteries of Riding, Racing, Archery and Cock-fighting." London, printed by A. M. for R. Cullen, and to be sold by Henry Brome, at the Gun, at the west end of St Pauls, 8vo, 1674.

[9] In the preface to "The Compleat Gamester, written for the use of the young Princesses, by Richard Seymour, Esq.," the fifth edition of which was printed in 1734, it is said that "the second and third parts of this treatise were originally written by Charles Cotton, Esq., some years since."

[1] "The Fair One of Tunis; or, The Generous Mistres: a new piece of gallantry. Out of French.

Tibul. Eleg. 2, l. 1.

'Fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus,
Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusq: sacerq:
Qualibet, insidias non timuisse decet.'

London: Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in St Paul's Churchyard, 1674." 8vo, pp. 312.

It has a frontispiece, representing a knight in armour on horseback receiving a spear entwined with laurel from Mars, and a chaplet from Venus. Above, on a scroll, is written "The Fayre One of Tvnis; or the Generovs Mistriss." In the catalogue of Brome's publications, at the end of "The Planter's Manual," in 1675, it is thus advertised: "The Fair One of Tunis, a new piece of gallantry, by C. Cot. Esq. in oct. 2*s.* 6*d.*"

"COURTEOUS READER,—Without regarding after what manner the world shall please to receive it, and at the hazard of increasing the number of ill authors, I have undertaken to write a book; which I have been the rather encouraged to do, by reason that so many nowadays take upon them that employment. The booksellers pay no excise that I know of: our masters (blest be God) have not yet unbethought them of imposing a gable upon that sort of commodity. I cannot, however, but confess it would bring in a great revenue; and 'tis pity the officers of excise should lose so fair an opportunity of filling his majesty's coffers (or rather their own). For the number of ill writers is much greater than any man would imagine, and certainly a penny a quire for all the trumpery the press sends out in a year, would amount to a pretty matter. But possibly they are afraid these pretenders to wit should rise in rebellion, and nobody is willing to draw upon himself a whole library of invectives. But be it how it will, I found myself in the humour, and at leisure to play the fool a little as well as others; I had nothing else to do, and thought it was better to spoil a little paper at home in my chamber, than to wear out my shoes in walking the streets to no purpose.

"In this, my first and principal design was to divert myself; my next (dear Reader) to please thee, in saying here and there some things, that I thought were pleasant and rational enough. If thou likest it, I have my end, and demand nothing of thee in return, but that thou wilt confess it; which I shall hear of by somebody or another: only I think fit to give thee this Advertisement, that it is really a true history, excepting that part of the Sultaness her escape, with that of Don Pedro and Isabella Albirond only getting off clear in the truth of the story; and therefore do not look upon it as a mere piece of invention, for it is no such thing.

'Fu quel ch' io dico, e non v'aggiungo un pelo;
Io 'l vidi, Io 'l so.'

"It is not so long since this happened neither, that we can reckon by anything but the months; and therefore has at least the grace of novelty, which no one can deny it. If I would have taken the liberty of the romance writers, who make what adventures they please, and carry them on at the extravagant rate of their own fancy, I could peradventure have made this more modish, and much fuller of affairs and intrigues. A few hours' meditation would have done that, but for once I paint by the life, and not by invention. The aforesaid gentlemen raise their fabulous stories to such a degree of surprise, or impossibility indeed, that they seem sometimes to drop out of the clouds: but in the meantime, truth is doubtless that which best pleases in a narrative. If thou art of this opinion, thou wilt take more pleasure in reading such a piece of gallantry as this, which has really come to pass, than one of those celebrated fables, that has hardly ever entered into more than one man's imagination.

"What there is more of rare in this is, that never any bagatelle of love came out of Barbary till now. The pirates of Tunis and Algier do not much intrigue themselves in gallantry; but another sort of pirate is here come under the standard of love, to carry away from these barbarians the greatest beauty their nation ever had: whether or no it be lawful prize, do thou (friendly Reader) judge; and if it prove otherwise, arraign him rather than me. I have followed the Mesmoires that were delivered to me, to which I have only given words, and wherein the workmanship has nothing defaced the natural truth of the story. Farewell."

In 1675 Cotton printed another work in the style of "Virgil Travestie," entitled "Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoft, being some of Lucian's Dialogues, newly put into English Fustian."[2] His name is not placed in the title-page, and the same objections apply to this production as to his "Virgil Travestie." In a prologue he alludes to the Duchess of Newcastle's plays, and says of his Burlesque, that

"For a fine piece 'twas not intended,
Since in a month 'twas both begun and ended."

There was perhaps much truth in the reason which he assigns in the Epilogue for writing "such trumpery a dog would tire," namely, that

"In the precious age we live in,
Most people are so lewdly given,
Coarse hempen trash is sooner read,
Than poems of a finer thread."

This, he says, made him

"Wisely choose
To dizen up his dirty muse,
In such an odd fantastic weed,
As every one he knew would read."

He adds,

"Yet is he wise enough to know,
His muse however sings too low
(Though warbling in the newest fashion),
To work a work of reformation:
And so writ this (to tell you true),
To please himself as well as you."

If the public gave the work as favourable a reception as "others much of the same fashion," he promised to travesty Lucian's Dialogues of the dead in a similar manner,[3] but which he never performed.

Another of Cotton's works, "The Planter's Manual,"[4] also appeared in 1675, wherein he displayed considerable knowledge of the subject of which he treats. In the Address to the Reader he says it "was only written for the private satisfaction of a very worthy gentleman, who is exceedingly curious in the choice of his fruits, and has great judgment in planting;" but as that person had expressed a strong opinion of its utility, Cotton thought proper to publish it. The following passage, in which he recommends that fruit-trees should be imported from France, is remarkable: "Seeing that (for aught I ever heard) fruit-trees are no contraband commodity betwixt the nations, I cannot conceive but that it is worth the curiosity, pains, and cost, to furnish ourselves from thence with those of the greatest excellency, both for beauty and flavour; nor why we should not as well better ourselves by them this way, as altogether be debauched by their effeminate manners, luxurious kickshaws, and fantastic fashions, by which we are already sufficiently Frenchified, and more than in the opinion of the wiser sort of men, is consistent either with the constitution, or indeed the honour of the English nation."

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[2] "For the consideration of those who had rather laugh and be merry, than be merry and wise." Printed by Henry Brome, 8vo, 1675.

[3] "He'll do what ne'er was done by any,
And raise the dead* to entertain ye."

[4] "The Planter's Manual, being instructions for the raising, planting, and cultivating all sorts of Fruit-Trees, whether stone-fruits or pepin-fruits, with their natures and seasons. Very useful for such as are curious in planting and grafting. By Charles Cotton, Esq. London, printed for Henry Brome, in St Paul's Church-Yard, 1675, 8vo.

* "Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead."

Cotton had the misfortune to lose his wife about the year 1670. He had by her three sons, Beresford, Wingfield,[5] and Charles Cotton, and five daughters, Olive, Katherine, Isabella, Jane, and Mary. Of these children, Charles, Wingfield, Isabella, Jane, and Mary were born after 1664; but only five of them were living in 1675. It is uncertain how long he continued a widower; but probably only a short time, as before 1675 he had married Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir William Russell, of Strensham, in Worcestershire, Bart.; and widow of Wingfield, fifth Baron Cromwell, and second Earl of Ardglass, who died in 1668. That lady is said to have had a jointure of £1500 per annum; but this increase to his income did not prevent the necessity of his again applying to Parliament in the 27th Car. II. 1675, for authority to sell part of his estates, for the payment of his debts; and an Act was passed in that year which affords much information about his affairs. After reciting the settlement of his estates in July 1656, which has been already mentioned,[6] the Act states that his wife Isabella was then dead; that she had left one son and four daughters, who were prevented by their father's mortgages, and other incumbrances, from enjoying the advantages to which they were entitled under that settlement; and that he therefore was willing to divest himself of his title to his property for the payment of his debts, which together with £2000 to be raised for his daughters' portions, amounted to about £8000. It was therefore enacted that all his lands should be vested in trustees, who should allow him to retain Beresford Hall, and to receive the sum of £40 per annum, during his own life and the life of the Right Honourable Dame Mary Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, and after her decease the sum of £60 yearly, above the said annuity of £40, so long as he might live; that as much land should be sold as would pay his debts, and raise £2000 for his daughters' portions; and that the rest of his estates should be conveyed to his only son, Beresford Cotton, and the heirs of his body, with remainder to the heirs of his father.[7]

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[5] This son was probably so called after Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass, whose widow Cotton married. As Sir Aston Cokayne calls the Earl of Ardglass "his noble kinsman," that nobleman must have been also distantly related to Cotton.

[6] Vide page clxxi. antea.

The next occasion on which a notice of Cotton has been found was in February 1676, when Walton requested him to fulfil his promise of writing a Treatise on Fly-Fishing for a second part of the "Complete Angler." As some remarks on that production will be found in the Memoir of Walton, it is not necessary to make many observations upon it here. It was written in ten days; and in imitation of the plan of the "Complete Angler," the instructions are conveyed in a dialogue between Cotton, who is the Piscator of the piece, and a Traveller. The latter individual is supposed to be overtaken by Cotton near Brailsford, a small village about five miles from Ashbourn, on the road from Derby. He informs Cotton that he came from Essex, and was going into Lancashire on some business for a near relation; and the conversation happening to turn on fish and fishing, they discover that they were both friends of Izaak Walton, and that the traveller is the person who is described in the "Complete Angler" under the name of Venator. This leads to an immediate intimacy between them, and Cotton insists upon his accompanying him to Beresford, where he promises to give him practical lessons in catching trout. On arriving at his house he heartily welcomes him; and after supper some ale and pipes are ordered by the host, who assures his guest that his tobacco is the best he could procure in London, which is deserving of notice, as proof that Cotton's denouncement of that "pernicious and stinking weed," in one of his poems,[8] could scarcely have been sincere, unless his taste had changed after it was written. They proceeded next morning to their sport, which is continued for two days, during which time Cotton instructs him in fly-fishing, making flies, and other arcana of the art; and they separate, Viator having first assured him, that if he lives until the following May twelvemonth, he will pay him another visit, "either with my master Walton or without him; and in the meantime shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it."

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[7] Private Act, 27 Car II. No. 4.

[8] Cotton's Poems, p. 514.

This allusion to fly-fishing affords an opportunity of printing, for the first time, a very interesting letter,[9] from Henry Vernon, Esq., of Congerton, in Cheshire, dated in June 1637, apparently to Sir Edward Vernon, of Sudbury, the immediate ancestor of the present Lord Vernon, which cannot fail to please all true brothers of the Angle, as it is written in the spirit which animated the great patriarch of their art, with whom it is probable that the writer was acquainted.

"GOOD UNCLE AND FELLOW-FISHER,—My kind and true respects remembred unto you, &c. I have gott soe many sonnes that I have troubled most of my old friends in Com: Cest: to bee godfathers, whereby I am enforced to flie to that port where I first arrived. Your readinesse in doeing mee the favour to bee a godfather to my child I doubt not of, yett I earnestly desier it; and I entreate you to remember to bringe your tackling for two penie trouts (for better wee have none) and your furniture for fishing, to bee joviall with mee a weeke at the least who soever comes and goes. For your entertainement you shall have what you can catch, and if you will stay I will goe with you to Sudburie, then I will tire Dove bridge and devoure all the fish in Eaton foards, in which having cooled our selves, the houndes will call us to the hills where wee will use a contrarie violence, and moderate our courses in mingling extremities. Thus having passed the day the time growes short, yett when you come to Congerton which must bee before Thursday, you may there find readie at commaund your loving kinsman and true Graylinge hunter,

"HEN. VERNON.

"My wife remembers her kind respects unto you.

"CONGERTON, *June* 25, 1637."

In 1681 Cotton published "The Wonders of the Peak," a poem descriptive of Chatsworth, and of the wild and dreary scenery in the vicinity of the Peak, in Derbyshire. He is said to have written this piece, which in his dedication of it to the Countess of Devonshire he calls an "Essay," in imitation of Hobbes' "De Mirabilibus Pecci." Though the merits of the poem are not striking, it was reprinted in 1683; a fourth edition appeared in 1699; and it was included in the collection of his works in 1715. The last work which was published in his lifetime was a translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was printed in three volumes in 1685, and which is considered to be his most important contribution to English literature; for, unlike translations in general, it is said rather to excel than be inferior to the original. He dedicated his labours to George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, then Lord Privy Seal, to whom he says he had become slightly known some years before. The Marquess acknowledged the compliment in the following letter to Cotton, which from so excellent a judge of literature, must have been highly gratifying to him:—

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[9] The original is preserved among the valuable family papers of Lord Vernon, who has obligingly contributed it to this work.

"This for CHARLES COTTON, Esq., at his house at Beresford, to be left at Ashburne, in Derbyshire.

"SIR,—I have too long delayed my thanks to you for giving me such an obliging evidence of your remembrance. That alone would have been a welcome present, but when joined with the book in the world I am the best entertained with, it raiseth a strong desire in me to be better known, where I am sure to be so much pleased. I have 'till now thought wit could not be translated, and do still retain so much of that opinion, that I believe it impossible, except by one whose genius cometh up to that of the author. You have the original strength of his thought, that it almost tempts a man to believe the transmigration of souls, and that his being used to hills, is come into the moorlands, to reward us here in England, for doing him more right than his country will afford him. He hath by your means mended his first edition.

"To transplant and make him ours, is not only a valuable acquisition to us, but a just censure of the critical impertinence of those French scribblers, who have taken pains to make little cavils and exceptions to lessen the reputation of this great man, whom nature hath made too big to confine him to the exactness of a studied stile. He let his mind have its full flight and sheweth, by a generous kind of negligence, that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and of mankind. He scorned affected periods, or to please the mistaken reader with an empty chime of words. He hath no affection to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own, and the excellent application of what he borroweth.

"You see, Sir, I have kindness enough for Monsieur de Montaigne to be your rival; but nobody can now pretend to be in equal competition with you. I do willingly yield it is no small matter for a man to do to a more prosperous lover; and if you will repay this piece of justice with another, pray believe, that he who can translate such an author without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad, but proud of being his very humble servant, HALIFAX."

It appears from the preface,[1] as well as from the address of

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[1] He says, "The errors of the press, I must in part take upon myself, living at so remote a distance from it, and supplying it with a slubbered copy from an illiterate amanuensis."

Lord Halifax's letter, that Cotton was living at Beresford so lately as 1684 or 1685, though it is said that he surrendered that estate to Joseph Woodhouse, of Wollescote, in Derbyshire, gentleman, on the 26th March 1681, who sold it in the same year to John Beresford, Esq., of Newton Grange, in that county.[2] It is also to be observed that Dr Plot, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, which was licensed to be printed in April 1686, repeatedly mentions his "worthy, learned, and most worthy friend, the worshipful Charles Cotton, of Beresford, Esquire;"[3] to whom he inscribed one of the plates in that work "in memory of his favours," and he speaks of "his pleasant mansion at Beresford."[4]

After the publication of the translation of Montaigne's Essays, Cotton employed himself in translating the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, and he was engaged on that work at the time of his death, which event is said to have occurred on the 13th of February 1687. It is also stated that he was buried at St Martin's Church,[5] but no entry of the fact occurs in the Register of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, or of St Martin's, Ludgate. That he died in or before that year is however certain, as on the 12th of September 1687 letters of administration of the effects of Charles Cotton, late of Beresford, in the county of Stafford, deceased, within the parish of St James, Westminster, were granted to "Elizabeth Bludworth, widow, his principal creditrix, the Honorable Mary Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, his widow, Beresford Cotton, Esq., Olive Cotton, Katherine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

As he died of a fever, his death was probably sudden; and it is not known whether his last hours were cheered by the presence of his family, or in what condition as to personal comforts he expired. Soon after his decease, a hasty and imperfect edition of his poems was published, without a preface, or a single word respecting the author. Of that volume the following information occurs in the publisher's preface to Cotton's translation of the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis; whence it seems that he had prepared an edition of his poems[6] for the press, and that the publication of it was prevented by the appearance of the surreptitious collection, which occasioned much annoyance to his son :—

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[2] "Blore's MS. Collections for a History of Staffordshire, late in the possession of William Hamper, Esq."

[3] Pp. 48, 89, 115.

[4] Pp. 165, 276, 396.

[5] "18 February 1687, Charles Cotton, died in London on Sunday last, of a feaver, and buried at St Martin's Church."—MS. Diary.

[6] The MS. copy of some of Cotton's poems which has been before mentioned (p. clxv.) contains the following title:—

ἜΡΓΑ ἌΡΓΑ
Otiantis Opera.

Under which is written:—

> "Mr Cotton began it" [the translation of the Memoirs of Pontis] "some six months before his death, and at his leisure hours had made so considerable a progress, that some of the first part was transcribed fair for the press. The papers left in the hands of one of his children, lay neglected for some years, till at last, a relation happening to read some of them, undertook to see them corrected, and perfected for the world, as you now have them. Had the author himself been living, they had appeared long ago ; or had good fortune directed to the perusing them sooner, there had been no place for an objection, of coming out five years after the author's decease. I know what injuries men receive sometimes from posthumous pieces, and were not this genuine, the most part now by me, under his own hand, and such as I know to have been certainly intended for the public, I durst not have made bold with his memory and his name. I would not have done it with any man's, but especially not with his, which has suffered too much already, by the indirect publication of another piece.
>
> "The only thing I shall say (though not the only one that deserves to be said) on this occasion is, that if the person who disposed of those Poems to the booksellers, had consulted Mr Cotton's relations, as he ought to have done, both his memory and the world had been much more obliged to him. For by these ungenerous proceedings he hath obstructed the publishing of a collection very different from that ; and well chosen by the author, with a preface prepared by himself, and all copied out for the press. This digression I thought due to the character of a person, whose other performances have been so well received, who knew how to distinguish between writing for his own diversion, and the entertainment of others ; and had a better judgment than to thrust anything abroad unworthy himself or his readers. I only beg pardon for being in one sense very unreasonable ; for, in truth, the world ought to have been undeceived in this point a great deal sooner, and by an advertisement very different from this."

It is nevertheless from this volume that the most valuable and interesting facts illustrative of Cotton's feelings and character have been obtained ; and his graver poems must excite no less respect for the elevated tone of morality and religion which pervades them, than commiseration for his misfortunes. To his pecuniary difficulties the allusions are frequent, sometimes in a jocular strain, but much oftener in one of deep melancholy. Thus

> "Scribere jussit amor.
>
> Ad amicum scriptorem
>
> Ut tibi versiculos recito, tu Posthume, scribis ;
> Carmina si mea sunt, sunt tua scripta tamen."

Those lines are printed in the collection of Cotton's Poems in 1689, p. 338, but with the variations of "Candidum" for "Amicum," and of "Candide" for "Posthume."

in his "Voyage to Ireland" he says that great part of his land was "pawned to the devil," and in his Burlesque on the Great Frost, that he

"Was numb'd in that strange fashion,
I would not sign an obligation
(Though heaven such a friend ne'er sent me),
Would one a thousand pounds have lent me
On my own bond."

In his epistle to the Earl of ——, after complaining that he had heard nothing of his lordship for a long time, he proceeds:—

"But let that pass, you now must know
We do on our last quarter go;
And that I may go bravely out,
Am trowling merry bowl about,
To lord, and lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiss,
When after twenty days are past,
Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.
No more plum-porridge then, or pie,
No brawn with branch of rosemary,
No chine of beef, enough to make
The tallest yoeman's chine to crack;
No bagpipe humming in the hall,
Nor noise of housekeeping at all,
Nor sign, by which it may be said,
This house was once inhabited.
I may perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Christmas more or two;
Or, if the fates be pleas'd, a score.
But never look to keep one more."

It would seem from what follows that he once contemplated flying to France or Flanders for refuge, and that the nobleman to whom the epistle is addressed commanded the regiment in which he had served as a Captain:—

"But that's too serious. Then suppose,
Like travelling Tom, with dint of toes,
I'm got unto extremest shore,
Sick, and impatient to be o'er
That channel which secur'd my state
Of peace, whilst I was fortunate,
But in this moment of distress,
Confines me to unhappiness:
But where's the money to be had
This surly Neptune to perswade?
It is no less then shillings ten,
Gods will be brib'd as well as men.
Imagine then your Highlander
Over a cann of muddy beer,
Playing at passage with a pair
Of drunken fumblers for his fare;
And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,
Hoist sail amain, my mates, for France;
Fortune was civil in this throw,
And, having robb'd me, lets me go.
I've won, and yet how could I choose,
He needs must win, that cannot lose;
Fate, send me then a happy wind,
And better luck to those behind.

But what advantage will it be
That winds and tides are kind to me,
When still the wretched have their woes,
Wherever they their feet dispose?
What satisfaction, or delight
Are ragouts to an appetite?
What ease can France or Flanders give
To him that is a fugitive?
Some two years hence, when you come o'er,
In all your state, ambassador,
If my ill nature be so strong
T' outlive my infamy so long,
You'll find your little officer
Ragged as his old colours are;
And naked, as he's discontent,
Standing at some poor sutler's tent,
With his pike cheek't, to guard the tun
He must not taste when he has done.
Hump, says my Lord, I'm half afraid,
My captain's turn'd a reformade,
That scurvy face I sure should know:
Yes faith, my Lord, 'tis even so,
I am that individual he:
I told your Lordship how 'twould be.
Thou didst so, Charles, it is confest,
Yet still I thought thou wert in jest;
But comfort! poverty's no crime,
I'll take thy word another time.

This matters now are coming to,
And I'm resolv'd upon't; whilst you,
Sleeping in fortune's arms, ne'er dream
Who feels the contrary extreme;
Faith, write to me, that I may know
Whether you love me still, or no;
Or if you do not, by what ways
I've pull'd upon me my disgrace;
For whilst I still stand fair with you,
I dare the worst my fate can do;
But your opinion long[7] I find,
I'm sunk for ever to mankind."

His real feelings, and perhaps his situation, are however most strongly described in his Ode to Poverty:—

"Yet Poverty, as I do take it,
Is not so epidemical
As many in the world would make it,
Who all that want their wishes poor do call;
For if who is not with his divident
Amply content,
Within that acceptation fall,
Most would be poor, and peradventure all.
This would the wretched with the rich confound;
But I not call him poor does not abound,
But him, who snar'd in bonds, and endless strife,
The comforts wants more than supports of life;
Him whose whole age is measur'd out by fears,
And though he has wherewith to eat,
His bread does yet
Taste of affliction, and his cares
His purest wine mix and allay with tears.

---

[7] Sic, but query if not a misprint for "gone."

'Tis in this sense that I am poor,
And I'm afraid shall be so still,
Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,
And my whole house clamorous echoes fill:
From these there can be no retirement free,
From room to room, they hunt, and follow me;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me night and day;
Torment my body, and my mind,
Nay if I take my heels and fly,
They follow me with open cry,
At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find.

Thou worst of ills! what have I done
That heaven should punish me with thee!
From insolence, fraud, and oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wert intended (Poverty)
A scourge for pride and avarice,
I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open to the poor;
And I to others in their need have granted,
Ere they could ask, the thing they wanted,
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only beg for peace, and cannot have it.

Give me but that, ye bloody persecutors
(Who formerly have been my suitors),
And I'll surrender all the rest
For which you so contest,
For heaven's sake, let me but be quiet,
I'll not repine at clothes, nor diet,
Any habit ne'er so mean
Let it be but whole and clean,
Such as nakedness will hide,
Will amply satisfy my pride;
And for meat
Husks and acorns will I eat,
And for better never wish;
But when you will me better treat,
A turnip is a princely dish:
Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
And so humbly do submit,
Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
But some repose at least permit;
Sleep is to life and human nature due,
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue."

The complaint of having been deserted by his friends as well as by those whom he had served, also occurs in other places; and in one of his Eclogues he says,

"CLOTTEN.—The want of wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to do good offices;
Which growing less, those friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay;
With our prosperities our friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old friends are now afraid of me,

And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common hangman's shameful company.
Those who by fortune were advanced above,
Being obliged by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are resolved they will not grant; and those
Have shared my meat, my money, and my clothes,
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am stripp'd of all supplies,
And left alone to my own miseries.

Corydon.—In the relation that thy grief has made,
The world's false friendships are too true display'd;
But, courage, man, thou hast one friend in store
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor;
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now than when fortunate.

Clotten.—All goodness then on earth I see's not lost,
I of one friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a friend will prove
Not to abuse but to deserve thy love."

His Ode to Hope merits insertion, not only from its being a picture of his own mind, but as a fair specimen of his poetical powers:—

"HOPE.

PINDARICK ODE.

I.

Hope, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
Thou deceiving parrisite,
Which no where entertainment finds
But with the wretched or the vain;
'Tis they alone fond hope maintain.
Thou easy fool's chief favorite;
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains;
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play,
With treach'rous art
Fanning his heart,
A greater slave by far, than they
Who in worst durance wear their age away.
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher,
Nor does to greater fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a liar:
Thou treach'rous fiend, deluding shade,
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd,
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made.

II.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
Such an overweening ass,

As in fortune's worst distress
To believe thy promises;
Which so brave a change foretold,
Such a stream of happiness,
Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,
Such honours, friendships, offices,
In love and arms so great success;
That I e'en hugg'd myself with the conceit,
Was myself party in the cheat,
And in my very bosom laid
That fatal Hope by which I was betray'd,
Thinking myself already rich and great:
And in that foolish thought despis'd
Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd;
As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
A torrent of felicity,
And rudely laugh'd at those, who pitying wept for me.

III.

But of this expectation, when't came to't,
What was the fruit?
In sordid robes poor disappointment came,
Attended by her handmaids, grief and shame;
No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
For they still court prosperity,
Nay, what was worst of what mischance could do,
My dearest love forsook me too;
My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
Even in banishment,
I could have liv'd most happy and content.
Her sight which nourish't me withdrew.
I then, although too late, perceiv'd
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
And call'd for it t' expostulate
The treachery and foul deceit:
But it was then quite fled away,
And gone some other to betray,
Leaving me in a state
By much more desolate,
Than if when first attack't by fate,
I had submitted there
And made my courage yield unto despair.
For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
Does but our miseries prolong,
Whilst yet our vitals daily waste,
And not supporting life, but pain,
Call their false friendships back again,
And unto death, grim death, abandon us at last.

IV.

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
Thou thine own treach'ry hast outdone:
For chance, perhaps, may have befriended
Some one th' hast laboured to deceive
With what by thee was ne'er intended,
Nor in thy pow'r to give:
But me thou hast deceived in all, as well
Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou hast taught me wisdom yet,
Henceforth to hope no more
Than I see reason for,
A precept I shall ne'er forget:

Nor is there any thing below
Worth a man's wishing, or his care,
When what we wish begets our wo,
And Hope deceiv'd becomes despair.
Then, thou seducing Hope, farewell,
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
No more deceive me,
I now can countercharm thy spell,
And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for any thing but Heaven."

For the same reason the conclusion of his Ode to Melancholy ought not to be omitted :—

"Go, foolish soul, and wash thee white,
Be troubled for thine own misdeeds
That heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds.
And true contrition turns delight.
Let princes thy past services forget,
Let dear-bought friends thy foes become,
Though round with misery thou art beset,
With scorn abroad and poverty at home,
Keep yet thy hands but clear, and conscience pure,
And all the ills thou shalt endure
Will on thy worth such lustre set
As shall outshine the brightest coronet.
And men at last will be asham'd to see,
That still,
For all their malice, and malicious skill,
Thy mind revive as it was us'd to be,
And that they have disgrac't themselves to honor thee."

Similar pathos and sensibility are apparent in many other of Cotton's pieces, particularly in his Quatrains on Morning, Noon, and Evening; his Hymn on Christmas Day; his verses on The World, on Death, and on Contentment; and more particularly in his stanzas on Retirement, addressed to Izaak Walton. The extracts from Cotton's poems will be concluded with his "Contentation," which he also addressed to Walton; but it must first be observed that justice to his fame as a poet, as well as to his personal character, renders it very desirable that the more valuable of his productions should be reprinted. That the public would appreciate the collection is almost certain ; for the late Mr Coleridge, when speaking of Waller's song, "Go, lovely Rose, &c.," has truly observed, "If I had happened to have had by me the Poems of Cotton, more but far less deservedly celebrated as the author of Virgil Travestied, I should have indulged myself, and I think have gratified many who are not acquainted with his serious works, by selecting some admirable specimens of this style. There are not a few of his poems replete with every excellence of thought, images and passions which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse ; and yet so worded, that the reader sees no one reason either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation, and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise, without loss or injury to his meaning."[8]

"CONTENTATION.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND, MR IZAAC WALTON.

Heav'n, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

I can go no where but I meet
With malcontents, and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man, that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning fortune plac't,
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare!
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil,
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

The Titulado's oft disgrac'd,
By public hate, or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds, and lies,
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death, and danger breed,
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see what wealth and pow'r
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick't up in favours of the fair,
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
Does ofter far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness, which is health,
That persecution, which is grace;
That poverty, which is true wealth,
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye,
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb,
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas, our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

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[8] Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 96.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
An honest, and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear,
Who ill of princes in worst times
Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

Who, with his angle, and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withall,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is Content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortunes worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss,
Can covet nought, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is."

Several stories are related of Cotton's pecuniary distress, but though it is unquestionable that he generally laboured under embarrassments, and that he hints that he had occasionally concealed himself from his creditors, yet there is no better authority for the following anecdotes than tradition. Sir John Hawkins states that "a natural excavation in the rocky hill on which Beresford Hall stands, is shown as Mr Cotton's occasional refuge from the pursuit of his creditors; and but a few years since the granddaughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat, was living;"[9] and he adds, that during Cotton's confinement on one occasion in a prison in the city, he inscribed these lines on the walls of his apartment:—

"A prison is a place of cure
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive."[1]

Cotton's literary merits do not appear to be sufficiently appreciated at the present day, probably because the works by which he is best known are not calculated to create respect for his abilities, and because there is no popular or selected edition of his poems. As his prose writings consist almost entirely of translations

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[9] Life of Cotton, 382–3.

[1] Ibid.

(and with the exception of Montaigne's Essays) of Memoirs of Warriors, whose deeds have been eclipsed by modern prowess, it is not surprising that his labours should be forgotten; but his biographer may refer to them as proofs that indolence at least was not among his faults.

It has been taken for granted that Cotton was at one period of his life an author by profession, and that he lived by his pen;[2] but those who have made this statement, could scarcely have read the prefaces to his publications, wherein he expressly says that he had lost much money by his writings, and that the expectation of gaining anything by them was always very much beneath his thoughts. The fact appears to be that he usually gave his manuscripts to his friend Henry Brome, who incurred the expense of their publication. This arrangement seems to have been sometimes attended with loss to his publisher, and to have produced disputes between them; for in his epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq., describing his journey from London to Beresford, he says—

> "And now I'm here set down again in peace
> After my troubles, business, voyages,
> The same dull northern clod I was before,
> Gravely inquiring how ewes are a score,
> How the hay-harvest, and the corn was got,
> And if or no there's like to be a rot;
> Just the same sot I was ere I remov'd,
> Nor by my travel, nor the court improv'd;
> The same old-fashion'd squire, no whit refin'd,
> And shall be wiser when the devil's blind:
> But find all here too in the self-same state,
> And now begin to live at the old rate,
> To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,
> Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate
> Old tales of tubs, of Guyenne, and Provence,
> And keep a clutter with th' old blades of France
> As D'Avenant did with those of Lombardy,
> Which any will receive, but none will buy,
> And that has set *H. B.* and me awry."

Cotton's conduct and character were naturally much influenced by the manners of his times, and by the political feelings of his party. He was generous, frank, and, in pecuniary matters, thoughtless, if not extravagant. A boon companion, and, like all the Cavaliers, a hater of those qualities, as well good as evil, which distinguished the Roundheads. As a son, a husband, a father, and a friend, he appears in an amiable light; and many of his contemporaries bear testimony to his social worth no less strongly than to his talents. His religious impressions appear from his serious writings to have been fervent and sincere; and those lighter and objectionable effusions by which he is principally known to posterity, ought not to be considered as indications of his true character or sentiments. Genius, as if to show its versatility, has often delighted in fantastic exhibitions; and when Cotton lived, a fashion for burlesque humour and obscenity prevailed, which he is censurable for having followed; but the fault belonged as much to the age as to the individual.

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[2] Vide his Life by Hawkins and others.

His first marriage may be supposed, from the following lines in his satirical poem, called "The Joys of Marriage," to have increased his happiness:—

"Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so;
Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her:
But if sick I then am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying."

Nor is there any reason to doubt that his second alliance with the Countess of Ardglass was equally fortunate. He addressed one of his poems, in very affectionate terms, to his sister Anne,[3] who married John King, the son of Walton's friend, Henry, Bishop of Chichester; and secondly, Sir Thomas Millington, M.D.

Cotton's person seems, from one of Sir Aston Cokayne's verses, to have been graceful and handsome.[4] His portrait, painted by his friend Sir Peter Lely, is now in the possession of John Beresford, Esq., of Ashbourn, and the engraving in this work is taken from a copy of the original recently painted by Mr Inskipp.

Of his children little is known. Beresford Cotton, the only son who survived him, entered the army, and served in Ireland. He was a captain in Colonel George Villier's Regiment of Foot, and his name occurs among the other officers of the ten regiments which were disbanded in Ireland in 1698, and to whom a reduced allowance, or, as it was termed, "subsistence," of three shillings a day was granted.[5] The date of his death has not been discovered;

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[3] "La Illustrissima. On my fair and dear sister Mrs Anne King," p. 61.

[4] Vide page clxvi. antea.

[5] Vide Sir Robert Southwell's papers in the Additional MS. No. 9762, in the British Museum.

but it is said that he was never married, and that he died at Nottingham. In 1694 Beresford Cotton published his father's translation of the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, which has been already noticed, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Ormond. He states that the work was translated by the particular choice and recommendation of his Grace's illustrious grandfather, and says "The Sieur de Pontis therefore for himself, and I for the translator, my deceased father, beg leave to plead succession and descent."[6]

Olive Cotton, the eldest daughter of Charles Cotton, married early in 1690, Dr George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and died in June 1707, having had a son, George Stanhope, who was a captain in the army, and died unmarried in 1725; and five daughters, Katherine, Mary, Jane, Charlotte, and Elizabeth. Mary, the eldest daughter of Dr Stanhope by Olive Cotton, married William Burnet, Governor of New York, eldest son of the celebrated Dr Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, by whom she had a son, Gilbert Burnet, who was a minor in May 1727, and died about the year 1770, leaving Thomas Burnet his only child, who was then an apothecary in John Street, Clerkenwell. Mrs Burnet, who died in 1714, is said to have been distinguished for her beauty, wit, good-humour, and various accomplishments. The "ruling passion" was as strongly exhibited by her as by Pope's Narcissa; for on her attendants rubbing her temples with Hungary water, in her dying moments, she desired them to desist, lest it "should make her hair grey"! Charlotte, the fourth daughter of Dr Stanhope, married the Rev. Dr Henry Archer, Rector of Feversham, in Kent, and died in 1744. She left issue, and her present representative is Robert Selby, Esq., of Kingsbury, in Middlesex. Katherine, Jane, and Elizabeth, the other daughters of Dr Stanhope, appear to have died unmarried before May 1727.

Dr Stanhope married a second time, and died in March 1728. His will, which is dated on the 2d of May 1727, and was proved at Doctors' Commons on the 4th of May 1728, contains some notices of his first wife and of her family. He desired that his body should be buried at Lewisham, near his late dear wife Olivia: he confirmed the articles made on the 30th of November 1709, on his marriage with his then wife Anne: he stated that one-fourth part of the Rectory of Spoondon, in the county of Derby, was vested in him on his marriage with his former wife, Olivia, daughter of Charles Cotton, Esq.; and that one other fourth part had been purchased by him of Katherine, her sister, now Lady Lucy. He bequeathed to his daughter, Charlotte Archer, "the mourning gold ring with which her dear mother was married, and the cornelian ring which she, in her lifetime, and I, since her death, did constantly wear, and with it also the pictures of her mother, and of her aunt, the Lady Lucy, in crayons; the pictures of her brother George, and her sister Elizabeth, in oil colours."

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[6] Kippis' Biographia Britannica, vol. iii. p. 39.

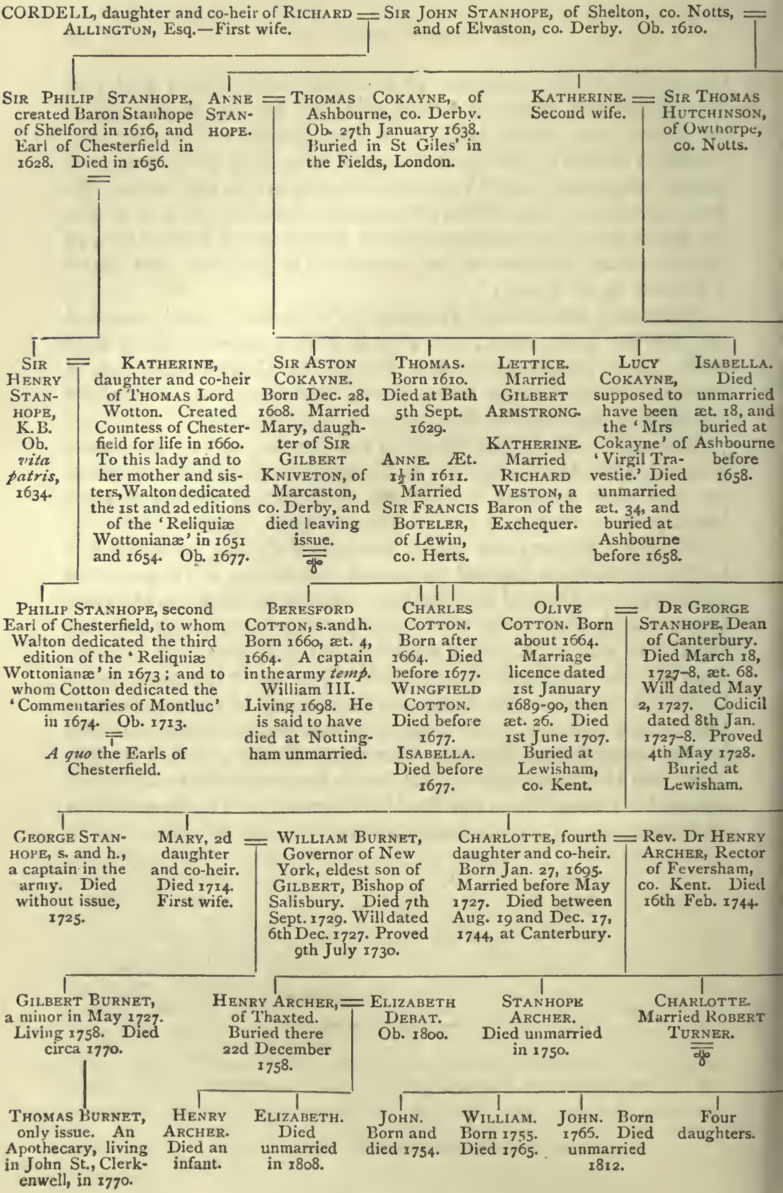
Katherine, the second daughter of Charles Cotton, married Sir Berkeley Lucy, Bart., and died in June 1740, leaving an only child Mary, who married the Honorable Charles Compton, a younger son of George, fourth Earl of Northampton, from whom the present Marquess of Northampton is descended.

Jane Cotton, the third daughter, became the wife of Beaumont Parkyns, of Sutton Bonington, in Nottinghamshire, Esq., by whom she had eight children. They all died young, and apparently before their mother, who died in January 1738, aged seventy-two.

Of Mary Cotton, the poet's youngest daughter, all which can be said is, that she married Augustine Armstrong, of the parish of St George the Martyr, Bloomsbury, and had by him two children, Charles and Katherine, to whom Dr Stanhope, in his will, left legacies of £20 each. In a codicil to his will, dated 8th January 1727-8, Dr Stanhope bequeathed £200 to "my poor niece Catherine, daughter of Augustine Armstrong, of the parish of St George the Martyr, near Ormond Street, which was born to him by my sister-in-law, formerly Mrs Mary Cotton; and I do also order that the legacy already left her in the said will, be added to that which I have left to her brother Charles." The descendants of Mary Cotton have not been traced.

PEDIGREE

[*Compiled from the Heralds' Visitations of*



CORDELL, daughter and co-heir of RICHARD ALLINGTON, Esq.—First wife. = SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Shelton, co. Notts, and of Elvaston, co. Derby. Ob. 1610. =

SIR PHILIP STANHOPE, created Baron Stanhope of Shelford in 1616, and Earl of Chesterfield in 1628. Died in 1656. =

ANNE STANHOPE. = THOMAS COKAYNE, of Ashbourne, co. Derby. Ob. 27th January 1638. Buried in St Giles' in the Fields, London.

KATHERINE. Second wife. = SIR THOMAS HUTCHINSON, of Owthorpe, co. Notts.

SIR HENRY STANHOPE, K.B. Ob. *vita patris*, 1634. = KATHERINE, daughter and co-heir of THOMAS Lord WOTTON. Created Countess of Chesterfield for life in 1660. To this lady and to her mother and sisters, Walton dedicated the 1st and 2d editions of the 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ' in 1651 and 1654. Ob. 1677.

SIR ASTON COKAYNE. Born Dec. 28, 1608. Married Mary, daughter of SIR GILBERT KNIVETON, of Marcaston, co. Derby, and died leaving issue.

THOMAS. Born 1610. Died at Bath 5th Sept. 1629.

ANNE. Æt. 1½ in 1611. Married SIR FRANCIS BOTELER, of Lewin, co. Herts.

LETTICE. Married GILBERT ARMSTRONG.

KATHERINE. Married RICHARD WESTON, a Baron of the Exchequer.

LUCY COKAYNE, supposed to have been the 'Mrs Cokayne' of 'Virgil Travestie.' Died unmarried æt. 34, and buried at Ashbourne before 1658.

ISABELLA. Died unmarried æt. 18, and buried at Ashbourne before 1658.

PHILIP STANHOPE, second Earl of Chesterfield, to whom Walton dedicated the third edition of the 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ' in 1673; and to whom Cotton dedicated the 'Commentaries of Montluc' in 1674. Ob. 1713.

A quo the Earls of Chesterfield.

BERESFORD COTTON, s. and h. Born 1660, æt. 4, 1664. A captain in the army *temp.* William III. Living 1698. He is said to have died at Nottingham unmarried.

CHARLES COTTON. Born after 1664. Died before 1677.

WINGFIELD COTTON. Died before 1677.

ISABELLA. Died before 1677.

OLIVE COTTON. Born about 1664. Marriage licence dated 1st January 1689-90, then æt. 26. Died 1st June 1707. = DR GEORGE STANHOPE, Dean of Canterbury. Died March 18, 1727–8, æt. 68. Will dated May 2, 1727. Codicil dated 8th Jan. 1727–8. Proved 4th May 1728. Buried at Lewisham, co. Kent. Buried at Lewisham.

GEORGE STANHOPE, s. and h., a captain in the army. Died without issue, 1725.

MARY, 2d daughter and co-heir. Died 1714. First wife. = WILLIAM BURNET, Governor of New York, eldest son of GILBERT, Bishop of Salisbury. Died 7th Sept. 1729. Will dated 6th Dec. 1727. Proved 9th July 1730.

CHARLOTTE, fourth daughter and co-heir. Born Jan. 27, 1695. Married before May 1727. Died between Aug. 19 and Dec. 17, 1744, at Canterbury. = Rev. Dr HENRY ARCHER, Rector of Feversham, co. Kent. Died 16th Feb. 1744.

GILBERT BURNET, a minor in May 1727. Living 1758. Died circa 1770.

HENRY ARCHER, of Thaxted. Buried there 22d December 1758. = ELIZABETH DEBAT. Ob. 1800.

STANHOPE ARCHER. Died unmarried in 1750.

CHARLOTTE. Married ROBERT TURNER.

THOMAS BURNET, only issue. An Apothecary, living in John St., Clerkenwell, in 1770.

HENRY ARCHER. Died an infant.

ELIZABETH. Died unmarried in 1808.

JOHN. Born and died 1754.

WILLIAM. Born 1755. Died 1765.

JOHN. Born 1765. Died unmarried 1812.

Four daughters.

OF COTTON.

Stafford and Derby, and other Sources.]

KATHERINE, daughter of THOMAS TRENTHAM, of Rowcester, co. Stafford.—Second wife.

COTTON.

MARY, daughter of SIR JOHN RATCLYFFE, of Ordsall, co. Lancaster. Second wife. = SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Elvaston, co. Derby. Knighted 1607. Died 29th May 1638. = OLIVIA, daughter and heir of EDWARD BERESFORD, of Beresford, co. Stafford, æt. 20 in 1611, and then married. Died before 1628. First wife.

SIR GEORGE COTTON, a younger son of Cotton of Warblenton, co. Sussex, and of Bedhampton, co. Southampton, ob. 1613 (*vide* p. clxiii. note). = CASSANDRA, daughter and heir of —— MAC WILLIAM (*vide* p. clxiii. note).

JOHN STANHOPE, son and heir, æt. 9 in Oct. 1627. Ancestor of the Earls of Harrington.

OLIVE, daughter of SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Elvaston, co. Derby; heir to her mother. Died before 1658, æt. 38. = CHARLES COTTON, of Ovingdean, co. Sussex. Ob. 8th December 1658.

CASSANDRA. Died unmarried before 1649.

MRS STANHOPE HUTCHINSON, to whom Cotton dedicated his translation of Corneille's Horace in Nov. 1665, then unmarried.

CHARLES HUTCHINSON, of Willoughby on the Wolds, co. Derby, æt. 26, 1663.

ISABELLA, daughter of SIR THOMAS HUTCHINSON, of Owthorpe, co. Notts. Married about July 1656. Died before 1677. = CHARLES COTTON, of Beresford, co. Stafford, and of Bentley, co. Derby. Born 28th April 1630; æt. 34, 1664. Died 12th February 1687. Buried at St Martin's. = MARY, eldest daughter of SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, of Strensham, co. Worcester, Bart., and widow of Wingfield, Baron Cromwell in England, and EARL OF ARDGLASS in Ireland. Married before 1677. Second wife.

KATHERINE COTTON. Unmarried Sept. 1687. Died June 1740. = SIR BERKELEY LUCY, of Broxbourne, co. Herts, Bart. Died Nov. 19, 1759, æt. 87, S. P. M.

JANE COTTON. Born after 1664, and before 1677. Unmarried September 1687. Died Jan. 29, 1738, æt. 72. Buried at Bunny, co. Notts. = BEAUMONT PARKYNS, of Sutton Bonnington, co. Notts, younger brother of SIR THOMAS PARKYNS, Bart. Died Dec. 23, 1714. Buried at Bunny, co. Notts.

MARY COTTON. Born after 1664, and before 1677. Unmarried Sept. 1687. = AUGUSTINE ARMSTRONG, of the parish of St George the Martyr, Bloomsbury.

KATHERINE, eldest daughter. JANE, 3d daughter. ELIZABETH, 5th daughter. All died unmarried before 1727.

MARY LUCY, daughter and sole heir. Married 14th Aug. 1727. = HON. CHARLES COMPTON, 4th son of GEORGE, 4th Earl of Northampton. Died 20th Nov. 1755.

Eight Children, all of whom died S. P.

CHARLES ARMSTRONG. KATHERINE. Both living Jan. 1727–8.

OLIVIA ALCIONE. Born 1726. Died Dec. 24, 1770. = JOHN SELBY, of Godmanchester, co. Hunts, of Downham, co. Cambridge, and lastly, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex. Died March 14, 1784.

EMILY. Living 1744.

CHARLES COMPTON, Succeeded, in 1758, as 7th Earl of Northampton. Died 18th Oct. 1763, S. P. M.

SPENCER, 8th Earl of Northampton. Died April 7, 1796. =

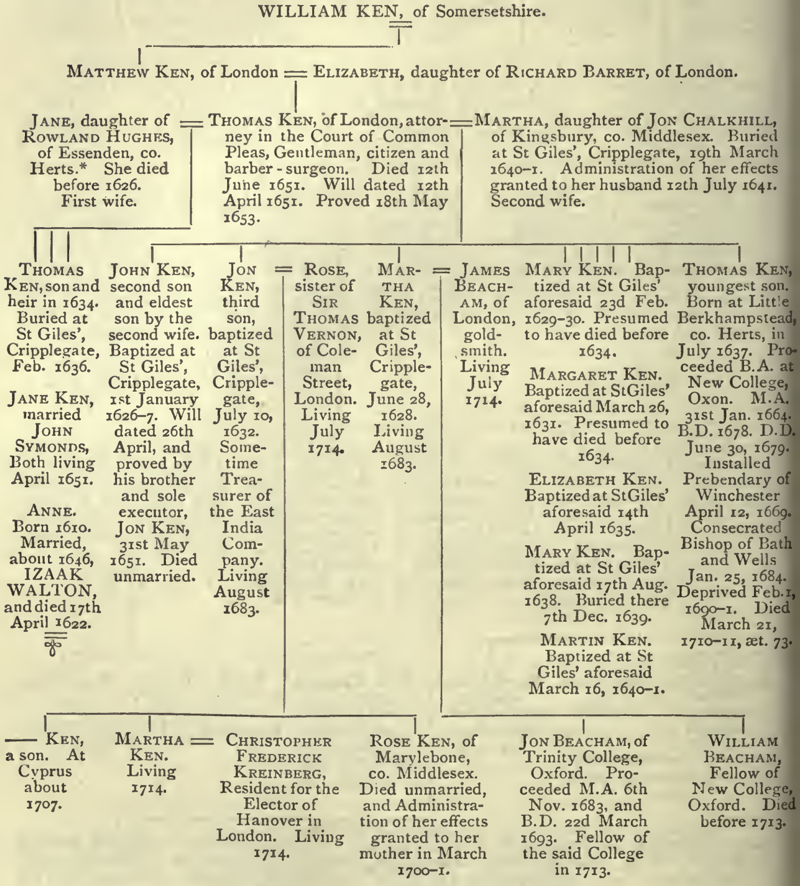
ROBERT SELBY. Born 26th Jan. 1758. Living July 1836. ONE OF THE PRESENT REPRESENTATIVES OF CHARLES COTTON. = ELIZABETH, daughter of WILLIAM MOORE. Married 1783. Died 2d November 1825.

CHARLES, 9th Earl of Northampton. Created Earl Compton and Marquess of Northampton, 7th September 1812. Died 24th May 1828. =

SPENCER JOSHUA ALWYNE, 2d Marquess and 10th Earl of Northampton. ONE OF THE PRESENT REPRESENTATIVES OF CHARLES COTTON.

III. PEDIGREE OF KEN.

[*Compiled from the Herald's Visitation of London in* 1634, *marked* C 24, *in the College of Arms; Parish Registers, Wills, and other Authorities.*]



WILLIAM KEN, of Somersetshire.

MATTHEW KEN, of London = ELIZABETH, daughter of RICHARD BARRET, of London.

JANE, daughter of ROWLAND HUGHES, of Essenden, co. Herts.* She died before 1626. First wife. = THOMAS KEN, of London, attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, Gentleman, citizen and barber-surgeon. Died 12th June 1651. Will dated 12th April 1651. Proved 18th May 1653. = MARTHA, daughter of JON CHALKHILL, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex. Buried at St Giles', Cripplegate, 19th March 1640–1. Administration of her effects granted to her husband 12th July 1641. Second wife.

THOMAS KEN, son and heir in 1634. Buried at St Giles', Cripplegate, Feb. 1636.

JANE KEN, married JOHN SYMONDS, Both living April 1651.

ANNE. Born 1610. Married, about 1646, IZAAK WALTON, and died 17th April 1622.

JOHN KEN, second son and eldest son by the second wife. Baptized at St Giles', Cripplegate, 1st January 1626–7. Will dated 26th April, and proved by his brother and sole executor, JON KEN, 31st May 1651. Died unmarried.

JON KEN, third son, baptized at St Giles', Cripplegate, July 10, 1632. Sometime Treasurer of the East India Company. Living August 1683. = ROSE, sister of SIR THOMAS VERNON, of Coleman Street, London. Living July 1714.

MARTHA KEN, baptized at St Giles', Cripplegate, June 28, 1628. Living August 1683. = JAMES BEACHAM, of London, goldsmith. Living July 1714.

MARY KEN. Baptized at St Giles' aforesaid 23d Feb. 1629–30. Presumed to have died before 1634.

MARGARET KEN. Baptized at St Giles' aforesaid March 26, 1631. Presumed to have died before 1634.

ELIZABETH KEN. Baptized at St Giles' aforesaid 14th April 1635.

MARY KEN. Baptized at St Giles' aforesaid 17th Aug. 1638. Buried there 7th Dec. 1639.

MARTIN KEN. Baptized at St Giles' aforesaid March 16, 1640–1.

THOMAS KEN, youngest son. Born at Little Berkhampstead, co. Herts, in July 1637. Proceeded B.A. at New College, Oxon. M.A. 31st Jan. 1664. B.D. 1678. D.D. June 30, 1679. Installed Prebendary of Winchester April 12, 1669. Consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells Jan. 25, 1684. Deprived Feb. 1, 1690–1. Died March 21, 1710–11, æt. 73.

—— KEN, a son. At Cyprus about 1707.

MARTHA KEN. Living 1714. = CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK KREINBERG, Resident for the Elector of Hanover in London. Living 1714.

ROSE KEN, of Marylebone, co. Middlesex. Died unmarried, and Administration of her effects granted to her mother in March 1700–1.

JON BEACHAM, of Trinity College, Oxford. Proceeded M.A. 6th Nov. 1683, and B.D. 22d March 1693. Fellow of the said College in 1713.

WILLIAM BEACHAM, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Died before 1713.

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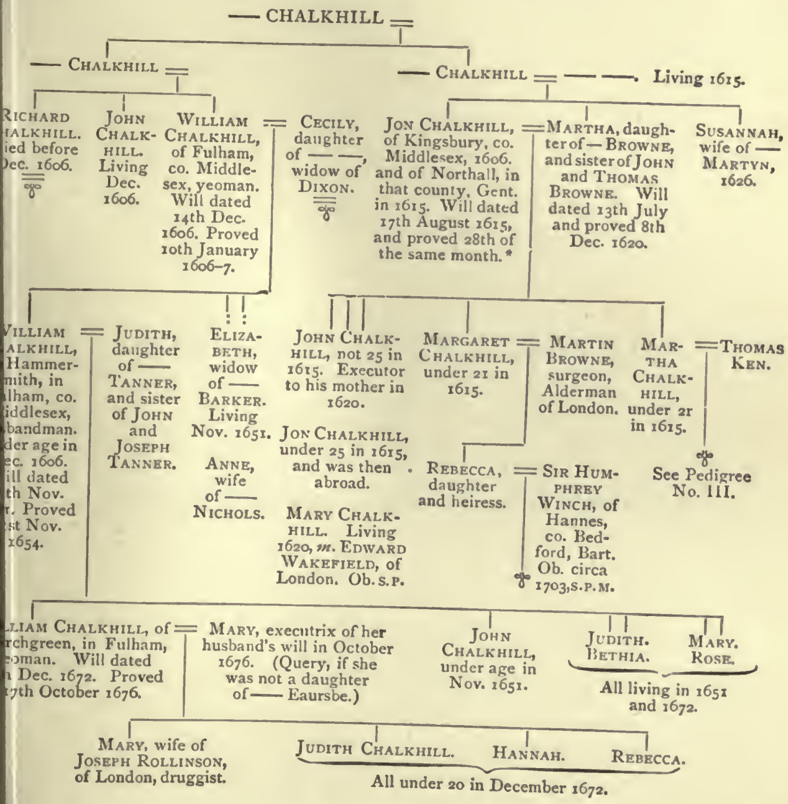
* He was probably the person who is thus mentioned in Smith's Catalogue of Persons deceased (Addit. MS. 886, in Brit. Mus.): "April 30, 1642, the wife of ROWLAND HUGHES, Attorney, died."

IV. PEDIGREE OF CHALKHILL.

[*Compiled from Wills and other Authorities.*]



— CHALKHILL =

— CHALKHILL =

— CHALKHILL = ——. Living 1615.

ICHARD IALKHILL. ied before ec. 1606.

JOHN CHALKHILL. Living Dec. 1606.

WILLIAM CHALKHILL, of Fulham, co. Middlesex, yeoman. Will dated 14th Dec. 1606. Proved 10th January 1606–7. = CECILY, daughter of ——, widow of DIXON.

JON CHALKHILL, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex, 1606, and of Northall, in that county, Gent. in 1615. Will dated 17th August 1615, and proved 28th of the same month.* = MARTHA, daughter of — BROWNE, and sister of JOHN and THOMAS BROWNE. Will dated 13th July and proved 8th Dec. 1620.

SUSANNAH, wife of — MARTYN, 1626.

ILLIAM ALKHILL, Hammermith, in lham, co. iddlesex, bandman. der age in ec. 1606. ill dated th Nov. . Proved st Nov. 1654. = JUDITH, daughter of — TANNER, and sister of JOHN and JOSEPH TANNER.

ELIZABETH, widow of — BARKER. Living Nov. 1651.

ANNE, wife of — NICHOLS.

JOHN CHALKHILL, not 25 in 1615. Executor to his mother in 1620.

JON CHALKHILL, under 25 in 1615, and was then abroad.

MARY CHALKHILL. Living 1620, *m.* EDWARD WAKEFIELD, of London. Ob. S.P.

MARGARET CHALKHILL, under 21 in 1615. = MARTIN BROWNE, surgeon, Alderman of London.

REBECCA, daughter and heiress. = SIR HUMPHREY WINCH, of Hannes, co. Bedford, Bart. Ob. circa 1703, S.P.M.

MARTHA CHALKHILL, under 21 in 1615. = THOMAS KEN.

See Pedigree No. III.

LIAM CHALKHILL, of rchgreen, in Fulham, oman. Will dated Dec. 1672. Proved 7th October 1676. = MARY, executrix of her husband's will in October 1676. (Query, if she was not a daughter of — Eaursbe.)

JOHN CHALKHILL, under age in Nov. 1651.

JUDITH. BETHIA. MARY. ROSE. All living in 1651 and 1672.

MARY, wife of JOSEPH ROLLINSON, of London, druggist.

JUDITH CHALKHILL. HANNAH. REBECCA. All under 20 in December 1672.

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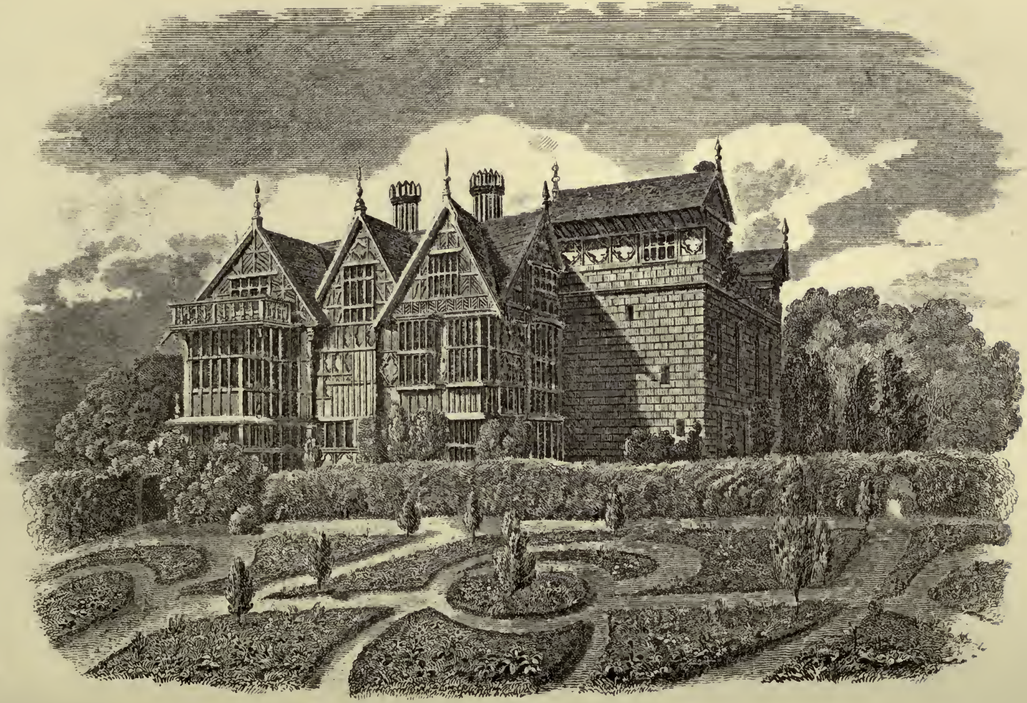
* He obtained a grant of the following Arms from Cooke, Clarenceux King-of-Arms, viz., evronny of six, gules and argent. Crest, out of a ducal coronet or, a horse's head ermines, ned or.

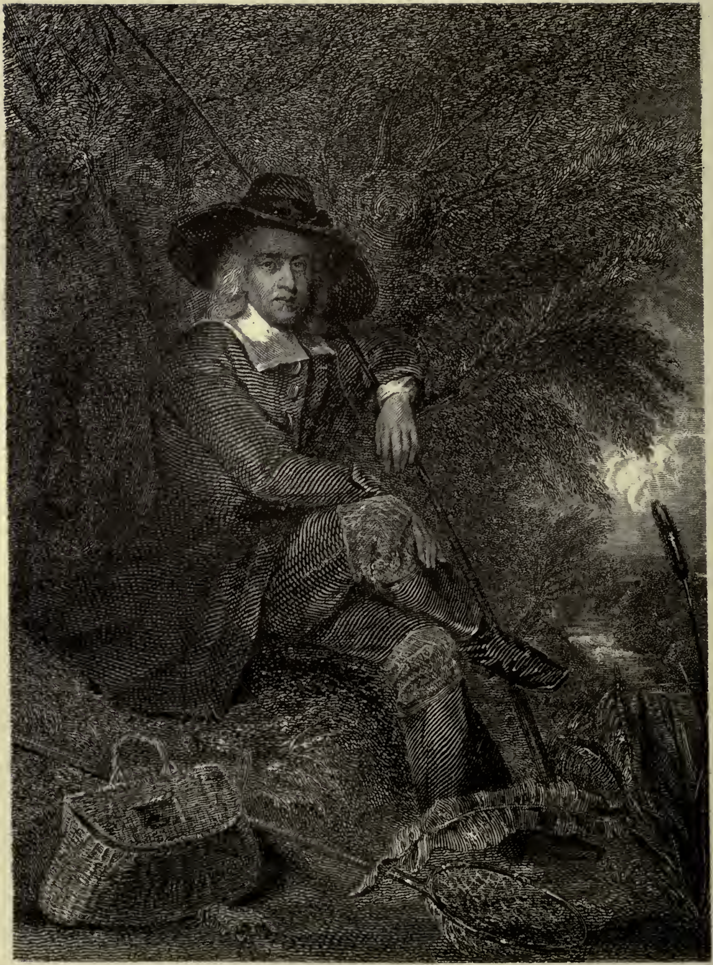
THE COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

Contemplative Man's Recreation.



MADELEY MANOR,



PORTRAIT OF IZAAK WALTON

FROM A PAINTING BY INSKIPP

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL JOHN OFFLEY, OF MADELEY MANOR, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD, ESQUIRE,* MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND.

SIR,—I have made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to entreat, that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this Book: and I have put on a modest confidence, that I shall not be denied, because it is a discourse of Fish and Fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that Angling is an Art: and you know that Art better than others; [1] and that this is truth is demonstrated by the fruits of

VARIATION.] [1] than any that I know.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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* Son and heir of Sir John Offley, of Madeley, in the county of Stafford, Knight, and great-grandson of Sir Thomas Offley, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1557. Mr Offley, to whom this work is dedicated, succeeded his father in 1646, and was twice married: first to Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Lidcott, of Mousley in Surrey; and secondly, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Broughton, of Broughton in Staffordshire. He died in 1658, leaving, by his second wife, John, who was thirteen years old in 1663; Thomas, then aged twelve; and Mary, who became the wife of Sir Willoughby Aston, of Aston, in the county of Chester, Bart. John Offley, the eldest son, acquired Crew, in Cheshire, in right of his wife, Ann, daughter and co-heiress of John Crew, of that place, Esq., by whom he had, first, John; second, Crew; third, Mary, who married Robert, Viscount Kilmorrey. John Offley, his son and heir, assumed the name of Crew, and died in 1749, leaving John Crew, of Crew, Esq., his son and heir, who was living in 1751, three other sons, and three daughters. Crew Offley, of Wichner, in the county of Stafford, the second son, married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Chelsea; and dying in 1739, left, by her, two sons, John Offley, of Wichner, in the county of Stafford, living unmarried, and aged thirty-four, in 1751, and Lawrence Offley, who died in 1749, unmarried.—*Records of the College of Arms*, marked C 36 and 3 D 14. This Dedication is not the only evidence of a personal acquaintance between the families of Walton and Offley: a John Offley proved the will of Agnes Walton, of the parish of Madeley, on the 22d of April 1573.

that pleasant labour which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and, which is often, dedicate a day or two to this recreation. At which time, if common Anglers should attend you, and be eyewitnesses of the success, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so ; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities : and there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this Art, that know I speak the truth.[2]

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of Fish and Fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this Art, has told me, that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in praise of Angling ; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him ; the remembrance of which had often made me sorry, for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler[3] had seen some better treatise of this Art, a treatise that might have proved worthy[4] his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view ; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself, than censure others, my own discourse being liable to so many exceptions ; against which you, Sir, might make this one, that it can contribute nothing to YOUR knowledge. And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no[5] longer than to add this following truth, that I am really, Sir, your most affectionate Friend, and most humble Servant,

IZ. WA.

VARIATIONS.

[2] "and there be," &c., to "the truth," added in the *2d* edit.

[3] of which I am one.—*1st edit.*

[4] some treatise of this art worthy.—*Ibid.*

[5] shall not adventure to make this epistle any longer.—*First four editions.*

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE FIRST EDITION.

TO THE READER OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did not undertake to write, or to publish this Discourse of Fish and Fishing, to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others; for I have confessed, there are many defects in it. And yet, I cannot doubt, but that by it, some Readers may receive so much profit or pleasure, as if they be not very busy men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusal; and this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of this book.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to thee in the reading, and not to read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed some innocent mirth; of which, if thou be a severe sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. For divines say, there are offences given; and offences taken, but not given. And I am the willinger to justify this innocent mirth, because the whole Discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition in such days and times as I allow myself, when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a-fishing together; and let me add this, that he that likes not the Discourse, should like the pictures of the Trout and other fish, which I may commend, because they concern not myself.*

And I am also to tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse; that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to think but that he may find exceptions in some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to know, or rather note, that several countries, and several rivers alter the time and manner of fishes' breeding; and therefore if he bring not candour to the reading of this Discourse, he shall both injure me, and possibly himself too, by too many criticisms.

Now for the Art of catching fish; that is to say, how to make a man that was none, an Angler by a book: he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Hales, that in his printed book † undertook by it to teach the Art of Fencing, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that something useful might be observed out of that book: but that Art was not to be taught by words; nor is the Art of Angling. And yet, I think, that most that love that game, may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not needy: and if they be, then my advice is, that they forbear; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure; and this Discourse boasts of no more: for I hate to promise much, and fail.

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* Sir John Hawkins supposes the Fish to have been engraved upon silver: that the conjecture is erroneous, is proved by the fact that the same title-page and plates were used in *five* editions of this work, and also in five editions of Venables' "Experienced Angler;" half the number of which impressions would have worn out a silver plate. It is probable they were engraved by Lombart, Faithorne, or Vaughan.

† Called the Private School of Defence.

But pleasure I have found both in the search and conference about what is here offered to thy view and censure; I wish thee as much in the perusal of it, and so might here take my leave; but I will stay thee a little longer by telling thee, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve flies for every month, I say, if he observe that, he shall be as certain to catch fish, as they that make hay by the fair days in Almanacs, and be no surer: for doubtless, three or four flies rightly made, do serve for a trout all summer; and for winter-flies, all Anglers know, they are as useful as an Almanac out of date.

Of these (because no man is born an artist nor an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice. I might say more, but it is not fit for this place; but if this Discourse which follows shall come to a second impression, which is possible, for slight books have been in this age observed to have that fortune, I shall then, for thy sake, be glad to correct what is faulty, or by a conference with any to explain or enlarge what is defective: but for this time I have neither a willingness nor leisure to say more, than wish thee a rainy evening to read this book in, and that the east wind may never blow when thou goest a-fishing. Farewell.

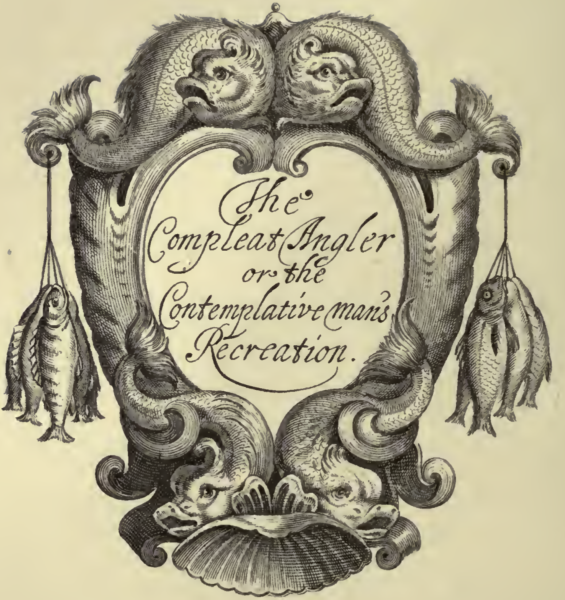
Iz. Wa.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE READER OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell every Reader these following truths; that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own this Discourse to please myself, and wish it may not displease others: for I have confessed there are many defects in it.

And yet I cannot doubt, but that by it some Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not very busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure.



The
Compleat Angler
or the
Contemplative man's
Recreation.

Being a Diſcourſe of
FISH and FISHING,
Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a* fiſhing : *and they ſaid, We*
alſo wil go with thee. John 21. 3.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, 1653.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed (not any scurrility, but) some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given, but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because, though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition in such days and times, as I allow to myself, when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a-fishing together.

And let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the picture of the Trout, and the other fish, which I dare commend, because they concern not myself.

Next, let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse; that is to say, the observations of the nature, and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, but that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know, that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless, of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden* observes, that in the river Wye, Salmon are in season from September to April, and we are certain, that in the other two, and in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an Angler by a book; he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr Hales, that in a printed book, called "The Private School of Defence," undertook to teach the science or art of fencing, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be observed out of that book; but that the art was not to be taught by words: nor is the Art of Angling; nor have I undertaken to leave out nothing that might be said of it, but to acquaint the Reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be like the Mathematics, that can never be fully learnt; at least, not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and fail.

But pleasure I have found both in the search and conference about what is here offered to the Reader's view and censure; I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so might here take my leave: but must stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an Almanac, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and yet in the following Discourse I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many Anglers, and they may serve to give him some light concerning them. And he may note, that there is in Wales, and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour: but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an Almanac out of date. And of these (because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice.

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* Britannia, fol. 633, edition 1637, which is the one quoted by Walton throughout the work.

When I have told the Reader, that in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication of friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that (if he be an Angler) the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing,

I. W.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE FIFTH EDITION.*

TO ALL READERS OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this Discourse to please myself: and, having been too easily drawn to do all [6] to please others, as I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I began it; and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

VARIATION.] [6] to do all.—*Omitted in 3d edit.*

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* The variations between this, and the *third* and *fourth* editions, are pointed out in the notes.

And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleausre or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men.[7] And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty,[8] so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe;* but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish, which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.

Next, let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think, almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden† observes, that in the river Wye, Salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none to be an Angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book, called "A Private School of Defence," undertook[9] to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not

VARIATIONS.

[7] if they be not very busy men.—3*d edit.*

[8] too severe, I have a liberty, and am resolved to neglect it.—*Ibid.*

[9] by it.—*Ibid.*

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* It has not been ascertained who these persons were, but it may be presumed that they were related to Walton, for, in a presentation copy of his "Lives of Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert," there is written by the author on the frontispiece, "For my cousin Roe." In the first and second editions of the Angler, they are thus spoken of: "When honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a-fishing together;" but in the third, and subsequent editions, they are mentioned as above, so that it is evident they were living in 1655, and died before 1664.

† Britannia, f. 633.

but that many useful things might be learned by that book, but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must Angling. And note also, that[1] in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the Reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to[2] the Reader's view and censure. I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave; but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year, I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an Almanac, and no surer; for those very flies that used to appear about, and on, the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter: and yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers; and they may serve to give him some observations[3] concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales, and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers, all the summer: and for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an Almanac out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth[4] impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that if he be an honest Angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

I. W

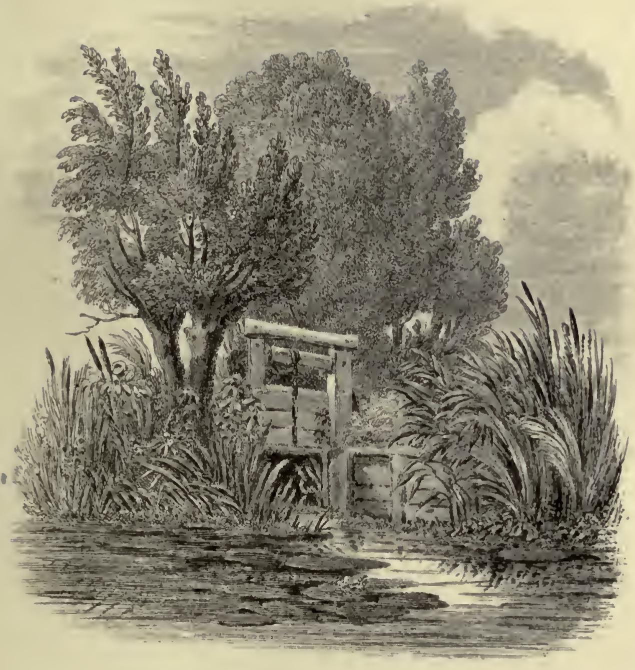
VARIATIONS.

[1] And in this Discourse I do not, &c.—*3d edit.*

[2] to his view.—*Ibid.*

[3] light.—*Ibid.*

[4] third.—*3d and 4th edit.*



A MILLDAM

DRAWN BY DELAMOTTE

COMMENDATORY VERSES.*

TO MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,† MR IZAAK WALTON, UPON HIS "COMPLETE ANGLER."

ERASMUS in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt some toys,[5] that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this discourse: there's none so low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell,
Whether your matchless judgment most excel
In Angling or its praise: where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me; who so the cheerful spring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove, saw fishes play
In the cool crystal streams, like lambs in May:
And they may play, till Anglers read this Book;
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

JO. FLOUD, *Mr. of Arts.*‡

TO THE READER OF "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

FIRST mark the Title well: my Friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it.

VARIATION.] [5] mirth.—*2d edit. as in text in 3d edit.*

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* None of the verses occur in the *first*, but they are all to be found in the *second* edition, excepting the two last by Dr Duport, which were inserted for the first time in the *fifth* edition.

† In the *fifth* edition, the words "in-law" are omitted; but as they correctly explain the writer's relationship, they are here adopted.

‡ Some account of this person, who was the brother of Walton's first wife, and of his family, will be found in the Life of Walton, at the commencement of the volume.

For he that views it with judicious looks
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
  The world the river is; both you and I,
And all mankind, are either fish or fry.
If we pretend to reason, first or last,
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,
If not at first, will doubtless take's in time.
  Here sits, in secret, blest Theology,
Waited upon by grave Philosophy,
Both natural and moral; History,
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of Poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich.
There is no danger in his baits; that hook
Will prove the safest, that is surest took.
  Nor are we caught alone, but, which is best,
We shall be wholesome, and be toothsome drest;
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon:
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauced, here, with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t' excite,
Or satisfy, a curious appetite.
  More praise is due: for 'tis both positive
And truth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet, then, in jest—
"Et piscatorem piscis amare potest."

CH. HARVIE, *Mr. of Arts.**

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR IZ. WALTON, IN PRAISE OF ANGLING, WHICH WE BOTH LOVE.

DOWN by this smooth stream's wandering side,[6]
Adorn'd and perfumed with the pride
Of Flora's wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir[7] express their skill,
First, in alternate melody,[8]
And, then, in chorus all agree.
Whilst[9] the charm'd fish, as ecstasied
With sounds, to his own throat denied,

VARIATIONS.

[6] Down by this wand'ring stream's smooth side.—2*d edit.*
[7] Choir of the air.—*Ibid.*
[8] harmony.—*Ibid.*
[9] Where.—*Ibid.*

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* In the *second* and *third* editions the initials C. H. only occur; the name was printed at length in the *fifth* edition for the first time. An account of Harvey will be found in a subsequent note.

Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' the air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie:
Such as to body, soul, or fame,[1]
Create no sickness, sin, or shame:
Roses, not fenc'd with pricks, grow here,
No sting to the honey-bag is near:
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With [2] hook hid in an [3] insect, are
Engines of sport,[4] would fit [5] the wish
Of th' Epicure, and [6] fill his dish.
In this clear stream let fall a grub;
And, straight, take up a Dace or Chub.
I' the mud, your worm provokes a snig,*
Which being fast, if it prove big,†
The Gotham folly will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she [7] must be drown'd.
The Tench, physician of the brook,
In yon [8] dead hole expects your hook;
Which having first your pastime been,
Serves then [9] for meat or medicine.[1]
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A Pike, to catch, and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream [2]
Betrays the hunger of a Bream.[2]
And at [3] that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled [4] Trout.

VARIATIONS.

[1] name.—*2d edit.*
[2] And.—*Ibid.*
[3] some.—*Ibid.*
[4] Emblems of skill.—*Ibid.*
[5] feed.—*Ibid.*
[6] or.—*Ibid.*
[7] it.—*Ibid.*
[8] that.—*Ibid.*
[9] next.—*Ibid.*

[1] The following lines here occur in the *2d* edition, but are omitted in all the others:—

> "And there the cunning Carp you may
> Beguile with paste; if you'll but stay,
> And watch in time, you'll have your wish,
> For paste and patience catch this fish."

[2] These two lines are omitted in the *2d* edit.
[3] in.—*2d edit.*
[4] dappled.—*Ibid.*

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* Snig, a term more generally applied to the small nine-eyed eel, commonly found about the apron of an old weir, or in shallow parts of the river Lee, and forms the amusement of sniggling to youthful Anglers.—Ed. H.

† "If it prove big" alludes to one of the stories told of the Wise Men of Gotham, a facetious penny history much in circulation in the time of Walton. It is there related that the men of Gotham, upon a Good Friday, after due consultation, collected all their white herrings, red herrings, sprats, and salt fish, and cast the whole into a pond, in order to secure a sufficient store of fish for the next Lent. In due time upon dragging the pond, there was found only a very large eel, and it being suspected the same must, by the size, have devoured the intended stock, it was concluded that such a voracious monster ought to be destroyed, and, as a death-warrant, it was determined that it should be put in another pond, in order that it might be drowned.—Ed. H.

When [5] you these creatures wisely choose
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation, and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men,[6]
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare, and spoil, are innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they ;
And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad ;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight
Fly with such speed, they'll [7] seem to be
Possest with the hydrophoby.
The water's calmness [8] in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow, shall rest.
Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys,[9]
Such as Actæon's game pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale [1] seem true.
The sick or sullen hawk, to-day,
Flies not ; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice :
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse [2]
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the Turks,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon [3] fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you see,
His fate's foretold, who [4] fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces.
All pleasures, but the Angler's, bring
I' the tail repentance, like a sting.
Then on these banks [5] let me sit [6] down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown ;
And pity those that do [7] affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords such true [8] content,
Delights so sweet and [9] innocent,

VARIATIONS.

[5] Whilst.—2*d edit.*
[6] You fishes choose to rescue men.—*Ibid.*
[7] you'll.—*Ibid.*
[8] Then this stream's calmness.—*Ibid.*
[9] And give me cheap and quiet joys.—*Ibid.* Sweeter are cheap and silent joys.—3*d edit.*
[1] oft makes that fable true.—2*d edit.*
[2] This, and the four following lines first appeared in the 3*d* edit.
[3] that.—2*d edit.*
[4] that.—*Ibid.*
[5] this bank.—*Ibid.*
[6] lie.—*Ibid.*
[7] shall.—*Ibid.*
[8] affords me such content.—*Ibid.*
[9] so.—*Ibid.*

As seldom fall unto[1] the lot
Of sceptres, though they're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, *Mr. of Arts.*[*]

TO THE READERS OF MY MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND'S BOOK, "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

HE that both knew and writ the Lives of men,
Such as were once, but must not be again;
Witness his matchless Donne and Wotton, by
Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that conversed with angels, such as were
Ouldsworth † and Featly,‡ each a shining star
Showing the way to Bethlem; each a saint,
Compared to whom our zealots, now, but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd Morley § knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too.
He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That he could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

Reader, this He, this Fisherman, comes forth,
And in these Fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.
Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which, when finely touch'd, and fitly strung,
He could friends' passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow-Anglers from their prey.
But now the music of his pen is still,
And he sits by a brook, watching a quill:

VARIATION.] [1] As falls but seldom to the lot.—*2d edit.*

---

[*] The son of Thomas Weaver, of Worcester. He entered of Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1633, being then seventeen years of age, and took his Master's degree in 1640, about which time he was made one of the Chaplains or petty Canons of the Cathedral. He was ejected by the Parliament in 1648, when "he shifted from place to place, and lived upon his wits." After the Restoration, he was made an exciseman at Liverpool, and was commonly called "Captain Weaver;" but "prosecuting too much the crimes of poets," he died at Liverpool on the 3d of January 1662-3. His works are *Songs and Poems of Love*, 1654; *Choice Drollery, with Songs and Sonnets*, 1656. Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 623. No date occurs to the verses in the text in any earlier edition than the fifth.

† Dr Richard Holdsworth. See an account of him in the *Fasti Oxon.*, by Bliss, p. 376; and in Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors.*—H.

‡ Dr Daniel Fairclough, *alias* Featly, about whom see *Athen. Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 156.—H.

§ Said by Hawkins to have been Dr George Morley, who became Bishop of Worcester in 1660; was translated to Winchester in 1662; and died in 1684, to whom Walton dedicated his Life of Hooker. A Life of this prelate will be found in Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. iv. p. 149. The only thing which renders it doubtful whether Bishop Morley was alluded to, is that it would seem, from the manner in which the person is mentioned, that he was not then, i.e., in 1650, living.

Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook, and then to land
Some Trout, or Perch, or Pike ; and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that escaped his hook, which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and Fisherman beguile.
Thus, whilst some vex they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own ;
And like the Dutch, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650.* Edw. Powel, *Mr. of Arts.*†

TO MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,‡ MR IZ. WALTON, ON HIS "COMPLETE ANGLER."

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingenuously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you.

Rob. Floud, *C.*§

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS "COMPLETE ANGLER."‖

Since 'tis become a common fate, that we
Must in this world or Fish or Fishers be ;
And all neutrality herein's denied,
'Tis not my fault that I am not supplied
With those three grand essentials of your Art,
Luck, skill, and patience : for I have a heart
That's as inclinable as others be,
Whose fortune imps their ingenuity.

---

* The date does not occur in the *second* edition.

† Probably the Edward Powel "of the borough of Stafford, Minister," whose son Charles took his degree of B.A. in 1666, became Rector of Cheddington, and was the author of *The Religious Rebel.* Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. ii. p. 289. An "Ed. Powel," and most likely the same person, addressed some Complimentary Verses to his "very worthy and most ingenious friend, Mr James Shirley," which are prefixed to *Shirley's Poems*, 8vo, 1646.

‡ Thus in the *second*, but the words "in-law" are omitted in the *third* and subsequent editions.

§ Elder brother of John Floud, M.A., before mentioned, and brother of Walton's first wife. See *Life of Walton.*

‖ These verses occur in the *second* edition only. For what reason Walton omitted them in the three subsequent impressions, which were published in his lifetime, it is not easy to guess, unless it was because he thought slightingly of their merits. That it was not from a quarrel with the author is certain, from his having addressed "An humble Eclogue" to him as late as May 1660, in which Walton calls him his "ingenious friend."

But then what make I here, to write of that,
I'm unskill'd in, and talk I know not what?
And that in verse too? 'Tis an itch we've got,
We must be scribbling whether learn'd or not.
Nay, here's some reason for't; the form we see
Clubbing with matter, makes a thing to be.
And trains of livery'd servitors, we know,
Makes not a prince, but signifies he's so.
Ciphers to figures join'd, make sums; and we
Make something, Friend, when we are join'd to thee.
Yet I shall hardly praise, or like thy skill;
For we're all prone enough to catch and kill;
Thou need'st not make an art on't: they that are
Once listed in the new saint's calendar,
Do't as they pray and preach by inspiration;
No heathen rules, or old premeditation,
Nor antichristian acts; who reads our story,
Will find we do't without thy directory.
But when I think with what a pleasing art
Thou dost thy rules both practise and impart,
I am delighted too, as well as taught;
And fishes leap for joy when they are caught:
I could unman myself, and wish to be
A fish, so that I might be took by thee.
Blest then are thy companions, who with thee
Participate of such felicity,
Such undisturb'd, such dangerless delight,
That does at once both satiate and invite.
Whence more safe joy, more true contentment springs
Than from the courts of those gay pageants, kings
Or great king-riders, who still hurried are
With those grand tyrants, business and care;
And fling upon base acts, and filthy vice,
Spurr'd on by ambition and by avarice.
Whilst by some gliding river thou sit'st down,
Thy mind's thy kingdom, and content's thy crown,
Conversing with the silent fish, and when
Thou'rt killing them, thou think'st of once dead men;
And from oblivion and the grave set'st free
Names, whom thou robest with immortality.
For he that reads thy Wotton and thy Donne
Can't but believe a resurrection;
And spite of envy, this encomium give,
By Thee fish die; by Thee dead friends revive.

ALEX. BROME.*

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* One of the twelve adopted sons of Ben Jonson, and the author of *The Cunning Lovers, a Tragedy*, 1654; *Songs, and other Poems*, 1664; and *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, &c.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE FRATRI, DOMINO ISAACO WALTON, ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

UNICUS est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
  Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus.
Hic typus est Salvatoris mirandus JESU,
  [1] Litera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.

Hunc cupio, hunc capias (bone frater arundinis), *ἰχθύν*:
  [2] Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
  Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

[1] ΙΧΘΥΣ, *PISCIS.*

Ι	Ἰησοῦς,	*Jesus.*
Χ	Χριστὸς	*Christus.*
Θ	Θεοῦ,	*Dei.*
Υ	Υἱὸς,	*Filius.*
Σ	Σωτὴρ,	*Salvator.*

[2] Matt. xvii. 27, the last words of the chapter.

HENRY BAYLEY, *Artium Magister.**

AD VIRUM OPTIMUM, ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM, ISAACUM WALTONUM.†

MAGISTER artis docte Piscatoriæ,
Waltone, salve! magne dux arundinis,
Seu tu reductâ valle solus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim observans aquas,
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Foríque et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lene manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo penè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes;
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos,
Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,

---

* Henry Bagley in the *second*, *third*, and *fourth* editions. A Henry Bagley was minister of the Savoy from 1623 to 1625.—H.

† These verses occur for the first time in the *fifth* edition.

Avidámve percam parvulo alburno capis,
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut truttam levi,
Cautúmve cyprinum, et ferè indocilem capi
Calamóque linóque (ars at hunc superat tua);
Medicámve tincam, gobium aut escâ trahis,
Gratum palato gobium, parvum licet;
Prædámve, non æquè salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque linea dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et Scriptor; et calami potens
Utriusque, necdum et ictus, et tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas,
Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus alter, artis et methodum tuæ, et
Præcepta promis ritè piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem, et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam
(Virtutis est hæc et tamen quædam schola
Patientiámque et temperantiam docet);
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ et exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis HOOKERUM et pium
DONNUM ac disertum; sanctum et HERBERTUM, sacrum
Vatem: hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isace, depictos manu.
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.[*]

AD ISAACUM WALTONUM, VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTIMUM.[†]

ISACE, macte hac arte piscatoriâ;
Hac arte Petrus principi censum dedit;
Hac arte princeps, nec Petro multò prior,
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,[‡] pater
Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens

---

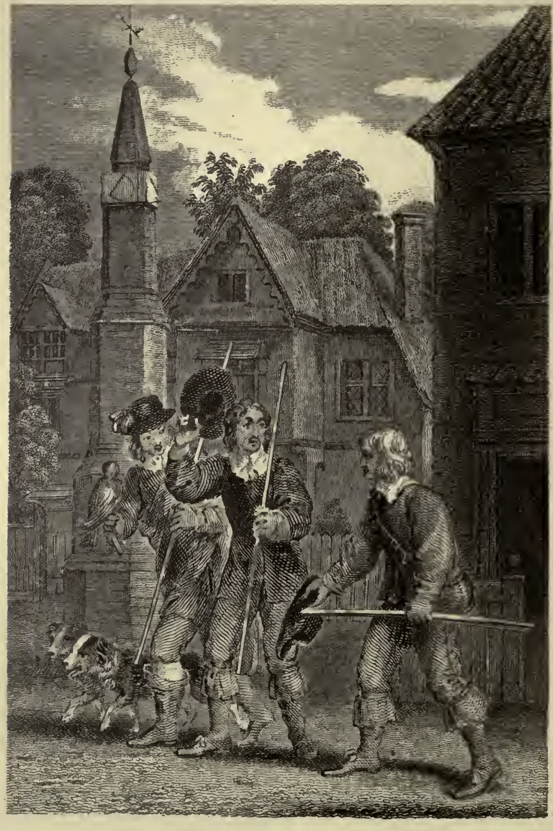
[*] By Dr James Duport. See next page.
[†] These verses occur for the first time in the *fifth* edition.
[‡] i.e., Suetonius Tranquillus.

Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ :
Euge, O professor, artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, prælegens Piscariam !
Næ tu Magister, et ego discipulus tuus
(Nam candidatum et me ferunt arundinis),
Socium hac in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest?
Ipse hamiota Dominus en orbis fuit.

JACO. DUP. D.D.*

---

* James Duport, S. T. P. Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1668, and became Dean of Peterborough on the 27th of July 1664. He was the son of John Duport, who assisted in the translation of King James's Bible, and was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; was afterwards Professor of Greek in that University; and died about 1679.—Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 46. Walton, in his Life of Herbert, says that Dr Duport had collected and published Herbert's Poems. In a collection of Latin Poems, by Dean Duport, entitled *Musæ Subsecivæ*, printed in 8vo, 1676, the verses in the text, those in the preceding page, and some on Walton's *Life of Herbert*, will be found, pp. 101, 118, 371. A short account of this person is given by Bishop Kennett in the Lansdowne MSS. 986 and 987.



THE GREETING AT TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS.

"You are well overtaken, Gentlemen,
a good morning to you both—"

The First Day.

A CONFERENCE BETWIXT AN ANGLER, A FALCONER, AND A HUNTER, EACH COMMENDING HIS RECREATION.

CHAPTER I.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.*

[1] PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, Gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion

VARIATION.

[*Where not otherwise marked all the variations are in the* first edition, 1653, *in which the dialogue is between two persons, namely, Piscator and Viator.*]

[1] *Piscator*. You are well overtaken, Sir; a good morning to you; I have stretched my legs up Totnam Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, this fine pleasant fresh May-day in the morning.

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* There is so striking a resemblance between the commencement of the *first* edition of "The Complete Angler," and the opening of "A Treatise of the Nature of God," 12mo, 1599, that it is almost certain it was the model of Walton's work. The conversation in that *Treatise* is between a "Gentleman" and a "Scholar," and commences thus:—

"*Gent.* Well overtaken, Sir!

Scholar. You are welcome, Gentleman!

Gent. No great gentleman, Sir; but one that wisheth well to all that mean well. I pray you, how far do you travel this way?

Scholar. As far as York.

Gent. I should be glad, if I might have your company thither.

Scholar. And I, if my company might stand you in any stead; but howsoever it be, you may command it; and, by vouchsafing me the benefit of your company, make me much beholden to you," &c.

Many other parts of the *Treatise* appear to have been imitated both by Walton and Cotton.

an enemy to the Otter: for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the Otter[6] both for my own, and their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VENATOR. And I am a lover of Hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry Huntsmen[7] make sport and scoff at Anglers.

AUCEPS. And I profess myself a Falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

[8] PISCATOR. You know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers:—

Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.*

[9] If to this you add what Solomon † says of Scoffers, that they

VARIATIONS.

which we contemn and pity; men of sour complexions; money-getting men, that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it: men that are condemned to be rich, and always discontented, or busy. For these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them; and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy: for, trust me, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions.

[6] the Otter perfectly, even for their sakes.—*1st edit.* the Otter, even.—*2d edit.*

[7] many men.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

[8] But if this satisfy not, I pray bid the Scoffer put this epigram into his pocket, and read it every morning for his breakfast, for I wish him no better; he shall find it fixed before the Dialogues of Lucian, who may be justly accounted the father of the family of all Scoffers: and though I owe none of that fraternity so much as good will, yet I have taken a little pleasant pains to make such a conversion of it as may make it the fitter for all of that fraternity.

Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ, etc:

[9] But no more of the Scoffer; for since Solomon says, he is an abomination to men, he shall be so to me; and, I think, to all that love Virtue and Angling.

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* As might be inferred from the conclusion of the paragraph which precedes these verses in the *first* edition, they were slightly altered by Walton from the original, which occurs in "Certain Select Dialogues of Lucian, together with his true History, translated from the Greek into English, by Mr Francis Hickes." Oxford, 1634, 4to. That work was published by the son of the author, Thomas Hickes, M.A.; and at the end of an address "to the honest and judicious reader" is the epigram in question, in Greek and English, and signed "T. H."

"Lucian, well skill'd in old toyes, this hath writ;
For all's but folly that men thinke is wit;
No settled judgement doth in men appear;
But thou admirest that which others jeer."

That Walton has much improved on the original is obvious.—T.

† Proverbs xxiv. 9, "The thought of foolishness is sin; and the scorner is an abomination to men."

are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let[1] me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy, No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne* says, like himself, freely, "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another, that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs[2] and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave,[3] that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.

VARIATIONS.

[1] And as for any scoffer, *qui mockat mockabitur.* Let me tell you, that you may tell him what the witty Frenchman says in such a case: "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make her more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better is the defect of my not understanding her language? for, doubtless, Cats talk and reason with one another; and that she laughs at and censures my folly for making her sport, and pities me for understanding her no better?" To this purpose speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any Scoffer, that has never heard what an Angler can say in justification of his Art and Pleasure.

[2] than to play with her, and laughs.—*Omitted in the 3d edition.*

[3] serious.—*until 5th edit.*

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* In the Apology for *Raimonde de Sebonde.*

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers, as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse,[4] or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, Gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of Hawks, the other of Hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I

VARIATION.

[4] Discourse may have possessed you with, against that ancient and laudable Art.

Viator. Why, Sir, is Angling of antiquity, and an Art, and an Art not easily learned?

Piscator. Yes, Sir; and I doubt not but that if you and I were to converse together but till night, I should leave you possessed with the same happy thoughts that now possess me; not only from the antiquity of it, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an Art, and worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise and a serious man.

Viator. Sir, I pray speak of them what you shall think fit; for we have yet five miles to walk before we shall come to the Thatched House. And, Sir, though my infirmities are many, yet I dare promise you, that both my patience and attention will endure to hear what you will say till we come thither: and if you please to begin in order with the antiquity, when that is done you shall not want my attention to the commendations and accommodations of it: and lastly, if you shall convince me that it is an Art, and an Art worth learning, I shall beg I may become your scholar, both to wait upon you, and be instructed in the Art itself.

shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and Art of Angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr Falconer to begin.

AUCEPS. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such a height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the Gods; therefore I think my Eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height, I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever—not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the Fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air, to the existence both of Fish and Beasts, nay, even to Man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more ; the very birds of the air, those that be not Hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him ; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices :—I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of Fowl by which this is done : and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night :—These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her ; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to !

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Laverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, " Lord, what music hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth ! " *

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many Aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro's Aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations

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* This passage has been frequently noticed for its great beauty. Bishop Horne has quoted it in his Commentary on the Psalms, in consequence of its natural piety. Psalm civ. Dr Drake considers that the description of the Nightingale surpasses all that the poets have written on the subject. *Literary Hours*, No. xxxiv. ; and Headley had before made the same observation in his *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry;* Notes, vol. ii. p. 167.—P.

either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think it is not to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies; but 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, Pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: and Mr G. Sandys,[*] in his "Travels," relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the Dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the Dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of Turtle-doves, or young Pigeons, were as well accepted as costly Bulls and Rams; and when God would feed the Prophet Elijah,[†] after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by Ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a Dove.[‡] And, to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they, and I, take so much pleasure.

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[*] Mr George Sandys, a very pious, learned, and accomplished gentleman, was the youngest son of Dr Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. He published his *Travels to the Holy Land*, *Egypt*, and elsewhere, in folio, 1615; and made an excellent Paraphrase on the *Psalms*, *Canticles*, and *Ecclesiastes*, in verse; and also translated *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He was one of the best versifiers of that age, and died in 1642.—H. George Sandys was born in the archiepiscopal palace, at Bishops Thorpe, in 1577, was entered at St Mary's Hall, Oxford, in 1588, and in August 1610 commenced his travels through Europe and Asia, which occupied two years. His Travels have been often reprinted; and besides the works just noticed, he was the author of *Christ's Passion*, a tragedy, translated from Grotius, 1640, 12mo; and a *Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon*, 4to, 1641. He died in 1643: the following passage which is cited in the text occurs in his "Relation of a Journey," 1615, fol. p. 209—T.

"A thing usual it is betweene Tripoly and Aleppo, as betweene Aleppo and Babylon, to make tame Doves the speedy transporters of their Letters: which they wrap about their legs like jesses; trained thereunto at such time as they have yong ones, by bearing them from them in open cages. A fowle of a notable memory. Nor is it a moderne invention. For we reade that Thaurosthones, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olimpian games the selfe same day to his father in Ægina. By which meanes also the Consul Hircus held intelligence with Decimus Brutus besieged in Mutina. The like perhaps is meant by the Poet, when he saith

'Tanquam e diversis partibus Orbis
Anxia præcipiti venisset Epistola prima.'—*Juv. Sat. &c.*

As if from parts removed farre, from some
A wofull Letter swiftly wing'd should come.

When the Christians besieged Acre, Saladine sent out one of these winged scouts to confirme the courages of the besieged, with promise of a speedy reliefe: when I know not by what chance or policy, intercepted, and furnished with a contrary message, occasioned a sodaine surrender."—E.

[†] 1 Kings xvii. 4–6.

[‡] Does not Walton here mistake the sense of two passages in Scripture, viz., Matt. iii. 16. "And Jesus when he was baptized went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the Heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely, the laborious Bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my Hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression. You are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged Hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin,
The Falcon and Tassel-gentle,
The Laner and Laneret,
The Bockerel and Bockeret,
The Saker and Sacaret,
The Merlin and Jack Merlin,
The Hobby and Jack:

There is the Stelletto of Spain,

The Blood-red Rook from Turkey,
The Waskite from Virginia:

And there is of short-winged Hawks,

The Eagle and Iron,
The Goshawk and Tarcel,
The Sparhawk and Musket,
The French Pye of two sorts:

These are reckoned Hawks of note and worth; but we have also of an inferior rank,

The Stanyel, the Ringtail,

Dove and lighting upon him;" and Luke iii. 22. "And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a Dove upon him," in which the baptism of our Lord is related? The meaning of both is, that the Holy Spirit descended, as a Dove uses to descend upon any thing, hovering and overshadowing it. Vide Whitby on Luke iii. 22. Dr Hammond on the passage, and Bishop Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, 254.—H. The Rev. Moses Browne's remark on this passage is, "The author seems to have fallen into a common mistake: most learned men think the original passage, Matt. iii. 16, implies the *manner* of the Holy Spirit's descending *like* a Dove, i.e., as a Dove descends, with a fluttering gentle motion; and not that of any corporal likeness, the visibility being on an effulgency of visible light or glory."

The Raven, the Buzzard,
The Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard,
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.[*]

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramish Hawk, the Haggard, and the two sorts of Lentners, and then treat of their several Ayries, their Mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers : their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice ; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me : but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected ; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

VENATOR. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air ; the Earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The Earth is a solid, settled element ; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast ; to men who have their several recreations upon it as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks : the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately Stag, the generous Buck, the wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare ! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth ; as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart,[†] the Ferret, the Polecat, the Mouldwarp, and the like creatures, that live upon the face, and within the bowels of the Earth. How doth the Earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind !

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[*] See Turberville, Latham, and Markham, *on Falconry*.—B.

[†] Dr Skinner, in his *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*, Lond. fol. 1671, voce "Fulimart," gives us to understand that this word is Vox quæ nusquam, nisi in libro "The Complete Angler" dicto, occurrit. Upon which it may be observed, that Dame Juliana Berners, in her Book of Hunting, ranks the Fulmarde among the beasts of chase; and that both in the Dictionary of Dr Adam Littleton, and that of Phillips, entitled the World of Words, it occurs : the first renders it Putorius, mus Ponticus ; the latter a kind of Polecat. In Junius it is Fullmer, and said to be idem quod Polecat ; but in this interpretation they seem all to be mistaken, for Walton here mentions the Polecat by name, as does also Dame Juliana Berners in her Book.—H.

and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild Boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the Earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire,* who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a-hunting: of which recreation I will say a little and then leave Mr Piscator to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the Wild Boar, the Stag, the Buck, the Fox, or the Hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves [5] or forsakes his first scent but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in, the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only through a whole herd of rascal† game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds,

VARIATION.] [5] who never loses.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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* An excellent paper on this subject will be found in the Guardian, No. 156.—B.

† "Rascal, Saxon, a lean beast. Continued in that sense among hunters for a deer not fit to hunt or kill. 'A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter, that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd; twenty to one he shall fall upon a *rascal*, and let go the fair game.'"—*Ascham's Scholemaster*, p. 61. *Nares's*

I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of Hunting, and of the noble Hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures, which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud; which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one: and, Mr Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

AUCEPS. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom[6] take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and

VARIATION.

[6] we seldom make the welkin to roar: we seldom take the name, &c.—*1st and 2d edit.*

Glossary. But query if *rascal* is not rather applied to animals of an inferor kind to those usually hunted? In the *Boke of St Albans* the word is thus used: "The manere of huntynge for all manere of bestys, whether they ben bestys, or venery, or chace, or *rascall*." After mentioning bucks, does, foxes, marterons, and wild roes:—

"Other bestys all
Where so ye theym fynde *rascall* ye shall them call."

knew the mind of the Almighty, names [7] this element the first in the creation : this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation : many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only : they endeavour to demonstrate it thus :

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed ; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element ; and they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water ; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews ; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water ; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills ; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness ; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish ; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of

VARIATION.

[7] names this the first in the creation : the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, makes water the chief ingredient in the first creation.—*1st and 2d edit.*

the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses[*] appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as, namely, the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius,[†] or Varro,[‡] may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician,[§] Dr Wharton,[8] a dear friend, that loves both

VARIATION.

[8] The name of "Dr Wharton" occurs for the first time in the *fifth* edition.

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[*] Lev. xi. 9; Deut. xiv. 9.

[†] Aurelius Macrobius, a learned writer of the fourth century; he was chamberlain to the Emperor Theodosius. Fabricius makes it a question whether he was a Christian or a Pagan. His works are, *A Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero*, in two books; and *Saturnalia Convivia*, in seven. Besides these, he was the author of many which are lost.—H.

[‡] Marcus Terentius Varro, a most learned Roman, contemporary with Cicero, and author, as it is said, of nearly five hundred volumes. He is one of the best writers on agriculture.—H.

[§] Dr Wharton, who is again noticed, and in terms of great esteem, was one of the most eminent physicians of his day. He was born at Winston, in the county of Durham, in 1614, and received the first part of his University education at Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge. Afterwards, before the Civil War broke out, he entered of Trinity College in the sister University; and for a short time practised physic in the metropolis, under Dr Bathurst. In 1647, having retired to his College, he became M.D. by virtue of the Letters of Sir Thomas Fairfax.—H.

Mr Oughtred, in his Key to the Mathematics, published just before, says that if any fruit is to be reaped by his new edition thereof, the thanks are due chiefly to Mr Thomas Wharton, who, as he is no mean proficient in those studies, so he may with success serve this age in the necessary mysteries of Botany, Anatomy, and Hermetic Learning; who not only amended the errors, but bestowed exceeding great pains and expense in correcting the press. About 1649, Dr Wharton appears to have settled entirely in London. In 1656 he published "Adenographia; sive Glandularum totius Corporis Descriptio," in a small octavo: reprinted in duodecimo, at Amsterdam, in 1659: and again, 12mo, Vesaliæ, 1671: consisting of a Course of Lectures which Dr Prujean, the President of the College of Physicians, had imposed upon him as an exercise in 1652. During the time of the great Plague, in 1665, Dr Wharton continued in London, when many other physicians fled the contagion.

He died at his house in Aldersgate Street, Nov. 14, 1673: and was buried at St Michael Bassishaw.—E.

See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 1000. Dr Wharton is frequently mentioned in Ashmole's *Diary*. On the 2d February 1654, he says, "I acquainted Dr Wharton with my secret for the cure of the *illiaca passio;* and he applied it this morning to Mr Faithorne the graver, and it cured him." His name is mentioned for the first time in the *fifth* edition, three years after Dr Wharton's death, so that he ought to have been spoken of in the past tense.

me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper into these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist. How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto Old and New Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at that so learned and devout a father as St Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory: and[9] that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil!* These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St Paul was content to dwell,[1] and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! Nay, to see the very place in which St Peter † and he lie buried

VARIATIONS.

[9] and yet all that beauty is not lost.—*1st and 2d edit.* and that beauty is not yet all lost.—3*d and 4th edit.*
[1] to live.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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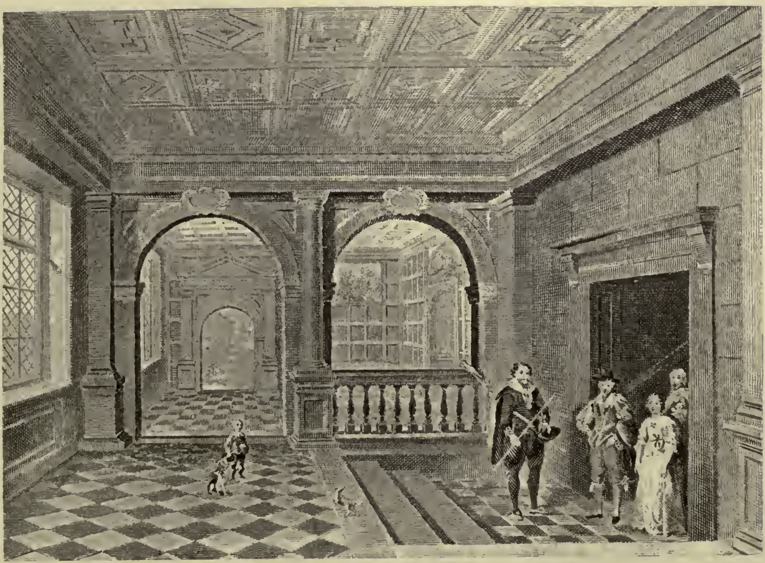
* Walton has here made a mistake. Virgil's tomb is at Naples.

† The Protestants deny not only that St Peter lies buried in the Vatican, as the Romish writers assert, but that he ever was at Rome. See the *Historia Apostolica* of Lud. Capellus. The sense of the Protestants on this point is expressed in the following epigram, alluding to the prænomen of Peter, "Simon," and to the simony practised in that city:—

"An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub judice lis est;
Simonen Romæ nemo fuisse negat."

Many that Peter ne'er saw Rome declare,
But all must own that Simon hath been there.

Of which that may be observed which I have heard said of libels, "the more true the more provoking;" and this the author, John Owen, the famous epigrammatist, found to his cost; for his uncle, a Papist, was so stung by these lines that, in revenge, he disinherited him, and doomed him to extreme poverty the remainder of his life. *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 471. The Romanists have also taken their revenge on the book that contains them, by inserting it in their *Index Expurgatorius.* Ibid.—H.



INTERIOR OF THEOBALDS

FROM A PRINT BY SPARROW

together: These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.[2]

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in suchlike arguments. I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's House.* I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

VARIATION.

[2] ignorant that such things yet are.—*2d edit.* ignorant that such things have yet a being.—*3d and 4th edit.*

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* The site of Theobald's Palace lies a little to the north of the road to Ware, at the distance of twelve miles from London, in the parish of Cheshunt. It was built about 1560 by Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, and is said to have been first intended as a small mansion for the residence of his younger son. Queen Elizabeth having honoured it with a visit in 1564, her minister was induced to enlarge it; and he completed the whole upon a more extensive scale in 1571. Her visits to it, as appears from Lord Burleigh's Diary, were repeated ten times between 1572 and 1597. In 1603, Sir Robert Cecil, his son, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, entertained King James the First at it, in his way from Scotland to London, when he came to take possession of the crown; and in 1606 gave him a second entertainment: soon after which the palace and manor were exchanged for the ancient royal residence at Hatfield. Theobalds became afterwards one of King James's favourite places of retirement: and he died there, March 27th, 1625. It was also an occasional place of residence with his successor, who went from it in 1642 to put himself at the head of the army. Norden, in his Description of Hertfordshire, says, "To speake of the state and beauty thereof at large as it deserveth, for curious buildinges, delightfull walkes, and pleasant conceites, within and without, and other things very glorious and ellegant to be seene, would challenge a great portion of this little treatise; and therefore, leaste I should come shorte of that due commendation that it deserveth, I leave it, as indeed it is, a princely seate." After the Restoration of King Charles the Second, the house, park, and manor were granted to the Duke of Albemarle, on the death of whose son without male issue they again reverted to the Crown; and were granted to the Duke of Portland by King William the Third in 1689. In 1762 the property of Theobalds was sold by the late Duke of Portland to George Prescott, Esq., who, three years after, pulled down what remained of the house, and built another for himself about a mile to the south of it. It is now, 1814, held on lease, under the representatives of Sir George William Prescott, Bart., by Job Matthew Raikes, Esq. An idea of the mansion, as it appeared in Walton's time, may be obtained from Mr Lysons's Description in the "Environs of London," edit. 1811, vol. i. part ii. p. 773, chiefly taken from the Parliamentary Survey of 1650, now in the Augmentation Office. A representation of the exterior will be found in King's Sheet of Views, to illustrate Camden's Britannia. One of the best views of the interior is in the background of a picture at Earl Poulet's, Hinton St George, in Somersetshire. The stables of Theobalds

AUCEPS. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said: nevertheless, I must part with you at this park wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

PISCATOR. Well now, Mr Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

VENATOR. Not I, Sir: I remember you said that Angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

PISCATOR. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of Angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

VENATOR. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

[3] PISCATOR. O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you* have named, and

VARIATION.

[3] *Piscator.* Oh, Sir, it is not to be questioned but that it is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question will rather be, whether you be capable of learning it? For he that learns it must not only bring an inquiring, searching, and discerning wit; but he must bring also that patience you talk of, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but, having once got and practised it, then doubt not but the art will (both for the pleasure and profit of it) prove like to virtue, a reward to itself.

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stood on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham-Cross to Cheshunt: and adjoining was a large building called the Alms-house, supposed to have been built by Lord Burleigh, and appropriated as a residence for some of his pensioners: it had a hall and chapel. This building, with the arms of Cecil in front, was standing till within these three years.—E.

* This is a mistake: it was *Auceps*, and not *Venator*, that named the Hawks; and *Auceps* had before taken his leave of these his companions.—H. The discrepancy does

more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice:[4] but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself;* but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

[5] VENATOR. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

PISCATOR. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling:† and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons

VARIATIONS.

[4] heightened by practice and experience.—*Until 5th edit.*

[5] *Viator.* Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed in your discourse: and first, I pray, Sir, let me hear concerning the antiquity of it.

Piscator. Sir, I will preface no longer, but proceed in order as you desire me: and first for the antiquity of Angling, I shall not say much; but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: and others (which I like better) say that Belus (who was the inventor of godly and virtuous recreations) was the inventor of it.

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not occur in any edition before the *fifth*, because in all the others the passage, "Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you [r friend has] have named, and more watchful and timorous than your [his] high-mettled Merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not, therefore, Sir, that Angling is an art," is omitted; and Piscator's reply reads thus, "O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning." The objection would be removed by the alterations suggested within brackets.

* Markham, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the subject of *the Angler's Apparel, and inward Qualities:* some of which are, "That he be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; as a *grammarian*, to know how to write, or discourse, of his art in true and fitting terms. He should," says he, "have *sweetness of speech*, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have *strength of argument*, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander." "Then must he be *strong* and *valiant;* neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted with thunder: and if he is not *temperate*, but has a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours; it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing."—H.

† Opposite to this passage in the *first* edition, "J. Da. Jer. Mar." occur, by which was probably meant John Davors, author of the *Secrets of Angling*, a poem, from which Walton has given an extract in a subsequent page, and Jervase Markham. The passage

of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos * mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job,† which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.‡

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person; so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention [6] of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

VARIATIONS.

[6] accidental mention of it; and shall proceed to the justification, or rather commendation of it.

Viator. My worthy friend, I am much pleased with your discourse, for that you seem to be so ingenuous, and so modest, as not to stretch arguments into hyperbolical expressions, but such as indeed they will reasonably bear; and, I pray, proceed to the justification, or commendations of Angling, which I also long to hear from you.

Piscator. Sir, I shall proceed; and my next discourse shall be rather a commendation than a justification of Angling: for, in my judgment, if it deserves to be commended, it is more than justified, for some practices that may be justified, deserve no commendation: yet there are none that deserve commendation but may be justified.

[6] accidental mention of it; and so I pass from the antiquity of Angling to the commendation of it.—2*d edit.*

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in the Secrets of Angling to which Walton alludes is in the division of the poem entitled "The Author of Angling. Poetical Fictions."

"Then did Deucalion first the art invent."

The passage referred to in Markham, whose opinion Walton says, in the *first* edition, he "likes better," is in the "Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the General Art of Fishing with an Angle or otherwise," 4to, 1614, p. 3.—T.

* Chap. iv. 2.

† Chap. lxi. 1, 2.

‡ See also Isaiah xix. 8.

[7] And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?* Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning, and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the Fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha.†

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as, namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

[8] And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin,‡ who, in his discourse

VARIATIONS.

[7] And now having said thus much by way of preparation, I am next to tell you that in ancient times a debate hath risen (and it is not yet resolved) whether contemplation or action be the chiefest thing wherein the happiness of a man doth most consist in this world? Concerning which, &c.

[8] And first I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found in myself, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the fittest place for, but will invite the anglers to contemplation: that it is the fittest place seems to be witnessed by the children of Israel, who having banished, &c.

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* This is a question which many persons of wit, especially among the Italian writers, have discussed; a disquisition in the judgment of Lord Clarendon about as profitable as whether a long journey is best undertaken on a black or a bay horse. See Lord Clarendon's Tracts, p. 167.—H.

† Luke x. 41, 42.

‡ Dr Peter du Moulin, Prebendary of Canterbury, and author of several pieces in the

of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel,* who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard † says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

[9]And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders

VARIATION.

[9] Concerning rivers, there be divers wonders reported of them by authors of such credit, that we need not deny them an historical faith. As of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Of the river, Selarus, that in a few hours turns a rod or a wand into stone, and our Camden mentions the like wonder in England. That there is a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, that with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, but returns to a wonted calmness and clearness when the music ceases. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea, and runs and moves swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests upon their Sabbath-day.

Romish controversy.—H. Du Moulin's Treatise, entitled "The Accomplishment of the Prophecies," was translated from the French, by J. Heath, and printed in octavo, at Oxford, in 1613. The passage which Walton quotes, or rather applies to his purpose, is in the Preface to the Reader. "For as God intending to reveale future events to his prophets, withdrew them aside, and carried them either to the desert, or els to the sea-shore, that so having pluckt them from amidst the presse, he might settle their minds in a quiet repose; so thinke I, that to dive into their prophecies a man need be free from all cares, and to partake of their rest, that he may partake of the cleernesse of their spirit."—E.

* Psalm cxxxvii.

† It is said by Moses Browne, that the person here meant was John Valdesso, and that the passage in the text occurs in his *Considerations;* but upon a careful perusal of that book for the purpose, no such sentiment has been found.—H.

reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As, namely, of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle * tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby, in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground,† and breaks out again so far off that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned

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* "In his Wonders of Nature. This is confirmed by Ennius, and Solon in his Holy History."—Note to the *first* edition.

† Defoe in his *Tour through England* satisfactorily proves that this is a mistake, and attempts to explain the cause of the opinions.—B. Drayton, Milton, and Pope have, however, fallen into the same error:—

"Which like a noozling Mole
Doth noozle underneath."—*Polyolbion.*

"And underneath the earth, for three miles space doth creep."
Ibid. Song 17.
"Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath."—*Milton on Rivers.*

"And sullen Mole that hides his diving flood."
Pope's Windsor Forest, l. 345.

Mr Dallaway, in a privately printed and beautiful little volume, entitled *Letheræum sive Horti Letheræani*, containing etchings of views in the Vicarage of Letherhead, thus alludes to the subject: "The Mole is a river which has excited much curiosity and discussion. There is a notion of very early establishment adopted by Camden and later topographers, that 'it runs under ground.' But, generally speaking, its bed is an absorbent earth, above the surface of which it often occurs, during dry seasons, that no stream appears. Frequent banks or reefs of chalk intervene, and over these it is both perennial and clear. The river Mole is so called from its being supposed to have a subterraneous current: be this circumstance as it may, it differs from other rivers in having its bed in certain places occasionally dry: various conjectures have been formed as to this peculiarity. In some parts of the river where the bed is a little elevated, in small detached pieces, there are holes which the country-people call Swallows. These are dry apertures during summer, but in wet seasons are full of water, and at those times the bed of the river becomes the channel of a rapid stream."—Pp. 14, 15.

Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.*

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea the fish called Balæna or Whirlpool † is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges there be Eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr Casaubon's ‡ "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant,§ and others added by my friend

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* The same is related by Philo.—B.

† *Balæna* properly means *a whale.*

‡ *Meric,* son of *Isaac Casaubon,* born at Geneva in 1599. but educated at Oxford, was for his great learning preferred to a Prebend in the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Rectory of Ickham near that city. Oliver Cromwell would have engaged him, by a pension of three hundred pounds a year, to write the history of his time, but Casaubon refused it. Of many books extant of his writing, that mentioned in the text is one. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the character of a religious man, loyal to his prince, exemplary in his life and conversation, and very charitable to the poor. *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. 485, edit. 1721.—H. *Casaubon's* work "Of Credulity and Incredulity in Things Natural, Civil, and Divine," was first printed at London, in 8vo, 1668; and again in 1670. What relates to the Dolphins is at p. 243 of the first edition. *Gaspar Peucerus,* quoted by Walton, part i. chap. v., about Menwolves, is mentioned at p. 252 of the same work. It contains a great deal of curious anecdote.—E.

§ There were, it seems, three of the *Tradescants,* grandfather, father, and son: the son is the person here meant: the two former were gardeners to Queen Elizabeth, and the latter to King Charles the First. They were all great botanists, and collectors of natural and other curiosities, and dwelt at South Lambeth in Surrey; and, dying there, were buried in Lambeth Churchyard. Mr Ashmole contracted an acquaintance with the last of them, and, together with his wife, boarded at his house for a summer, during which Ashmole agreed for the purchase of Tradescant's collection, and the same was conveyed to him by a deed of gift from Tradescant and his wife. Tradescant soon after died, and Ashmole was obliged to file a bill in Chancery for the delivery of the

Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London,* as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Cony-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such Birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake

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curiosities, and succeeded in his suit. Mrs Tradescant, shortly after the pronouncing the decree, was found drowned in her pond. This collection, with what additions he afterwards made to it, Mr Ashmole gave to the University of Oxford, and so became the Founder of the *Ashmolean Museum.* A monument for the three Tradescants, very curiously ornamented with sculptures, is to be seen in Lambeth Churchyard; and a representation thereof, in four plates, and also some particulars of the family, are given in the *Philosophical Transactions*, volume lxiii. part i. p. 79 *et seq.* The monument, by the contribution of some friends, to their memory, was in the year 1773 repaired; and the following lines, formerly intended for an epitaph, inserted thereon:—

Know, stranger! ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son.
The last dy'd in his spring: the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature thro';
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad, in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous Antiquarians, that had been
Both Gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their gardens for a Paradise.

The Tradescants were the first collectors of natural curiosities in this kingdom. The younger of them published in 1656, 12mo, "Museum Tradescantianum; or a Collection of Rarities preserved at South Lambeth, near London," containing portraits of his father and himself, engraved by Hollar. Tradescant's House is still known by the name of Turret-House, and is now, or was in 1809, in the occupation of Charles Bedford, Esq.—E.

* Ashmole was at first a Solicitor in Chancery; but marrying a lady with a large fortune, and being well skilled in history and antiquities, he was promoted to the office of Windsor Herald, and wrote the "History of the Order of the Garter," published in 1672, in folio. But addicting himself to the then fashionable studies of chemistry and judicial astrology; and associating himself with that silly crackbrained enthusiast, John Aubrey, Esq. of Surrey, and that egregious impostor, Lilly the Astrologer, he became a dupe to the knavery of the one and the follies of both; and lost in a great measure the reputation he had acquired by this and other of his writings. Of his weakness and superstition he has left on record this memorable instance: "11th April 1681, I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck; and they drove my ague away. Deo gratias." See "Memoirs of the Life of that Antiquarian, Elias Ashmole, Esq., drawn up by himself by way of Diary, published by Charles Burman, Esq., 12mo, 1717."—H.

of, the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr George Herbert, his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."[1]

Lord![2] who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they[3] are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
Who dost so strangely[4] and so sweetly move,
Whilst[5] all things have their end,[6] ye none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is, that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish, in that psalm,* wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, "That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner,† Rondeletius,‡

VARIATIONS.

[1] Walton probably wrote from memory, as the stanzas which form part of a poem entitled "Providence" are here transposed, and the following variations occur in Herbert's printed work.

[2] But. [3] which. [4] strongly. [5] While.

[6] will. Herbert's "Temple," ed. 1633, p. 109. Of George Herbert, whose life was written by Walton, some account will be found in the Memoir at the commencement of this volume.

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* Psalm civ.

† Conrade Gesner, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born at Zurich in 1516. His skill in botany and natural history was such as procured him the appellation of the Pliny of Germany: and Beza, who knew him, scruples not to assert that he concentrated in himself the learning of Pliny and Varro. Nor was he more distinguished for his learning than esteemed and beloved for that probity and sweetness of manners which rendered him conspicuous through the course of his life; notwithstanding which, he laboured under the pressure of poverty to a degree that compelled him to write for sustenance, and that in such haste that his works, which are very numerous, are not exempt from marks of it. Besides Bibliotheca sive Catalogus Scriptorum Lat. Gr. & Hebr. tam extantium quam non extantium, Tiguri, 1545-55, he wrote Historia Animalium, and De Serpentum Naturâ, Tiguri, 1551-87: to both which works Walton frequently refers. This excellent person died in 1565.—H.

‡ Guillaume Rondelet, an eminent physician, born at Montpelier in Languedoc, 1507. He wrote a treatise De Piscibus marinis, Lugd. 1554-5, where all that Walton has taken from him is to be found. He died, very poor, of a surfeit, occasioned by eating figs to excess, in 1566.—H.

Pliny, Ausonius,* Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas,† who says :—

> God quickened in the sea, and in the rivers,
> So many fishes of so many features,
> That in the waters we may see all creatures,
> Even all that on the earth are to be found,
> As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
> For seas—as well as skies—have Sun, Moon, Stars ,
> As well as air—Swallows, Rooks, and Stares ; ‡
> As well as earth—Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
> Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions
> Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these
> As very fishes, living in the seas ;
> As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
> Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs ;
> Yea Men and Maids ; and, which I most admire,
> The mitred Bishop and the cowled Friar : §
> Of which, examples, but a few years since,
> Were shown the Norway and Polonian prince.

These seem to be wonders ; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number, nor the various shapes, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions ; concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an Angler doth his line, she sendeth forth, and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish,* being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the Sea-angler.

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* Decius Ausonius, a native of Bordeaux, was a Latin poet, Consul of Rome, and Preceptor to the Emperor Gratian. He died about 390.—H.

† Guillaume de Saluste Sieur du Bartas was a poet of great reputation in Walton's time. He wrote, besides numerous other productions, a poem in French, called Divine Weeks and Works ; which was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester. The passage in the text occurs in the fifth day.—H. To Du Bartas, Milton is considered to have been much indebted.

The names quoted above, Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, &c., are the writers from whom Topsel, who wrote the History of Four-footed Beasts, Fishes, &c., compiled his work, from which it is most probable Walton derived his information, rather than from the original authorities.

‡ Or Starlings. Minsheu.—H.

§ This story of the Bishop-fish is told by Rondeletius, and vouched by Bellonius. Without taking much pains in the translation, it is as follows: "In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia, that represented a bishop. He was brought to the king ; but, seeming to desire to return to his own element, the king commanded him to be carried back to the sea, into which he immediately threw himself." Rondeletius had before related the story of a Monk-fish, which is what Du Bartas means by the "cowled Friar." The reader may see the portraits of these wonderful personages in Rondeletius ; or, in the Posthumous Works of the reverend and learned Mr John Gregory, in 4to, Lond. 1683, pages 121, 122. Stow, in his *Annals*, p. 157, from the Chronicle of Radulphus Coggeshale, gives the following relation of a sea-monster, taken on the coast of Suffolk, temp. Hen. ii : "Neare unto Orford in Suffolk, certaine fishers of the sea tooke in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points : which fish was kept by Bartlemew de Glaunville, custos of the castle of Orford, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths and more, for a wonder. He spake not a word. All manner of meates he did eate, but most greedily raw fish, after he had crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes, he was brought to the church, where he shewed no tokens of adoration." "At length," says this author, "when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared."—H.

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Ælian† the Adonis, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are, also, lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the Sargus; which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change
Wives every day, in the deep streams, but, strange!
As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the Cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words:—

But, contrary, the constant Cantharus
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
In nuptial duties, spending his chaste life;
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

VENATOR. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of Turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorn, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then, not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove.[*]

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* Montaigne, *Essays*, and others, affirm this.

† Ninth book Of Living Creatures, ch. 16. Claudius Ælianus was born at Præneste in Italy, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. He wrote De Animalium Naturâ, and other works.—H.

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St Paul,[†] to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the Last Day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas[‡] sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the Mullet.

> But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;
> For, if the fisher hath surpris'd her pheer,[§]
> As mad with wo, to shore she followeth,
> Prest[‖] to consort him, both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the House-Cock, which treads any hen; and then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge, and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish. And it is considerable, that the Hen, which, because she also takes any Cock, expects it not, who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem,[¶] quotes her, for an example of tender affection, as his father hath done Job, for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as, namely, the Barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that, unlike to the Cock, or the Cuckoo, they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

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[*] Of Swans it is also said that if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive.—H.

[†] Rom. ii. 14, 15.

[‡] Du Bartas, fifth day.

[§] Or Fellow; so Bed-pheer, Bedfellow.—H.

[‖] Prest, from the French prêt, Lat. paratus, ready, prepared. So Psalm civ. old version:—

> He maketh his spirites as heralds to go,
> And lightnings, to serve, we see also *prest*.—H.

Moses Browne has substituted a more elegant version:—

> But in chaste love the Mullet all outvies;
> For when her mate the fisher makes his prize,
> Mad to the shore she follows in despair,
> In life and death, resolved his fate to share.

[¶] Matt. xxiii. 37.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And doubtless this made the prophet David say,* "They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God:" indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old; and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve, we are sure, he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews; and themselves to suffer for that Saviour, whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life: this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations:—

First, that he never reproved these, for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles,* as, namely, first St Peter, St Andrew, St James, and St John; and then the rest in their order.

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* Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

And it is yet more observable that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed that all the other Apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the twenty-first chapter of St John's Gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man; who observes that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in holy writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, before his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue, or holy amorous love-song, the Canticles, betwixt God and his Church: in which he says, "his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon."

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded that Moses, who I told you before writ the Book of Job, and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for you shall, in all the Old Testament, find fish-hooks, I think, but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.†

Concerning which last, namely, the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman. Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St Peter, St James, and St John, whom we know were all fishers, with the [7] glorious language and high metaphors of St Paul, who we may believe was not.

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* Matt. x. 2.

† Walton was a good Scripturist, and therefore can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the passage in Isaiah, chap. xix. 8, "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast angle upon the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish." Which words, as they do but imply the use of fish-hooks, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop Lowth, who himself assures me that the word hook is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:—

> "And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
> All those that cast the hook in the river,
> And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish."

The following passage Walton seems likewise to have forgotten when he wrote the above, unless the reason before assigned induced him to reject it: "They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad."—*Habakkuk* i. 15.—H.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto * shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing. And he that reads Plutarch shall find that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used Angling as a principal recreation.† And let me tell you, that in the Scripture Angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

VARIATION.

[7] the glorious language and high metaphors of St Paul, whom we know was not.

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* A traveller whose veracity is much questioned.—H. He was born about 1510, and for one-and-twenty years travelled in the East. During that time he was five times shipwrecked, seventeen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave: he returned to Lisbon 22d September 1558. The passage alluded to by Walton occurs in "The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, done into English by H[enry] C[ogan], Gent., London, 1633," fol. chap. lxxix. p. 319.—T.

† The fact related by Plutarch is the following: "It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies; but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fisherman to dive under water, and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly, a very large company went out in the fishing-vessels; and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony's, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea." —H.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on Angling ; and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it, our learned Dr Whitaker * was ; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

[8] The first is Dr Nowel, sometime dean of the cathedral church of St Paul, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced ; † a man that, in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a Catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads

VARIATION.

[8] Let me give you the example of two men more, that have lived nearer to our own times : first Doctor Nowel, sometimes Dean of St Paul's (in which church his monument stands yet undefaced), a man, &c.

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* William Perkins was a learned divine, and a pious and painful preacher : Dr William Whitaker was an able writer in the Romish controversy, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. They both flourished at the latter end of the sixteenth century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this passage ; for he says not of Perkins, as he does of Whitaker, that he was a practiser of, but only that he bestows (in some of his writings we must conclude) great commendations on angling. Perkins had the misfortune to want the use of his right hand ; as we find intimated in this distich on him :—

Dextera quamtumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
  Pollebas mira dexteritate tamen.

Though Nature bath thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with thy hand that's left.

And therefore can hardly be supposed capable of even baiting his hook. The fact respecting Whitaker is thus attested by Dr Fuller, in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13 : " Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take ; yet herewithal Dr Whitaker was much delighted." To these examples of divines lovers of Angling, I here add (1784) that of Dr Leigh, the present Master of Baliol College, Oxford, who, though turned of ninety, makes it the recreation of his vacant hours.—H. He died in 1790.

† Dr Alexander Nowel, a learned divine, and a famous preacher in the reign of King Edw. VI. ; upon whose death he, with many other Protestants, fled to Germany, where he lived many years. In 1561 he was made Dean of St Paul's ; and in 1601 died. The monument mentioned in the text was undoubtedly consumed, with the church, in the fire of London ; but the inscription thereon is preserved in Stow's *Survey*, edit. 1633, page 362. See *Athen. Oxon.* 313. An engraving of the monument itself is in Dugdale's *History of St Paul's Cathedral.*—H. Dr Dunham Whitaker, in his *History of Whalley*, says of Nowel, " He is recorded by Isaac Walton, a man of the same tranquil devotion, and who attained nearly to the same length of days with himself, to have spent a tenth part of his time in Angling, an amusement suited beyond every other to calm and contemplative minds, and sacred, as it should seem, to the relaxation of eminent divines. Donne, Herbert, Whitaker, and after them Archbishop Sheldon, having been fondly attached to it."—P. 482.

us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old Service-book.* I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which, by command of the Church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians, I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and, also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "that charity gave life to religion:" and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a Churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and on his other hand are his Angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, "that he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St Paul's Church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless."* It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

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* The question who was the compiler of our Church Catechism must, I fear, be reckoned among the desiderata of our ecclesiastical history. It is certain that Nowel drew up two catechisms, a greater and a less: the latter in the Title, as it stands in the English translation, expressly directed "to be learned of all youth, next after the little Catechisme appoynted in the Booke of Common Prayer." But, besides that both were originally written in Latin, and translated by other hands, the lesser, though declared to be an abridgment of the greater, was at least twenty times longer than that in the Common Prayer Book. And whereas, Walton says, that in the reformation of Elizabeth, the then Parliament enjoined Nowel to make a Catechism, &c., and that he made that which is printed in our old Service-book, the catechism in question is to be found in both the Liturgies of Edw. VI. (the first whereof was set forth in 1549), and also in his Primer, printed in 1552; and Nowel is not enumerated among the compilers of the Service-book. Further, both the Catechisms of Nowel contain the doctrine of the sacraments; but that in the old Service-book is silent on that head, and so continued, till, upon an objection of the Puritans in the conference at Hampton Court, an explanation of the sacraments was drawn up by Dr John Overall, and printed in the next impression of the Book of Common Prayer. It may further be remarked that, in the conference above mentioned, the two Catechisms are contradistinguished, in an expression of Dr Reynolds; who objected that the Catechism in the Common Prayer Book was too brief, and that by Dean Nowel too long for novices to learn by heart. See Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* book x. page 14. So much of Walton's assertion as respects the sanction given to a catechism of Nowel's is true; but it was the larger catechism, drawn up at the request of Secretary Cecil and other great persons, that was so approved, and that not by Parliament, but by a convocation held *anno* 1562, *temp. Eliz.* See Strype's *Life of Archbishop Parker*, 202. From all which particulars it must be inferred that Walton's assertion with respect to the Catechism in the Service-book, *i.e.*, the Book of Common Prayer, is a mistake; and although Strype, in his *Memorials*, vol. ii. page 442, concludes a catechism of Nowel's (mentioned in the said book, page 368, *et in loc. cit.*) to be the Church Catechism joined, ordinarily with our Common Prayer, he also must have misunderstood the fact.—H.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton,† a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, "it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent;" for Angling was, after tedious study, "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man. And I do easily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you :[9]—

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* The inscription under Dean Nowel's picture at Brazenose College, which Walton translated, is

> "ALEXANDER NOWELLUS, Sacræ Theologiæ Professor,
> S. Pauli Decanus, obiit 13 Febr. Anno Dom. 1601. R.R. Eliz. 44.
> An. Decanatus 42. Ætatis suæ 95; cum neque Oculi
> caligarent, neque Aures obtusiores, neque Memoria
> infirmior, neque Animi ullæ facultates victæ essent.
> Piscator Hominum."

The portrait has been lately engraved in Churton's *Life of Nowel*, 8vo, Oxford, 1809, p. 366.—E.

† Of whom see an account in the *Life of Walton*.

This day dame Nature[1] seem'd in love ;
The lusty sap began to move ;
Fresh[2] juice did stir th' embracing vines ;
And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly ;
There stood my Friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

Already were the eves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest ;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice :

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now,
She trips to milk the sand-red cow ;

Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet ;

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks[3] gay, and[4] full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse : viz., Jo. Davors, Esq.? *

VARIATIONS.

[9] These verses occur in every edition of the Angler exactly as they are here printed, but the following variations exist between them and the copy printed by Wotton in his *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 384, where they are entitled, "On a Bank as I sate a Fishing ; a Description of the Spring."

[1] And now all Nature. [2] New. [3] look'd.

[4] all. It can scarcely be doubted that the "*Friend*" alluded to was Izaak Walton.

---

* John Davors, Esq., was the author of a poem entitled the *Secrets of Angling, teaching the choicest tools, baits, and seasons for the taking of any Fish in pond or river, practised and familiarly opened in three books, by J. D., Esquire*, 12mo, 1613, augmented with many approved experiments, by W. Lauson, and reprinted in 1652. Again reprinted from that edition by Triphook in 1811. The verses in the text have been collated with the reprint, and the most important variations are shown in the notes. The work was, however, entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as the production of *John Dennys*, Esq. "1612, 23 Martij. Mr Roger Jackson entred for his copie under thands of Mr Mason and Mr Warden Hooper, a booke called the Secrete of Angling, teaching the choycest tooles, bates, and seasons for the taking of any Fish in any pond or river, practised and opened in three bookes, by John Dennys, Esquire." It was dedicated to John Harboone, of Tackley in Oxfordshire, Esq., by "R. I.," who states in the dedication that the author was dead. Fourteen lines "in due praise of his praiseworthy skill and work," signed "Jo. Daves," are prefixed.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;[5]
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace;[6]
And on the world and my[7] Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace;[8]
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still[9] pursue,
And on such[1] pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,[2]
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass,[3] and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher[4] pleasure to behold
The stately[5] compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye:
The watery clouds that in the air up-roll'd
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still[6] blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins inclos'd with rivers running[7] round;
These[8] rivers making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course, into the sea profound;
The raging[9] sea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow:[1]

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,[2]
Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts, among
Are intermixt, with[3] verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal, watery stream.[4]

All these, and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
Taking[5] therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be:
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from[6] other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

VARIATIONS.

[5] Oh, let me rather on the pleasant brink
Of Tyne and Trent possess some dwelling-place.
[6] With eager bite of Barbel, Bleak, or Dace.
[7] his.
[8] While they proud Thais painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.
[9] then.
[1] their.
[2] And by the rivers fresh may walk at will.
[3] ganderglas.
[4] better.
[5] goodly.
[6] All.
[7] running rivers.
[8] The.
[9] surging.
[1] The vallies sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.
[2] In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song.
[3] the.
[4] Within the brooks and crystal wat'ry brim.
[5] And takes.
[6] his thoughts on.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me, for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House.[*] And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VENATOR. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short;" for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest.

PISCATOR. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters [†] that are to meet you to-morrow.

VENATOR. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of Angling and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we too will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

PISCATOR. It is a match, Sir, I will not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill [‡] to-morrow morning before sunrising.

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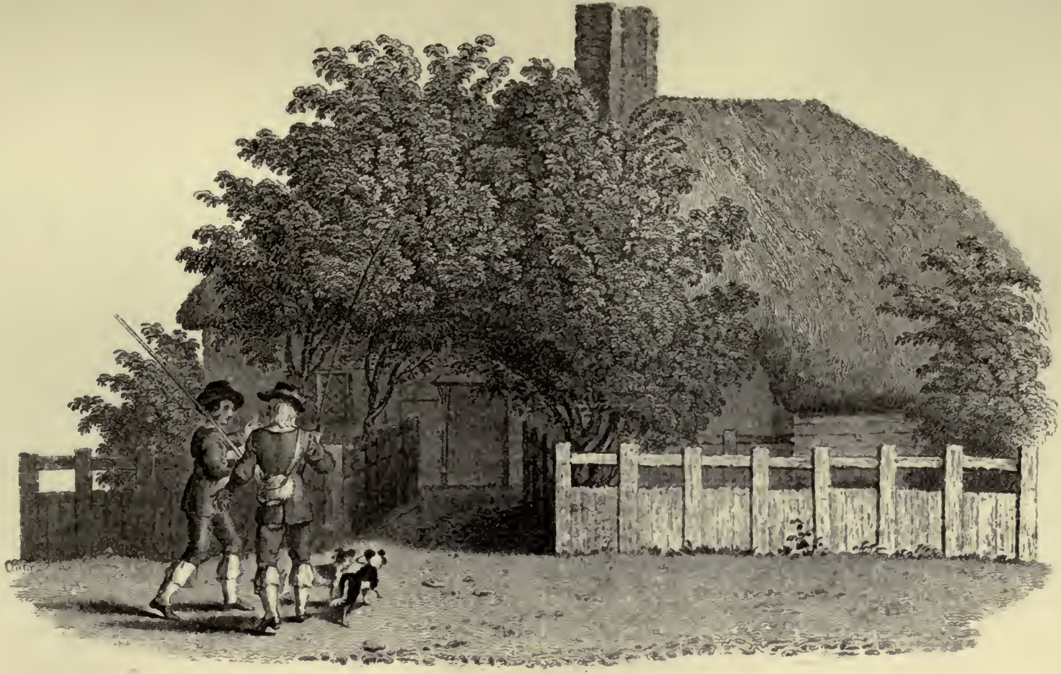
[*] In the *first* edition Piscator says, "I know the Thatched House well, I often make it my resting-place, and taste a cup of ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable."

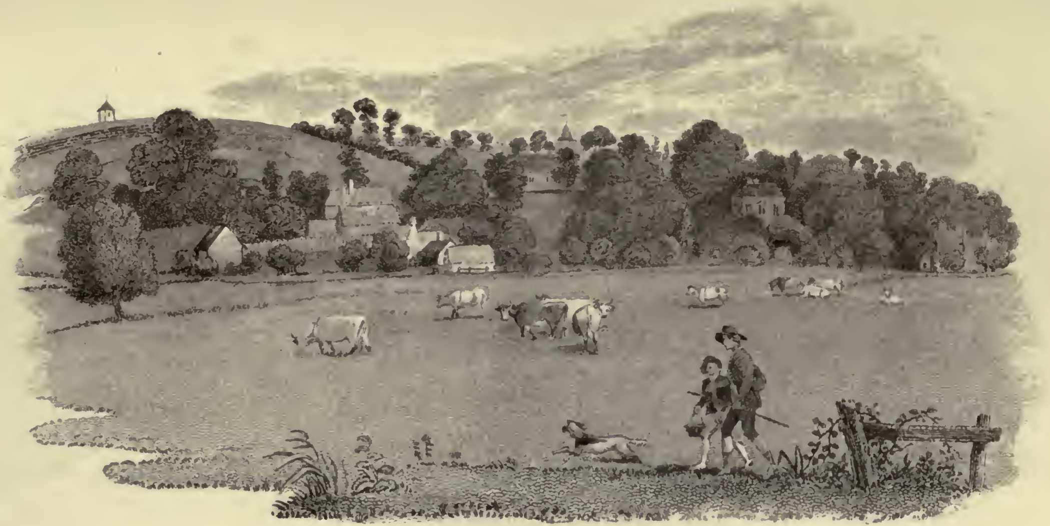
[†] In the Whitehall Evening Post, in May 1760, appeared the following advertisement: "To be disposed of, at Barton under Needwood, near Litchfield, Staffordshire, Otter Hounds, exceeding staunch, and thoroughly well trained to the hunting of this animal. The pack consists of nine couple and a terrier, and are esteemed to be as good, if not the best hounds in the kingdom. In the winter season they hunt the hare, except about two couple and a half that are trained to the Otter only; but there are about two couple of harriers, that have never been entered at the Otter, which will go with the rest; besides three couple of year-old hounds, now fit to enter at either or both; and one couple of whelps, ready to go to walks. The greatest part of them are the blood of as high breed a fox hound as any in England. The proprietor disposes of them for the two following reasons only: first, because all the Otters, except about three or four, are killed within this hunt, which consists of all the rivers in this county (except the Dove, where Otters are not to be killed with hounds), Leicestershire, and Warwickshire; but more especially because the proprietor finds himself too infirm to follow them. None but principals will be treated with. Direct to Walter Biddulph, of Barton, aforesaid, Esq., by whom all letters from principals will be duly answered.

"N.B. Mr Biddulph has killed within these last six years with these hounds, above Burton upon Trent only, seventy-four Otters. There are six spears to be disposed of with the hounds."

[‡] Now called Amwellbury. This beautiful village is the subject of a poem, by John Scott, Esq., 8vo, 1782, in which Walton is thus alluded to:—



THE THATCHED HOUSE, HODDESDON



AMWELL HILL

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

"It little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd WALTON, erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lea's shore
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms."—P. 80.

The Second Day.

CHAPTER II.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

On the Otter and the Chub.

VENATOR. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an Otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make; look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs: dogs and men; all busy.

PISCATOR. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men, all in pursuit of the Otter. Let us compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let us be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

VENATOR. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this Otter?

HUNTSMAN. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sunrise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what is the skin worth?

HUNTSMAN. It is worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

PISCATOR. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question: do you hunt a beast or a fish?

HUNTSMAN. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But, I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land: for an Otter does so sometimes, five or six or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that Pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast: but, Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him: Gesner says much farther: and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, Benione, which, being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And, I can tell you, there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall; * where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called Ottersey, which was so named by reason of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter; which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

VENATOR. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

HUNTSMAN. No, Sir, no; be not so eager; stay a little, and follow me; for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

---

* In *Devonshire.* The River Ottersey is thus noticed in Gough's edition of *Camden's Britannia:* "More eastward the Otterey (q.d., the Otter's river) falls into the sea, passing by Honiton."—Vol. i. p. 29. Though pointed out by Mr Moses Browne, the error is not noticed by subsequent editors.

VENATOR. Marry! so he does; for, look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above and some under water: but, now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! it is a Bitch-otter, and she has lately whelp'd. Let's go to the place where she was put down; and not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

HUNTSMAN. Come, Gentlemen! come, all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kenneled; look you! here it was indeed; for here's her young ones, no less than five: come, let us kill them all.

PISCATOR. No: I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr Nich. Segrave,* has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish,† and do many other things of much pleasure.

HUNTSMAN. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest alehouse, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing "Old Rose,"‡ and all of us rejoice together.

VENATOR. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

PISCATOR. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

---

* Charles Segrave of Scalford in Leicestershire, Esq., who was living in 1606, left issue, by Alice his wife, daughter of John Flower of Whitwell, in the county of Rutland, four sons, the fourth of which was named *Nicholas*, and who was probably the person mentioned in the text. Nichols' *Leicestershire*, vol. ii. part i. p. 314.

† Duncombe, in his translation of Vanier, says—

> If you should find the young ones, steal away,
> In th' absence of the dam, the tender prey,
> And by his youthful years yet pliant, breed
> The gentle otter to the fishing trade;
> For when suspended in the stream you place
> Your flaxen snares, to catch the finny race,
> He will explore each cavern and retreat,
> And rouse the fish, and hunt them to the net.—Ed. H.

‡ The song alluded to was the following. It was inserted in Dr Harington's Collection from a publication temp. Charles I.

> Now we're met like jovial fellows,
> Let us do as wise men tell us,
> Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows;
> Let us do as wise men tell us,
> Sing, &c.
>
> When the jowl with claret glows,
> And wisdom shines upon the nose,
> O then is the time to sing Old Rose,
> And burn, burn, the bellows,
> The bellows, and burn, burn, the bellows, the bellows.

The Third Day.

CHAPTER II. TO CHAPTER IV.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

VENATOR. Well, now let's go to your sport of Angling.

PISCATOR. Let's be going,[1] with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another Bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

VENATOR. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

PISCATOR. We are not yet come to a likely place; I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

VENATOR. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host [2] and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

[3] PISCATOR. Sir, I will tell you, presently, what I think of your host: but, first, I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed; * and I am sorry there are no more Otter-killers; for

VARIATIONS.

[1] Well now let's be going.—*1st and 2d edit.*

[2] Tell me freely how do you like mine host.—*Till 5th edit.*

[3] In the *first* edition Piscator's reply commences with :—
Sir, to speak truly, he is not to me; for most of his conceits were either, &c.

---

* Gay has thus alluded to the Otter :—

"Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous Otter chase,

I know[4] that the want of Otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

PISCATOR. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May: for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands; as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13th of Edward the First,* and the like in Richard the Second,† may see several

VARIATION.] [4] I may tell you.—*1st and 2d edit.*

Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores;
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey."

* The statute of the 13th Edw. I. cap. 47, is as follows: "It is provided, That the waters of Humber, Ouse, Trent, Dove, Arre, Derewent, Wherfe, Nid, Yare, Swale, Tese, and all other waters (wherein salmons be taken within the kingdom), shall be in defence for taking salmons from the Nativity of our Lady unto St Martin's Day: and that likewise young salmon shall not be taken nor destroyed by nets, nor by other engine, at millpools, from the midst of April unto the Nativity of St John the Baptist. And in places where such rivers be, there shall be assigned overseers of this statute, which being sworn, shall oftentimes see and enquire of the offenders; and for the first trespass, they shall be punished by burning of their nets and engines; and for the second time, they shall have imprisonment for a quarter of a year; and for the third trespass, they shall be imprisoned a whole year; and as their trespass increaseth, so shall the punishment."

† The statute referred to was enacted in the 13th year of the reign of Richard the Second, cap. 19, of which the following is a copy: "Item, Whereas it is contained in the Statute of Westminster the Second, that young salmons shall not be taken nor destroyed by nets, nor by other engines, at milldams, from the midst of April till the Nativity of St John the Baptist, upon a certain pain limited in the same statute;" 'it is accorded and assented, That the said statute be firmly holden and kept, joyning to the same, that young salmons shall not be taken, during the said time, at milldams, nor in other places upon the same pain. And that no fisher, or garth-man, nor any other, of what estate or condition that he be, shall from henceforth put in the waters of Thamise, Humber, Ouse, Trent, nor any other waters of the realm by the said time, nor in other time of the year, any nets called stalkers, nor other nets nor engines whatsoever they be, by which the fry or the breed of the salmons, lampreys, or any other fish, may in any wise be taken or destroyed, upon the pain aforesaid.' "And also where it is contained in the same statute, that all the waters in the which salmons be taken within the realm, shall be put in defence as to the taking of salmons, from the Day of the Nativity of our Lady, until St Martin's Day;" 'it is ordained and assented, that the waters of Low, Wyre, Mersee, Rybbyl, and all other waters in the county of Lancaster, be put in defence, as to the taking of salmons, from Michaelmas Day to the Purification of our Lady, and in no other time of the year, because that salmons be not seasonable in the

provisions made against the destruction of fish : and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business ;" if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size, sold daily amongst us ; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.*

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature : it is like taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young, a sin so against nature that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it.†

But the poor fish have enemies enough besides such unnatural fishermen ; as, namely, the Otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Seagull, the Hern, the King-fisher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Goose, Duck, and the Craber, which some call the Water-rat : against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not ; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host. To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests ; for which I count no man witty : for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first ; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company

said waters in the time aforesaid. And in the parts where such rivers be, there shall be assigned and sworn good and sufficient conservators of this statute, as it is ordained in the said Statute of Westminster, and that they shall punish the offenders after the pain contained in the same statute, without any favour thereof to be showed.'

By Statute 17 Rich. II. c. 9, all justices of the peace were constituted conservators of the stat. 13 Edw. I., with power to appoint under-conservators ; and the lord mayor was appointed conservator of that statute in the Thames. Various statutes have since been enacted for preserving the spawn and fry of fish. See ***Index to the Statutes at Large***, articles "Fish," "Salmon," and "Rivers."

In the 8 Rich. II., 1384, the Commons complained that in the Thames, Medway, and other great rivers, there was an abundance of the fry of fish, that is to say, of "Troutes, Samons, Pykes, Roches, Barbils," and other fish, which fry, if preserved, would produce great profit to the lords and commons of the land ; but that diverse persons dwelling near those rivers, took the fry with their "subtils reetz," and other "subtils instruments," and sold it as food for pigs for a penny a bushel, and sometimes for six eggs a bushel. They therefore prayed that no fish might be taken with any net unless the mesh was of the size ordained by the former statute. The king commanded that the said statute should be kept and put in due execution. *Rot. Parl.* vol. iii. p. 200.

* See note to page 63.

† The command alluded to occurs in Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 6 and 7 : "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young : but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee ; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night,* there is usually an Angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others: the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's: I think more will be required at the last great day. Well! you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:[5]—

Many a one
Owes to his country his religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner.

VENATOR. Oh, Sir! a Chub is the worst fish that swims; I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

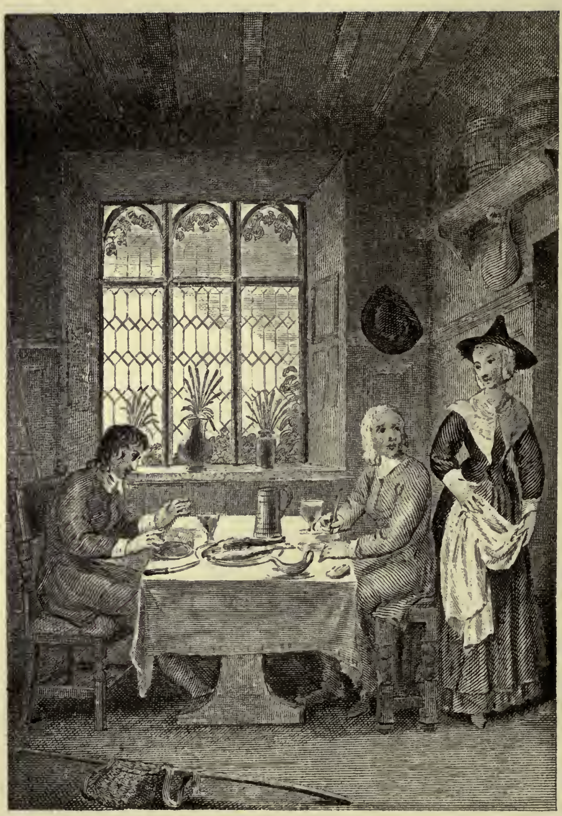
PISCATOR. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout: and we stayed so long to take our leave of your hunts-

VARIATION.

[5] But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless, ["I am sorry the other is a gentleman"—"at the last great day"] well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, *which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility.*—
Many a one, &c.
1st *edit.*, the words in italic were added to the 2*d*, and those in brackets to the 3*d edit.*

---

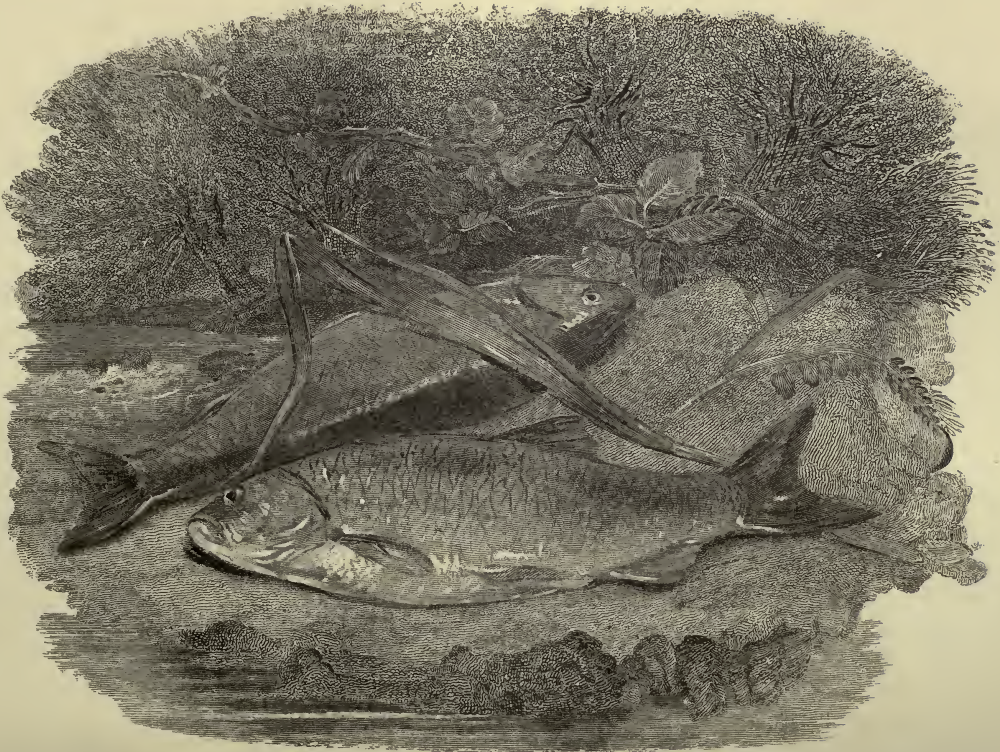
* Trout-hall was probably a name given by Anglers to some little inn which they were in the habit of frequenting, and possibly the sign was a Trout. Piscator did not, however, fulfil his intention of sleeping at Trout-hall, because we find that his scholar and himself returned and slept at the alehouse where they dined, and which it would appear from his conversation with the milkwoman, was called *Bleak-hall.* The cause of this alteration in his plan, Piscator seems to explain to Venator, in a subsequent page, where he says they would eat the trout he had caught for supper, and would go to his hostess from whence they came, [*because*] "on going out of the door, she told him that his brother Peter and a cheerful companion had sent word they would lodge there that night."



THE BREAKFAST

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

"I'll now lead you to an honest Ale-house
where we shall find a cleanly room,
lavender in the windows & twenty ballads
stuck about the wall."



THE CHUB

BY INSKIPP

men this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

VENATOR. Why, how will you dress him?

PISCATOR. I'll tell you by-and-by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty Chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

VENATOR. Ay, marry! Sir, now you talk like an artist; and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

PISCATOR. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very Chub I mean to put into your hands presently; [6] sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while; and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

VENATOR. I'll sit down; and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he is: that very Chub, that I showed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him: I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil, hath dressed [7] many a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.*

VENATOR. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

VARIATIONS.

[6] I mean to catch, sit you, &c.—1*st and* 2*d edit.*

[7] There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly and conveniently handsome, has dressed, &c.—1*st edit.*

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* The word "meat" was then used synonymously with food. Thus corn and hay for horses were called horse-meat.

Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink,[8] and then dress this Chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

HOSTESS. I will do it, Mr Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

PISCATOR. Now, Sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

VENATOR. Both, upon my word, Sir; and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

VENATOR. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me.

PISCATOR. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, it is that from henceforth you would allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

PISCATOR. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.[9]

CHAP. III. How to fish for, and to dress, the Chavender or Chub.

THE Chub though he eat well, thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call

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VARIATIONS.

[8] your best ale, and, &c.—*1st and 2d edit.*

[9] In the *first* edition the next paragraph is:—

And first I will tell you how you shall catch such a Chub as this was; and then how to cook him as this was. I could not have begun to teach you to catch any fish more easily than this fish is caught; but then it must be this particular way, and this you must do:—

Go to the same hole, where in most hot days you will find floating near the top of the water at least a dozen or twenty Chubs; get a grasshopper or two as you go, and get secretly behind the tree, put it then upon your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the top of the water, and 'tis very likely that the shadow of your rod, which you must rest on the tree, will cause the Chubs to sink down to the bottom with fear; for they be a very fearful fish, and the shadow of a bird flying over them will make them do so; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again: when they lie upon the top of the water, &c.

him *Un Villain;* nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as, namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus :—

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little, and near to his gills, as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine: for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound. But take this rule with you, That a Chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the Chub being thus used, and dressed presently; and not washed after he is gutted, for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness; you will find the Chub, being dressed in the blood, and quickly, to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the Chavender or Chub thus :—

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke: and all the time he is a-broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And to this add a little thyme cut exceeding small, or bruised into the butter. The Cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember, that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised Chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him : and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a Chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young Angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way :—

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers, as you go over the meadow : and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod (for Chub is the fearfullest of fishes), and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water ; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub, which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch ; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to catch him ; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold ; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently ; take my rod, and do as I bid you ; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

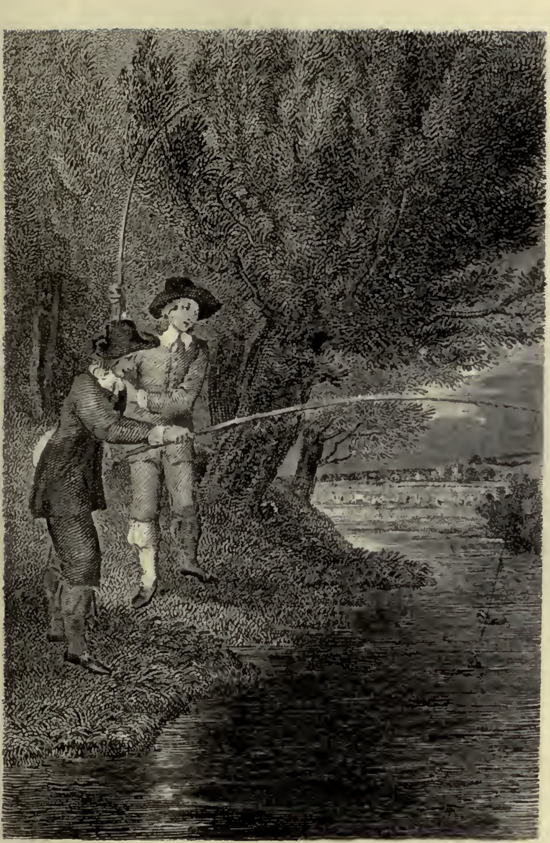
VENATOR. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry, and I am glad of it : I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an Angler in a short time. Have but a love to it ; and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But, master ! what if I could not have found a grasshopper ?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you, That a black snail, with his belly slit to show his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-



MASTER & SCHOLAR ANGLING

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

*Look you, Master, what I have done!
that which joys my heart, caught just
such another chub as yours was.*

fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm; or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a Trout in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is: and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub or Cheven; and so the Barbel, the Gudgeon, and Carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin, of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold: but on the contrary, a Pike, a Perch, or Trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it. I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now what shall be done with my Chub or Cheven that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it,[1] which I see

VARIATION.

[1] To the poor, who will both thank God and you for it.

And now let's walk towards the water again, and as I go I'll tell you, when you catch your next Chub, how to dress it as this was.

Viator. Come, good Master, I long to be going and learn your directions.

Piscator. You must dress it, or see it dressed thus: When you have scaled him, wash him very clean, cut off his tail and fins; and wash him not after you gut him, but chine or cut him through the middle as a salt fish is cut, then give him four or five scotches with your knife, broil him upon wood, coal, or charcoal; but as he is broiling, baste him often with butter that shall be choicely good; and put good store of salt into your butter, or salt him gently as you broil or baste him; and bruise or cut very small into your butter a little thyme, or some other sweet herb that is in the garden where you eat him: thus used, it takes away the waterish taste which the Chub or Cheven has, and by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-fishing. You are to note that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls. And he never refuses a grasshopper, on the top of a swift stream,* nor, at the bottom, the young humble bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as, being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best, for then it is observed that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked, of cheese and turpentine.[2] He will bite also at a minnow, or penk,† as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that, in hot weather, he is to be fished for towards the mid-

VARIATIONS.

makes him a choice dish of meat, as you yourself know; for thus was that dressed which you did eat of to your dinner.

Or you may (for variety) dress a Chub another way, and you will find him very good, and his tongue and head almost as good as a Carp's: but then you must be sure that no grass or weeds be left in his mouth or throat.

Thus you must dress him: Slit him through the middle, then cut him into four pieces; then put him into a pewter dish, and cover him with another, put into him as much white wine as will cover him, or spring water and vinegar, and store of salt, with some branches of thyme, and other sweet herbs; let him then be boiled gently over a chafing dish with wood coals, and when he is almost boiled enough, put half of the liquor from him, not the top of it; put then into him a convenient quantity of the best butter you can get, with a little nutmeg grated into it, and sippets of white bread; thus ordered, you will find the Cheven and the sauce too a choice dish of meat: and I have been the more careful to give you a perfect direction how to dress him, because he is a fish undervalued by many, and I would gladly restore him to some of his credit which he has lost by ill cookery.

Viator. But, Master, have you no other way to catch a Cheven or Chub?

Piscator. Yes, that I have, but I must take time to tell it you hereafter; or indeed, you must learn it by observation and practice, though this way that I have taught you was the easiest to catch a Chub, at this time, and at this place. And now we are come again to the river, I will (as the soldier says) prepare for skirmish; that is, draw out my tackling, and try to catch a Trout for supper.

Viator. Trust me, Master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub, &c.

[2] if he baked with a paste made of cheese and turpentine.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* In the Thames above Richmond, the best way of using the grasshopper for Chub is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off, and in this way, when the weed is rotten, which is seldom till September, the largest Dace are taken.—H.

† In "Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent," 12mo, *Newark*, 1801, p. 42, it is said, "Chub will also take small Gudgeons in the way you troll for Pike; the hook ought not to be so heavy leaded upon the shank; they gorge immediately on taking the bait."—E.

water, or near the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom; and if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle, or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.[3]

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca, his "Natural Questions,"* that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms, and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon; and he says they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some Observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.†

CHAP. IV. On the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. THE Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet

VARIATION.

[3] the next you fish for. And now my next observation and direction shall be concerning the Trout (which I love to angle for above any fish). But lest you, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* Lib. iii. cap. 17.

† The haunts of the Chub are streams shaded with trees: in summer, deep holes, where they will sometimes float near the surface of the water, and under the boughs on the side of a bank. Their spawning-time is towards the beginning of April: they are in season from about the middle of May till the middle of February; but are best in winter. At mid-water, and at bottom, use a float; at top, either dib, or, if you have room, use the fly-line, as for Trout. They are so eager, in biting, that, when they take the bait, you may hear their jaws chop like those of a dog.—H.

may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany, and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are Trouts taken of three cubits long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit: and Mercator * says, the Trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trouts remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken to be young Salmons; but, in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; [4] many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: † and he hath told me, he thought

VARIATION.] [4] accounted rare meat; many of them, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* *Gerard Mercator*, of Ruremond in Flanders, a man of such intense application to mathematical studies, that he neglected the necessary refreshments of nature. He engraved with his own hand, and coloured the maps to his geographical writings. He wrote several books of Theology; and died in 1594.—H.

† Apparently Sir George Hastings, son and heir of the celebrated Henry Hastings, of Woodlands, second son of George, 4th Earl of Huntingdon. Sir George Hastings died 25th October 1651, æt. 63.—*Collins' Peerage*, ed. 1779, vol. iii. p. 97.

that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors,[5] that grasshoppers * and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as, namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, and an Amerly Trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called

VARIATION.

[5] That there is a fish that hath not any mouth, but lives by taking breath by the porings of her gills, and feeds and is nourished by no man knows what, and this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* It has been said by naturalists, particularly by Sir Theodore Mayerne, in an *Epistle to Sir William Paddy*, prefixed to the translation of Mouffet's *Theatr. Insect.* printed with Topsel's *History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, that the grasshopper has no mouth, but a pipe in his breast, through which it sucks the dew, which is its nutriment. There are two sorts, the green and the dun; some say there is a third, of a yellowish green. They are found in long grass, from June to the end of September, and even in October, if the weather be mild. In the middle of May, you will see, in the joints of rosemary, thistles, and almost all the larger weeds, a white fermented froth, which the country-people call *Cuckow's Spit;* in these the eggs of the grasshopper are deposited; and if you examine them, you will never fail in finding a yellowish insect, of about the size and shape of a grain of wheat, which, doubtless, is the young grasshopper. A passage to this purport is in Leigh's *History of Lancashire*, page 148.—H.

half-year birds, and [6] not seen to fly in England for six months in a year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees,[7] or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat.* And so Albertus † observes, That there is one kind of frog ‡ that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.§

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the cameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.||

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of the wool: and, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that [8] he is not like the

VARIATIONS.

[6] that swallows, which are not seen to fly, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*
[7] hollow trees, where they, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*
[8] that after he is come, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* View Sir Francis Bacon, Exper. 899.

† *Albertus Magnus*, a German Dominican, and a very learned man. Urban IV. compelled him to accept of the bishopric of Ratisbon. He wrote a treatise *on the Secrets of Nature*, and twenty other volumes in folio; and died at *Cologne*, 1280.—H.

‡ See Topsel on Frogs. *Edward Topsel* was the author of a *History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, collected out of the works of Gesner, and other authors, in folio, Lond. 1658. In this history he describes the several kinds of frogs; and in page 721 thereof cites from *Albertus* the fact here related.—H.

§ See Chap. VIII.

|| That the *Cameleon* lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is flies and other insects.—H.

Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death : but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream ; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later ; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season ; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month : and so you may observe, That most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, That till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome ; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and then to be lank and thin and lean ; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-slice ; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture ; those, I think, the Trout breeds himself : and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes ; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice ; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him ; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis ; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow ; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good ; but that is not usual : and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog-back and a little head, to either

Trout, Salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.[9]

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season : and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts : but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men ; for they go under the general name of Trouts : just as pigeons do, in most places ; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons : and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty-and-three kinds of spiders ; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially ; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour.[1] The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens : and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big ; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size : which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout ; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub : for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him ; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him : reach me that

VARIATIONS.

[9] male Trout. And a hog-back and a little head, to any fish, either Trout, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

[1] And you are to note that there are several kinds of Trouts, though they all go under that general name ; just as there be tame and wild pigeons : and of tame there be cropers, carriers, runts, and too many to name, which all differ, and so do Trouts, in their bigness, shape, and colour. The great Kentish, &c.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?[2]

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us,[3] and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower[4] falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree[5] near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing[6] the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in

VARIATIONS.

[2] and your patience?—*2d edit.* [3] "and pass away,"—"or man."—*2d edit.*

[4] toward yonder high hedge, we'll sit whilst this shower, &c.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

[5] cave.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

[6] and sometimes viewing, &c.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had[7] not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,* now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion[8] in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak Hall† to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILKWOMAN. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully.[9] And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice,

VARIATIONS.

[7] that had cast away all care, and sung, &c.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*
[8] better than that now in fashion.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*
[9] cheerfully. Will you drink a draught of red cow's milk?
Piscator. No, I thank you, &c.—*1st edit.*

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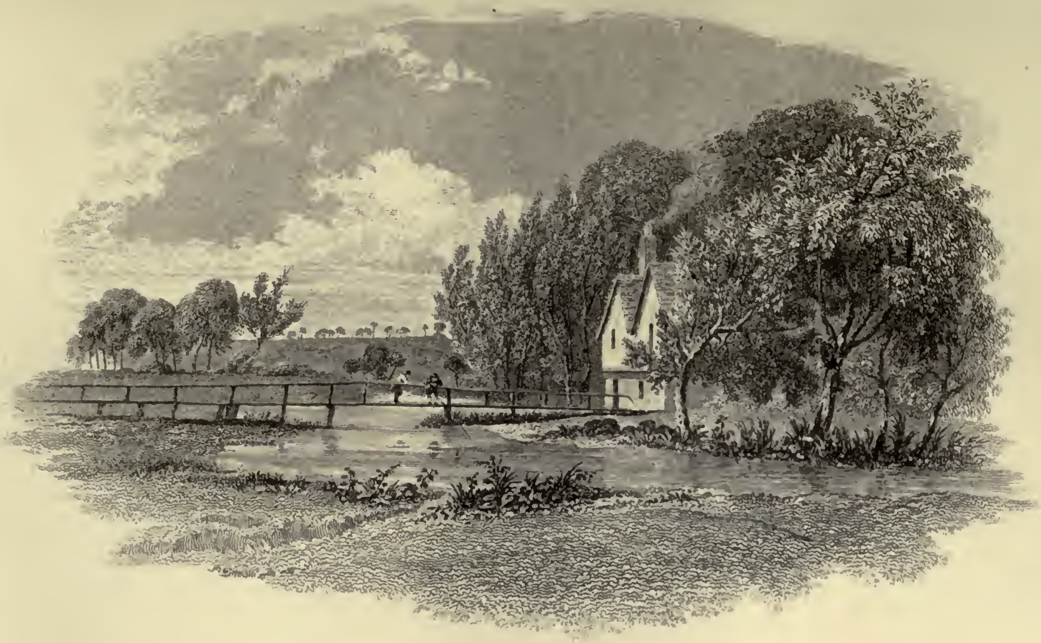
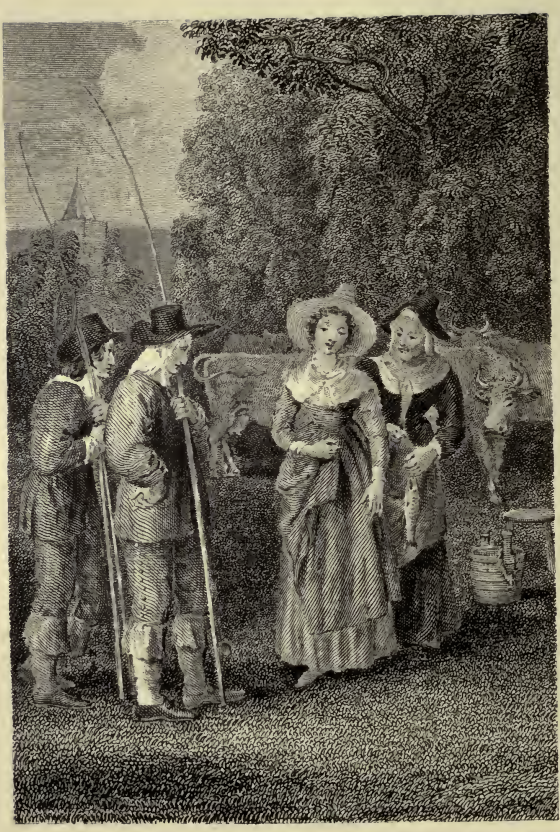
* *Christopher Marlow* was a poet of some eminence, as may be inferred from the frequent mention of him in the writings of his contemporaries. He was sometime a student at Cambridge, and, after that, an actor on, and writer for, the stage. There are extant, of his writing, five tragedies; and a poem that bears his name, entitled *Hero and Leander* (possibly a translation from Musæus), which, he not living to complete it, was finished by Chapman. Some remarks will be found in a subsequent page on the song mentioned by Walton. Of Marlow it is said that he was the author of divers atheistical and blasphemous discourses; and that in a quarrel with a serving-man, his rival in a connection with a lewd woman, he received a stab with a dagger, and shortly after died of the stroke. Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 338.—H. Marlowe's Dramatic and other Poetical Works have been collected, with some Account of his Life, by George Robinson, Esq., 3 vols. cr. 8vo, Lond. 1826.

† A fishing-house on the banks of the Lea, about one mile from Edmonton, was called Bleak Hall, and is presumed to be the place alluded to.



BLEAK HALL

BY W. HIXON



THE MILK MAID'S SONG

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Come Maudlin, sing the first part
to the Gentlemen with a merry heart
and I'll sing the second, when you
have done.

in a new-made haycock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

PISCATOR. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by[1] your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILKWOMAN. What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come, Shepherds, deck your herds"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Phillida flouts me"?[2] or, "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"? *

PISCATOR. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILKWOMAN. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor[3] daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both;[4] and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.[5]

The Milkmaid's Song.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,[6]
[7]Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;

VARIATIONS.

[1] by you and your daughter.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

[2] or "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?—*Inserted in 5th edit.*

[3] poor.—*5th edit.*

[4] hear them both. Come, Maudlin.—*5th edit.*

[5] *Milkwoman.* O, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago; you shall, God willing, hear them both. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second.—*1st edit.*

Variations from England's Helicon.] [6] groves, hills, and fields.

[7] Woods, or steepie mountains yeelds.

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* The songs, "As at Noon," "Chevy Chace," "Johnny Armstrong," and "Troy Town," are printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;" and "As at Noon," in Durfey's Collection. "Phillida flouts me" is to be found in Ritson's "Ancient Songs, from Henry III. to the Revolution" 1790, taken from the "Theatre of Compliments; or, New Academy," Lond. 1689, 12mo; and "The Hive," a Collection of Songs, vol. ii. p. 270. "Come, Shepherds," is not known. Ritson observes that there is an answer to "Phillida flouts me," by A. Bradley, which is modern.

[8] Where we will sit upon the rocks,
[9] And see the shepherds feed our[1] flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
[2] And, then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
[3] Slippers, lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

[Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.]

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.*

VARIATIONS.

[8] And we. [9] Seeing. [1] their.
[2] And a thousand. [3] Faire lined slippers.

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* It has been much disputed whether this song was written by Christopher Marlowe or by Shakespeare. The first time which it appeared in print, as far as can be traced, was in "The Passionate Pilgrim and other Sonnets, by Mr William Shakespeare," printed by Jaggard, in 1599, where it is thus given:—

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and yvye-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Several lines are also quoted in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii. sc. 1, which was first printed in 1602, and upon this evidence it has, with much reason, been attributed to Shakespeare. But in "England's Helicon," which was published in 1600, *seven years after Marlowe's death*, the song occurs as printed by Walton (excepting the trifling variations which have been pointed out), with the name of Christopher Marlowe attached, and entitled "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." In the Jew of Malta, however, a tragedy which was written by Marlowe before 1593, but not printed until 1633, he introduced the first line of the song in the following manner:—

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin.[4] I now see it was not without cause that our good queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon

VARIATION.

[4] *Viator.* Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin: I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, That she may die in the Spring, and have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.—*1st edit.*

"Thou in whose groves by Dis above,
Shall live with me, and be my love."

The fact that Walton calls it Marlowe's song, is entitled to very little weight in deciding by whom it was written, because it is certain that his authority for the assertion was his finding Marlowe's name attached to it in "England's Helicon." In the second, and every subsequent edition of the Angler, however, he added the sixth stanza, which, as has been well observed, contains images that destroy the simplicity and pastoral character of the piece. The "Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," or as Walton calls it, "The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer," which is assigned by Walton to Sir Walter Raleigh, was also taken from "England's Helicon," where it was printed with the signature, "S. W. R.," but in most copies of that work those initials were pasted over, and "Ignoto" substituted for them, which tends to prove that it was not written by Raleigh; and Walton's error probably arose from using a copy in which the alteration had not been made. It is impossible to say who was the author of the "Nymph's Reply;" but as the first stanza occurs in the poems attributed by Jaggard to Shakespeare, at the end of "Come, live with me," entitled "Love's Answer," the evidence is as strong in favour of his having written so much of it, as that he was the author of "Come, live with me." Walton, it appears, also added the sixth stanza of the Reply in the second and subsequent editions of the Angler.

If the popularity of a song is to be estimated by the number of imitations of it, "Come, live with me," must have been eminently popular, one of these beginning—

"Come, live with me, and be my dear,"

will be found in "England's Helicon." Dr Donne has imitated it in a poem, entitled "The Bait," commencing—

"Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,"

which Walton has introduced in the text, Chap. XII.

Herrick, in his Hesperides, vol. i. p. 269, ed. 1825—

"Live, live with me, and thou shalt see."

The late editor of Marlowe's Works has printed the song, vol. iii. p. 419, apparently from a different copy, in which there are few variations. The following is perhaps for the better, l. 10—

"And *twine* a thousand fragrant posies."

This ballad, Steevens remarks, appears to have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines of L'Allegro and Penseroso.

The tune to which "Come, live with me" was sung, Sir John Hawkins discovered in a MS. which he says is as old as Shakespeare's time, and will be found in Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare, ed. 1793, vol. iii. p. 402.

A ballad, entitled Queen Elinor, to the tune of "Come, live with me," is printed in Deloney's "Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonnets," 12mo, 1607.

Nicolas Breton, in his "Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters," 1637, 4to, alludes to it in these words:—

"You shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the side of the pide-cowe: Come, live with me, and be my love: you know the rest, and so I rest."

her, "that she may die in the Spring; and, being dead, may have good store[5] of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."*

The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer.†

If all[6] the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time[7] drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then[8] Philomel becometh dumb;
And age[9] complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.

VARIATIONS.

[5] and have good store, &c.—*Until 5th edit.*
[6] If that.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets.*
[7] Time drives the.—*England's Helicon.*
[8] And.—*Angler, 1st edit., and England's Helicon.*
[9] The rest.—*Angler, 1st edit., and England's Helicon.*

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* "*A fair and happy milkmaid*" is one of the "Characters" printed with Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife," of which near twenty editions had been published before Walton wrote his Angler. It is as follows:—

"A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glue or aromatic ointment of her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings defiance to the wheel of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in Spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."—12th edit. 8vo, Lond. 1627.—E.

† The first stanza only of this song occurs in the "Passionate Pilgrim," but the whole in "England's Helicon," excepting the sixth stanza, which was not printed in the first edition of the Angler. See note ante.

A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

[What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain : that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.]

But could youth last, and love still breed ;
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

MOTHER.[1] Well ! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers ; for I will make Maudlin sing you one short song more.* Maudlin ! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

MAUDLIN. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate :
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate :

But oh ! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness ;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman ; I thank you. I'll give

VARIATION.

[1] This passage, the reply, and the following song, occur, for the first time, in the *fifth* edit. In the preceding editions, Piscator's commendation "Well sung," &c., is applied to the milkmaid's mother's answer.

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* A song, entitled "The Bonny Milk Maid," in the same metre, is printed in Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. i. 1719, 12mo.

you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you;[2] and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

CHAP. V.
On the Trout.

PISCATOR. WELL met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night; and that hath made[3] me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch a Chub, by dapping with a grasshopper;[4] and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion?

PETER. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon;[5] and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a Trout; and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together: but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

PISCATOR. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long; for look you! here is a Trout will fill six reasonable bellies.

Come, hostess,[6] dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest[7] forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

PETER. On my word, this Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow. I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling: we will set

VARIATIONS.

[2] long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper.—*Till 5th edit.*

[3] hath made me and my friend cast to lodge here too.—*Till 5th edit.*

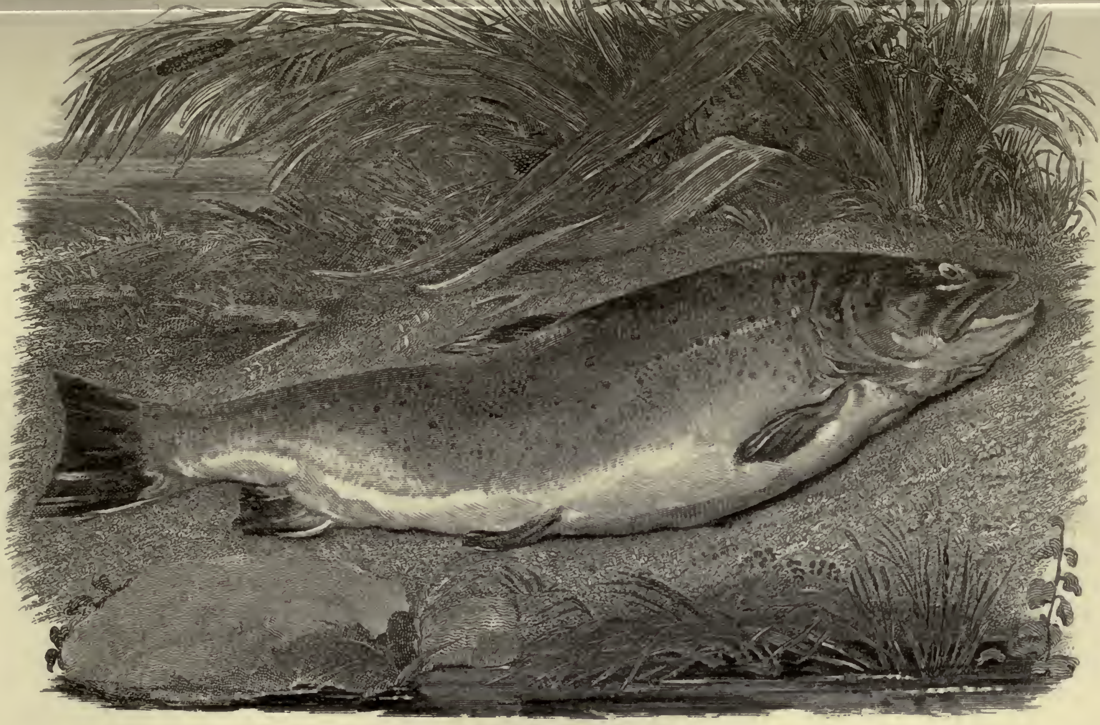
[4] grasshopper; and he hath caught a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But I pray, brother, who is it that is your companion?—*Till 5th edit.*

[5] Coridon, a most downright, witty, and merry companion, that met me here purposely to eat a Trout and to be pleasant, and I have not yet wet my line since I came from home: but I will fit him to-morrow with a Trout for his breakfast, if the weather be anything like.

Piscator. Nay, brother, you shall not delay him so long, for look you, here is a Trout.—*Till 5th edit.*

[6] Come, hostess, dress it presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some good ale, and let's be merry.—*1st edit.*

[7] that our good honest forefathers used to drink of, which preserved, &c.—*Till 5th edit.*



THE TROUT

BY INSKIPP

him up, and make him a fisher. And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much, both of the nature and breeding of fish, as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

PISCATOR. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of Angling.

VENATOR. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

PISCATOR. 'Tis enough, honest scholar! come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this Trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

CORIDON. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well: I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

PETER. Yes, and so I do; we all thank you: and when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

CORIDON. I will sing a song, if anybody will sing another: else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say,

"'Tis merry in hall,
When men sing all."*

PISCATOR. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the "Hunter in his career," and of "Tom of Bedlam,"† and many others of note; and this, that I will sing, is in praise of Angling.

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* A parody on the adage,

"It's merry in hall,
When beards wag all."

i.e., when all are eating.—H.

† This song, beginning "Forth from my sad and darksome cell," with the music to it, set by Hen. Lawes, is printed in a book entitled Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*,

CORIDON. And then mine shall be the praise of a Countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

PETER. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together: and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

VENATOR. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry[8] as beggars.

PISCATOR. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

PETER. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

CORIDON. Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

Coridon's Song.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
    Heigh trolollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
    Then care away,
    And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
    Then care away, &c.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
    Then care away, &c.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
    Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holyday,
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
    Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
    Then care away, &c.

VARIATION.] [8] for we will be merry.—*Till 5th edit.*

8vo, 1669; and in *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol,* folio, 1675: also in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* vol. ii. p. 357; but in the latter with a mistake, in the last line of the third stanza, of the word *Pentarchye* for *Pentateuch.*—H.

The cuckow and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away,
Turn countrymen with me.

JO. CHALKHILL.*

PISCATOR. Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion: I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies, that you make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast;" and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked.

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* *John Chalkhill*, of whom and his family a notice will be found in the *Life of Walton*, prefixed to this volume. "To this song the merry chorus of 'Hey trolly lo' is attached as a burthen, which was then in much repute. A song, entitled Troly Lo, is printed by Ritson (Antient Songs from Hen. III. to the Revolution, 1790, p. 92) from a MS. in the Sloane Collection, No. 1584, commencing:—

'So well ys me be gone, troly lole so
Well ys me be gone troly loley.'

"In *A new and merry Enterlude called the Triall of Treasure*, 1567, where a drinking chaunt of 'Luste like a gallant' has the following lines:—

Hey rowse, fill all the pottes in the house,
Tushe man, in good felowship let vs be mery,
Looke vp like a man or it is not worth a louse,
Hey how troly lowe, hey dery, dery.

In the comedy of *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, the song to the familiars, Mawsy, Puckling, &c. invites them to

Suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we sing, Hey trolly lolly.

And in Brome's comedy of *The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 1641, is the following catch, afterwards inserted in nearly every musical collection of that period:—

There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss;
He never was heard to sigh with *hey-ho*,
But sent it out with a *haigh trolly lo*.
He chear'd up his heart, when his goods went to wrack,
With a heghm, boy, heghm, and a cup of old sack.

In the Weekly Journal of 30th July 1715, there is mention of a noted female offender, prostitute, and housebreaker, called *Trolly Lolly*, who had been tried at nine assizes, and always saved herself from the capital part of the offence by pregnancy."—Ed. H.

The Angler's Song.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court :
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide :
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser ; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare :
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess :
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate :
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind :
And when none bite, I praise the wise
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast ;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight :
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make :
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men ;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,

Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
  I therefore strive to follow those
  Whom he to follow him hath chose.

W. B.*

CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song: come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him. And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

PETER. A match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

PETER. 'Tis a match. Good-night to everybody.

PISCATOR. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

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* These initials, apparently of William Basse, occur in the first edition only, and prove that Walton, in saying that this song "was lately made at my request" by that composer, did not refer to the music only. In the Life and Remains of Dean Bathurst, by Warton, 8vo., 1761, are verses "To Mr W. Basse upon the intended publication of his Poems, Jan. 13, 1651," to which Warton adds in a note, "I find no account of this writer or his poems."

The Fourth Day.

CHAPTER V. TO CHAPTER XVI.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me[1] a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast: and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

VENATOR.[2] Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a worm, or a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly, *viz.*, either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts:

VARIATIONS.

[1] and me a cup of ale, and be sure you get us a good dish of meat, &c.—*1st edit.*

[2] *Viator.* Good master, as we walk towards the water, will you be pleased to make the way seem shorter by telling me first the nature of the Trout, and then how to catch him?

some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of, or amongst plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes. But for the Trout, the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms, some called squirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a brandling, he is usually found in an old dunghill, or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm,* which of all others is the most excellent bait for a salmon, and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air:[3] of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used:[4] and in case you have not been so provident, then the

VARIATIONS.

[3] even as many sorts as some think there be of several kinds of birds in the air.—*1st edit.*

[4] are the better for being long kept before they be used.—*1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* To avoid confusion, it may be necessary to remark that the same kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the marsh and the meadow worm are the same: the lob-worm or twachel is called the dew-worm, and the garden-worm; and the dock-worm is, in some places, called the flag-worm. The tag-tail is found in *March* and *April*, in marled lands or meadows, after a shower of rain; or in a morning, when the weather is calm, and not cold. To find oak-worms, beat on an oak-tree that grows over a highway or bare place, and they will fall. To find the dock or flag worm, go to an old pond or pit, and pull up some of the flags; shake the roots, and amongst the fibres that grow from them you will find little husks, or cases, of a reddish or yellowish colour; open these, and take thence a little worm, pale and yellow, or white, like a gentle, but longer and slenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head; this is an excellent bait for Grayling, Tench, Bream, Carp, Roach, and Dace.—H.

way to cleanse and scour them quickly is, to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use: but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter;[5] or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long.* And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note that there be divers kinds of it,† which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that that which is likest a buck's-horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently.‡ And

VARIATION.

[5] with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every week or eight days.—1*st edit.*

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* Observe that the lob, marsh, and red worms will bear more scouring than any others, are better for long keeping, and that when changing their moss, particular care should be taken to remove those which are dead or wounded, as they soon become putrid and infect the others.—H.

† Naturalists reckon above two hundred.—H.

‡ This practice was one of the common sports of schoolboys at the time Erasmus wrote his *Colloquies.* In that entitled *Venatio*, or *Hunting*, a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named Laurence proposes fishing; but having no worms, Bartholus objects the want of them, till Laurence tells him how he may get some. The dialogue is very natural and descriptive. "*Lau.* I should like to go a-fishing; I have a neat hook. *Barth.* But where will you get baits? *Lau.* There are earth-worms everywhere to be had. *Barth.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *Lau.* I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Barth.* How? by witchcraft?. *Lau.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water; break these green shells of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground with the water. Now, mind a little. Do you see them coming out? *Barth.* I see a miracle; I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner, from the serpent's teeth that were sown."

The above exclamation is clearly an allusion to the fable in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:* where Cadmus, by scattering the serpent's teeth on the ground, causes armed men to spring out of it.—H.

you may take notice, some say that camphire put into your bag with your moss and worms gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now, I shall show you how to bait your hook with a worm so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook, too, when you fish for a Trout with a running line; * that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm: put your hook into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle: having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note that, at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end; and having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out, and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's-head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it: for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the Minnow or Penk: he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river; nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself, in the winter, in ditches that be near to the river; and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud, or in the weeds,[6] which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season

VARIATION.

[6] For the Minnow or Penke, he is easily found and caught in April, for then he appears in the rivers; but nature hath taught him to shelter and hide himself in the winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the weeds, &c.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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* The *running line*, so called because it runs along the ground, is usually made of strong silk; but many prefer hair, thus fitted up. About ten inches from the end, fasten a small cleft shot; then make a hole through a pistol or musket bullet, according to the swiftness of the stream you fish in; and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the shot: to the end of your line fasten an Indian-grass or silkworm gut, with a large hook. Or you may, instead of a bullet, fix four large shot, at the distance of eight inches from the hook. This line is used for Trout, Grayling, and Salmon-smelts; and is proper only for streams and rapid waters.

would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these Minnows: first, you are to know that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know that your minnow must be so put on your hook that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water; that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook: this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it across the water or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing: for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore, let me tell you, I have, which I will show to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly: and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon, or over it, thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow: the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was, a part of it, white silk; and another part of it with silver thread: the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin: the eyes were of two little black beads: and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted

Trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now show you, look, here it is, and, if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use: for note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a minnow as the highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that one hundred and sixty minnows have been found in a Trout's belly: either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for Flies; which is the third bait wherewith Trouts are usually taken. You are to know that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly; there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies; and indeed too many either for me to name or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful that I might easily amaze myself and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer fly or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth, or being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched, and in three days made living creatures:* and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none; some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none: but, as our Topsel hath with great diligence observed,† those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars.* And some affirm that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs; eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet; and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus, five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call Flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may, in summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and, I think, make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these flies of prey, which be very large; so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour; † and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

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* The doctrine of spontaneous or equivocal generation is now universally exploded; and all the *phænomena* that seem to support it are accounted for on other principles. See Derham's *Phys. Theol.* chap. 15, and the authorities there cited; Mr Ray's *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, 298, and Franc. Redi, *De Gen. Insect.* —H.

† In his History of Serpents.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus,‡ our Topsel, and others, say of the Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar:[7] that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves; for most think, those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide; yet he observes that this is called a pilgrim or palmer worm, for his very wandering life, and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his

VARIATION.

[7] but yet I shall tell you what our Topsel says of the Canker, or Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar.—*1st edit.*

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* Whoever is desirous of knowing more of Caterpillars, and of the several flies produced by them, may consult Joannes Goedartius *De Insectis* with the *Appendix* of Dr Lister, *Lond.* 8vo, 1685.—H.

† That there are creatures "whose life nature intended not to exceed an hour," is, I believe, not so well agreed, as that there are some whose existence is determined in five or six.

‡ *Ulysses Aldrovandus*, an eminent physician and naturalist of *Bologna;* he wrote one hundred and twenty books on several subjects, and a treatise *De Piscibus*, published at Franckfort, 1640.—H.

abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixed to a particular place.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next month, show you feeding on a willow-tree; and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus crosswise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the winter.* And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin the Spring following; so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse: only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas: [8]—

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
Made, by his wisdom, many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.

So, the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, tho' glowing ne'er so much.

So of the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Pyrausta with the flaming wings:
Without the fire it dies: within it joys,
Living in that which each thing else destroys.

So slow Boôtes underneath him sees,†
In th' icy isles, those goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd, they say, to living fowls soon after.

VARIATION.] [8] the Lord Bartas.—1*st edit.*

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* View Sir Fra. Bacon's Exper. 728 and 90, in his Natural History.
† View Gerh. Herbal and Camden.

So, rotten sides of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then, a gallant hull;
Lately a mushroom; now, a flying gull.*

VENATOR. O my good master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the Trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock: we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag: we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome hungry breakfast. And I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the mean time, there is your rod and line; and my advice is that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VENATOR. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar; you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar: I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come, scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VENATOR. I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR. Ay, and a good Trout too.

PISCATOR. Nay, the Trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now,

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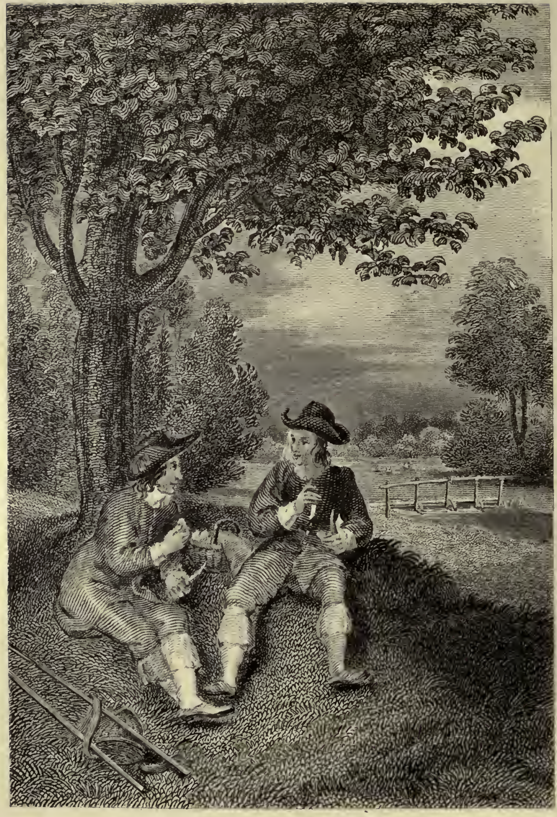
* These verses occur in the sixth day of the first week of Du Bartas, by Sylvester, ed. 1608, 4to, p. 182.



THE SYCAMORE TREE

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Let's say grace and fall to breakfast what say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen?

having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation, which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it: and was thus answered: "I lent you indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill-pronunciation or ill-accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill-carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you Angling is an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, When you fish for a Trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now, let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

VENATOR. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good too. And I now remember, and find that true which devout Lessius* says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for more; for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord :" but I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done ; for which I thank God and you.

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* *Leonard Lessius*, a very learned Jesuit, professor of divinity in the College of Jesuits at Louvain: he was born at Antwerp, 1554; and became very famous for his skill in divinity, civil law, mathematics, physic, and history: he wrote several theological tracts, and a book entitled *Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ & vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ*. From this tract of Lessius it is probable the passage in the text is cited. He died 1623.—H.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will do it ; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.[9]

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial-made Flies, to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these is in a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the dun-fly, in March : the body is made of dun wool ; the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly : the body of black wool ; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly, in April : the body is made of black wool ; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly, in the beginning of May : the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk ; and the feathers are the wings of the drake ; with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise : the body made of yellow wool ; and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also : the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail ; the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly, in June : the body is made of

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VARIATION.

[9] And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, therefore I will tell you freely, I find Mr Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent much time and money in Angling deal so judiciously and freely in a little book of his of Angling with a fly for a Trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation.—*1st edit.* Then follow Barker's instructions, differing little from them as printed in a subsequent part of the text. The "excellent fly-fisher" to whom Walton alludes, was Leonard Mascall, from whose "Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, &c., 4to, Lond. 1600," the ensuing list of flies is copied verbatim.

black wool, with a yellow list on either side; and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly: made with the body of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly, in July: the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid-July: the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail; and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in August: the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr Thomas Barker,* a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

First let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line exceed especially for three or four links next to the hook, I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most; though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line: but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

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* A notice of Barker will be found in the Memoir of Walton. The following extract occurs in his "Art of Angling:"—

"My lord sent to me, at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the air were like to prove. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the uppermost part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the lower part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport; angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water: You shall hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait: the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure, letting the fish take a turn or two; you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter: I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a white palmer-fly made of a large hook; I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer, and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport until it grew very light; then I took off the red palmer, and set to a black palmer; I had good sport, and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

"These three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times—as I have showed you—in this night-work; the white fly for darkness, the red fly in medio, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for Angling in the night; which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod."

Upon this passage, Mr Daniel observes: "Night-fishing with a fly is best from May to the end of August; but the largest fish are caught in the latter month. Trout will take in the dark nights of any of the subsequent months, provided they be soft and calm."—*Field Sports*, ii. 290.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout; or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy; the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:—

First, you must arm your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having, withal, regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook, and having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about crossways betwixt the wings: and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind,[1] is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind: and then having always hooks ready-hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colours, especially sad-coloured, to make the fly's head: and there be also other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl:* I

VARIATION.] [1] by another.—*1st edit.*

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* The Author not having particularly enumerated the Materials necessary for Fly-making, it will not be improper to do it here. For *Dubbing*, you must be provided with bear's hair of divers colours; as grey, dun, light and dark coloured, bright brown and that which shines; also camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both: badger's hair, or fur: spaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and dark brown, blackish, and black: hog's down, plucked from under the throat, and other soft places, and of these colours, black, red, whitish, and sandy; other colours you may get dyed at a dyer's: seal's fur is to be had at the trunkmaker's; get this also dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different shades, from light to the darkest brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair, both which are harsh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handsomely: get also mohairs, black, blue, purple, white, violet, yellow, and orange: camlets, both hair and worsted, blue, yellow, dun, light and dark brown, red, violet, purple, black, horse-flesh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but seal's fur, dyed as above, is much better.

Turkey carpet will furnish excellent dubbing: untwist the yarn, and pick out the wool, separating the different colours.

Some use for dubbing, barge-sail; but these sails are made of sheep's wool, which soaks in the water, and soon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different shades as you can: and have seal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them; which, being more turgid, stiff, and light, are in most cases to be preferred to worsted, crewels, and other kinds of wool; hog-wool is best for large, and seal's fur for small flies.

Get also furs of the squirrel, particularly from his tail; fox-cub, from the tail where it is downy and of an ash-colour; an old fox; an old otter; otter-cub; badger; fulimart or filmert; from the neck of a hare where it is of the colour of withered fern; and, above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or spots under the jaws. These, and almost every other kind of fur, are got at the farrier's.

Hackles, the long slender feathers on the neck and near the tail of a cock, are very useful in fly-making; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long; be provided with these of the following colours—red, dun, yellowish, white, orange, and black; and whenever you meet with a cock of the game breed, whose hackles are of a strong brown-red, never fail to procure some: but, observe that the feathers of a cock chicken, and of the Bantam cock are too downy and weak to stand erect after they are once wet.

Feathers are absolutely necessary for the wings and other parts of flies; get therefore feathers from the wild mallard, or drake; from the partridge, especially those red ones in the tail; from a cock-pheasant's breast and tail; from the wings of a blackbird, a brown hen, a starling, a jay, a landrail, a throstle, a field-fare, and a water-coot; from say, having those with him in a bag,* and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

VENATOR. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

PISCATOR. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind: you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes, that

When the wind is south,
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and

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the crown of the pewit, plover or lapwing; green and copper-coloured peacock's, and black ostrich, herle; also from a heron's neck and wings. And remember that, in most instances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter in the text directed, that from a starling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain, and less spongy.

Be provided with marking-silk of all colours; fine, but very strong flaw-silk; gold and silver flatted wire, or twist; a sharp knife; hooks of all sizes; hog's bristles for loops to your flies; shoemaker's wax; a large needle to raise your dubbing, when flatted with working; and a small, but sharp pair of scissors.

Remember, with all your dubbing to mix bear's hair and hog's wool, which are stiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as fine furs and most other kinds of dubbing do; remember also, that martern's fur is the best yellow you can use.

On the subject of flies, it is only necessary to add, in addition to what Walton has said, that colour is more attractive than form, and that an ill-made fly of a right colour is often more killing than the neatest of a colour not frequently seen on the water. In clear rivers small flies will be found best, but if the river be discoloured, or the weather cloudy, they may be used larger. The flies should be made on the finest gut, and the hooks not too large and heavy. Hackles of different colours, the bodies of each varied in tint, are perhaps best, for a hackle always falls light on the water, and does not create suspicion.

"He who attends to the catalogue of flies published in most fishing-books, will find himself perplexed and confounded; and will frequently see a hómely fisherman with a hazel wand, and an extra fly or two in reserve twisted round the band of his hat, filling his hamper, whilst he, so fastidious in his choice, is selecting from his book of ready-made London flies, one for the month, nay, even the hour of the day!! A man may as well attempt to learn the Chinese characters and language, as fish by books enthralled and entangled with a multiplicity of flies. I am much mistaken if he does not soon find from experience that these flies are like quack medicines—made to sell."—*Sporting Mag. Oct.* 1823.

* The use of a Bag is attended with many inconveniences; to prevent which, the Angler is recommended either to make a parchment book, according to the directions given in Daniel's Rural Sports, vol. ii. p. 295, or to procure a similar one at a fishing-tackle maker's.

having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree : and yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious : for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad colour ;" so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the lee-shore : and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer ; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the fly-fishing for a Trout ; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a May-fly : you may make his body with greenish-coloured crewel, or willowish colour ; darkening it in most places with waxed silk ; or ribbed with black hair ; or, some of them, ribbed with silver thread; and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-fly : with an orange, tawny, and black ground ; and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings.* And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm ; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water,† but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

Mr Barker commends ‡ several sorts of the palmer-flies ; not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black; or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the Hawthorn-fly: which is all black, and not big but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day: you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather; and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day: and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag: and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy, or the day.

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* Some dub the Oak-fly, with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, but the head of an ash colour ; others dub it with an orange, tawny, and black ground ; others with blackish wool and gold-twist ; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 63, says, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing."—H.

† This is impossible, unless you dib with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practised.

‡ A brother of the angle must always be sped
With three black palmers, and also two red ;
And all made with hackles. In a cloudy day,
Or in windy weather, angle you may :

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly, usually in and about that month, near to the river-side, especially against rain: the Oak-fly, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree:* the small black-fly, or Hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, as I showed to angle for a Chub, you may dape or dop, and also with a grasshopper, behind a tree, or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.†

But morning and evening, if the day be bright:
And the chief point of all is to keep out of sight.
"In the month of May, none but the May-fly,
For every month, one," is a pitiful lye.

The black Hawthorn-fly must be very small;
And the sandy hog's hair is, sure, the best of all
(For the mallard-wing May-fly, and peacock's train,
Will look like the flesh-fly) to kill Trout amain.

The Oak-fly is good, if it have a brown wing.
So is the grasshopper, that in July doth sing:
With a green body make him, on a middle-siz'd hook.
But when you have catcht fish, then play the good cook.

Once more, my good brother, I'll speak in thy ear:
Hog's, red cow's, and bear's wool, to float best appear:
And so doth your fur, if rightly it fall:
But always remember, Make two, and make all.—H.

* The Oak-fly is known also by the names of the Ash-fly and the Woodcock-fly; and in Shropshire it is called the Cannon or Downhill fly.

† The following observations on Daping and Fly-fishing, by a writer contemporary

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr Herbert says * of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

PISCATOR. Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to

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with Walton, are preserved in the Sloane MS. 1032, and although evidently not intended for publication, are so judicious that their insertion may be excused: "You must have a quick eye. In the evening of a hot day, or in a hot calm day, and the still deep is to be preferred, though on the side of a stream when the water is clearing after great rains or a flood is very proper. Observe to keep out of sight: keep your fly moving. In dibbing for roach, dace, or chub, I must not let my motion be swift: when I see any of them coming towards the bait, I must make two or three short removes, and then let it glide gently with the stream, if possible towards the fish. If it be slow or standing water, I must keep it moving with my hand, not just upon him, but sideways and sloping by him: when a pretty good gale stirs the water it is best. If the fish will not rise at top, I will try a little lower. When the wind furls the water, and few flies appear on it or over, I think it a good time for daping. If the sun shines I'll get under a tree, that neither my body nor my rod may shine in the water. If I find not that they will rise at top, I will sink the fly even to mid-water. Before the flies are naturally in season, I will go to the bushes and trees that are adjacent to the river or pond, and observe what are flying near over it, or on the water, and the fly that swarms there most is in season. Some open the first fish they take and look in its stomach; but my conjecture is, that it must either be partly consumed, or so discoloured that it cannot well be known; and again, fish will take such food at one time that they will not at another which they altogether dislike; therefore I think it is insignificant. In casting I'll do it with a little circling about my head by waving the rod, or else the fly may with too smart a jerk be apt to snap off, and so I must stay a quarter of an hour it may be to get another. In casting I will observe always to do it before me that it may fall on the water and no part of the line shall dash to scare the fish; and if I can without making any circling in the water, I will. If the wind be high, I will let some of the line be in the water to keep the fly from being blown out. I will stand if I possibly can with the sun in my face and the wind to my back. In still or slow water I'll cast my fly almost across, and draw it towards me gently a little way."

* The Temple. Sacred Poems, &c. p. 80, edit. 1633.

know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.[2]

And since you like these verses of Mr Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.*

What! Pray'r by th' book? and Common? Yes; why not?
The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to read, or speak, by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays,
In's[3] heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In chusing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so,[4]
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not[5] doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.[6]

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That, which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be good, the commoner the better,
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.† CH. HARVIE.

VARIATIONS.

[2] and I hope you will be pleased too if you find a trout at one of our angles which we left in the water to fish for itself, &c.—*1st edit.*

[3] With's. [4] Should choose to do it so. [5] nor.

[6] To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

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* This passage goes very near to unfold the name of the author of the *Synagogue*, a collection of poems, suppletory to that of Mr George Herbert entitled the *Temple*. For we see "Ch. Harvie" subscribed to the ensuing eulogium on the *Common Prayer*, which is also to be found in the *Synagogue*. And I find in the *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 267, a *Christopher Harvey;* a Master of Arts, Vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire; born in 1597, and who lived to 1663, and perhaps after. Further, the second copy of commendatory verses, prefixed to this book, has the subscription "Ch. Harvie, M.A." The presumption therefore is very strong, that both were written by the Christopher Harvey above mentioned. At the end of the *Synagogue* are some verses subscribed "Iz. Wa."—H. Anthony Wood says the *Synagogue* was written by *Thomas* Harvey. *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss.

† These verses were written at or near the time when the *Liturgy* was abolished by

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler;[7] for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr Boteler[*] said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

I'll tell you, scholar; when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence: "That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holydays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a Wish, which I'll repeat to you:[†]—

VARIATION.

[7] No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the angler's, unless it be the beggar's life in summer; for then only they take no care, but are as happy as we anglers.—*1st edit.*

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an ordinance of Parliament, and while it was agitating, as a theological question, whether, of the two, *preconceived* or *extemporary* prayer be most agreeable to the sense of Scripture?—H.

[*] The person here mentioned I take to be Dr *William Butler*, an eminent physician of our author's time, styled by Fuller, in his *Worthies, Suffolk*, 67, the Æsculapius of the age: he invented a medical drink, called "Dr Butler's Ale," which, if not now, was a very few years ago sold at certain houses in London which had his head for a sign. One of these was in Ivy Lane, and another in an alley leading from Coleman Street to Basinghall Street. He was a great humourist; a circumstance in his character which, joined to his reputation for skill in his profession, might contribute to render him popular.—H. Dr Butler was born at Ipswich about 1535, and educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He died Jan. 29, 1618, and was buried at St Mary's Church, Cambridge.

[†] It cannot be doubted that the following beautiful stanzas which occur for the first time in the *third* edition, were written by Walton. The allusion to "Kenna," which probably referred to the maiden name of his wife "Ken," is not to be found in the *third*, or *fourth* edition, in both of which the word "Chlora" is substituted for it, which, with the substitution of one vowel for another, formed the anagram of his first wife's name—Rachel.

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my Angle would rejoice:
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers:
Here, hear my Kenna sing* [a] a song; [[a] Like Hermit Poor.
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

* "*Like Hermit Poor.*"

The following is the song to which Walton alludes. It occurs in a Collection of Poems entitled the "Phœnix Nest," published in 1593.†

Like to a Hermite poore, in place obscure,[a]
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none[b] but Love shall ever finde me out.

My foode shall be of care and sorow made,
My drinke nought else but teares falne from mine eies;
And for my light, in such obscured shade,
The flames shall[c] serve, which[d] from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie[e] my bodie shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile staie;[f]
Of[g] late repentance, linckt with long desire,
The couch is fram'de whereon my limbes Ile lay;[h]
And at my gate Dispaire shall linger still,
To let in Death, when Love and Fortune will.

The same ideas occur in a poem printed five years earlier, which is probably from the Italian, a language to which the poets of that day were much indebted; it is entitled *Scillaes Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the vnfortunate love of Glaucus, &c.* by Thomas Lodge, 1589, 4to.

I will become a Hermit now, and doo my penance straight,
For all the errors of mine eyes with foolish rashness fil'd:
My hermitage shall placed be where mellancholies waight,
And none but love alone shall knowe the bower I meane to build.

My daylie diet shall be care, made calme by no delight:
My dolefull drinke my drierie teares, amidst the darksome place,
The fire that burnes my heedless heart shall stand in stead of light,
And shall consume my wearie life mine errors to deface.

My gowne shall be of spreding gray to clad my limmes withall;
My late repent vpon my browe shall plainly written be,
My tedious griefe and great remorse that doth my soul enthrall,
Shall serue to plead my wearie paines and pensiue miserie.
Of faintfull hope shall be my staffe and daylie when I pray,
My mistris picture plac't by loue shall witnes what I say.

"Like Hermit Poor" was set to music by Mr Nicholas Laneare, an eminent master

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† Another copy of this Sonnet, but with the following variations, occurs in the Harleian MS. 6019, f. 139, in the writing of the time of James the First.

[a] Like Hermit poor in pensive place obscure.
[b] nought. [c] may. [d] that. [e] grief.
[f] And broken hope shall be my strength and stay.
[g] And. [h] Shall be the couch whereon my limbs I'll lay.

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
  Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or, with my Bryan,* and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook; †
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
  And Angle on; and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance. I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you, for it rains still.[8]

VARIATION.

[8] And now let me tell you, my honest scholar, what an accidental piece of merriment chanced last summer; as I and a brother of the angle, which will prove worth your acquaintance, sat under this honeysuckle hedge.—*2d edit.*

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of Walton's time, whose portrait is yet to be seen in the Music School at Oxford: and is printed with the notes, in a collection entitled *Select musical Ayres and Dialogues*, folio, 1653. It was also set by Sig. Alfonso Ferabosco, and published in a collection of his airs, in folio, 1609.

This song appears to have been a great favourite for some years after the Restoration, and very popular while ballad-music remained in fashion. That accurate observer, Pepys, tells us in his Diary, Feb. 12, 1666–7 [vol. ii. p. 14], that "he [T. Killigrew] hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads." Adding "'Hermit poore' and 'Chiuy Chase' was all the musique we had." The three first words of it were become a phrase. The Hon. Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord-keeper Guildford*, page 212, 4to edit., speaking of Sir Job Charleton, then chief-justice of Chester, says, he wanted to speak with the King; and went to Whitehall, where, returning from his walk in St James's Park, he must pass; and there he sat him down, "like hermit poor." Among the poems of Phineas Fletcher, hereafter mentioned, is a metaphrase of the xliind Psalm; which, it is said, may be sung to the tune of "*Like Hermit Poor.*" There is also an allusion to this song in *Hudibras*, Part I. canto ii. line 1169.

> "That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
> And let Crowdero down thereat;
> Crowdero making doleful face,
> '*Like hermit poor in pensive place.*'"

It was also printed in the Academy of Compliments, 1650. In the *Tixall poetry*, 1813, edited by Mr Clifford, from a manuscript collection nearly contemporary with Walton, it forms, by an arbitrary disposition of the words, a little irregular ode, entitled *Despair*.—Eu. H.

* It has been conjectured that this is the name of his favourite dog.—H.

† Shawford-brook is the name of that part of the river Sow that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor: the right of fishery attaches to the little estate. Shawford, or Shallow-ford, is a liberty in the parish of St Mary Stafford, though five miles distant from the town. The messuage there described in Walton's will is now divided into two tenements. It is a poor cottage, thatched, and old. Shawford-brook winds beautifully through a narrow vale, and deserved Walton's commendation.—E.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gypsies; and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gypsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling or legerdemain, or, indeed, by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation: and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gypsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth. And the first or chiefest gypsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings, which all men know is 6s. 8d. The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 5s. The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 4s. The fourth and last gypsy was to have a sixth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. are	20s.
And so is 4 times 5s.	20s.
And so is 5 times 4s.	20s.
And so is 6 times 3s. 4d.	20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gypsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example,	*s.*	*d.*
	6	8
	5	0
	4	0
	3	4
make but	19	0

But now you shall know, that when the four gypsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gypsy envied him that was the gainer; and wrangled with him; and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him; and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gypsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,* to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this honeysuckle hedge; and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

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* The *English Gusman* occurs in Walton's *second* edition, 1655: and his allusion is

When these were gone, we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one: but that was denied, by asking her, if doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak; for that was to let it alone: but she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it if she let it alone? and she confest herself mistaken. These and twenty suchlike questions were proposed and answered, with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses, talked all together about this ripping and unripping; and so loud, that not one heard what the other said:[9] but, at last, one beggar craved audience; and told them that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his Beggar's Bush,* created King of their corporation, was to lodge at an alehouse, called "Catch-her-by-the-way," not far from Waltham Cross, and in the highroad towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and suchlike questions, but refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the meantime draw cuts what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davison's† song, which he made forty years

VARIATION.] [9] talked all together, and none heard what the other said.—*2d edit.*

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to a Work which had appeared three years before; *The English Gusman;* or, the History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind, written by G. F. (George Fidge), 4to, Lond. 1652. Hind appears to have been "the grandest thief" of his age. He was the son of a saddler at Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire: and was apprenticed to a butcher. From some of the single sheets which were printed during the great Rebellion, he appears to have attached himself to the Royal Cause; and was actively engaged in the battles both of Worcester and Warrington. In 1651 he was arrested by order of the Parliament, having taken shelter, under the name of Brown, at "one Denzy's, a barber, over against Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street." This latter circumstance might probably introduce him to Walton's notice, who lived in the neighbourhood. *Our late* English Gusman seems to intimate that Hind was dead in 1655; though from none of the publications of the time does the date of his death appear.—E.

* The Comedy of *The Royal Merchant*, or *Beggar's Bush*, was written by Fletcher, and not by Ben Jonson. It was licensed in 1622, and first printed in the folio of 1647; with the title of *The Beggar's Bush* only.—*Collier's Hist. of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. i. p. 436.

† Francis Davison was the eldest son of Secretary Davison, the victim of the mean and cowardly device of Queen Elizabeth to remove from herself the odium of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots. He was born about the year 1575, and was intended for the bar, but abandoned that pursuit for Poesy. In 1602, he published the *Poetical Rhapsody*, which went through four editions, 1602, 1608, 1611, and 1621, and has been twice reprinted, in which miscellany he inserted the "Beggar's Song;" but there are

ago;[1] and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this; but first the burthen:—

Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggars meet?
A Beggar's life is for a King.
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list;
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not; all is our own;
Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,[2]
Did ever break a Beggar's sleep.
Play, Beggars, play; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred head of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
If any dare his master[3] bite,
He dies therefore, as sure as creed.
Thus Beggars lord it as they please;
And only Beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

[4] VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

PISCATOR. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised

VARIATIONS.

[1] In the *first* edition the song is thus introduced after the passage, "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the angler's, unless it be the beggar's life in summer, for then only they take no care, but are as happy as we anglers.

Viator. Indeed, master, and so they be, as is witnessed by the beggar's song, made long since by Frank Davison, a good poet, who was not a beggar, though he were a good poet.

Piscator. Can you sing it, scholar?

Viator. Sit down a little, good master, and I will try."

In the *second* edition, however, it occurs as in the text.

[2] These two lines have been supplied from the *Rhapsody*, because it is evident from the song itself, that they were accidentally omitted, and because it is accurately given in every other instance, with the exception of one line.

[3] Walton has printed this line.

"And yet if any dare us bite."

These two variations occur in every edition of the Angler.

[4] *Piscator.* I thank you, good scholar, this song was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered and sung by you; and I pray forget not the catch, &c.—*1st edit.*

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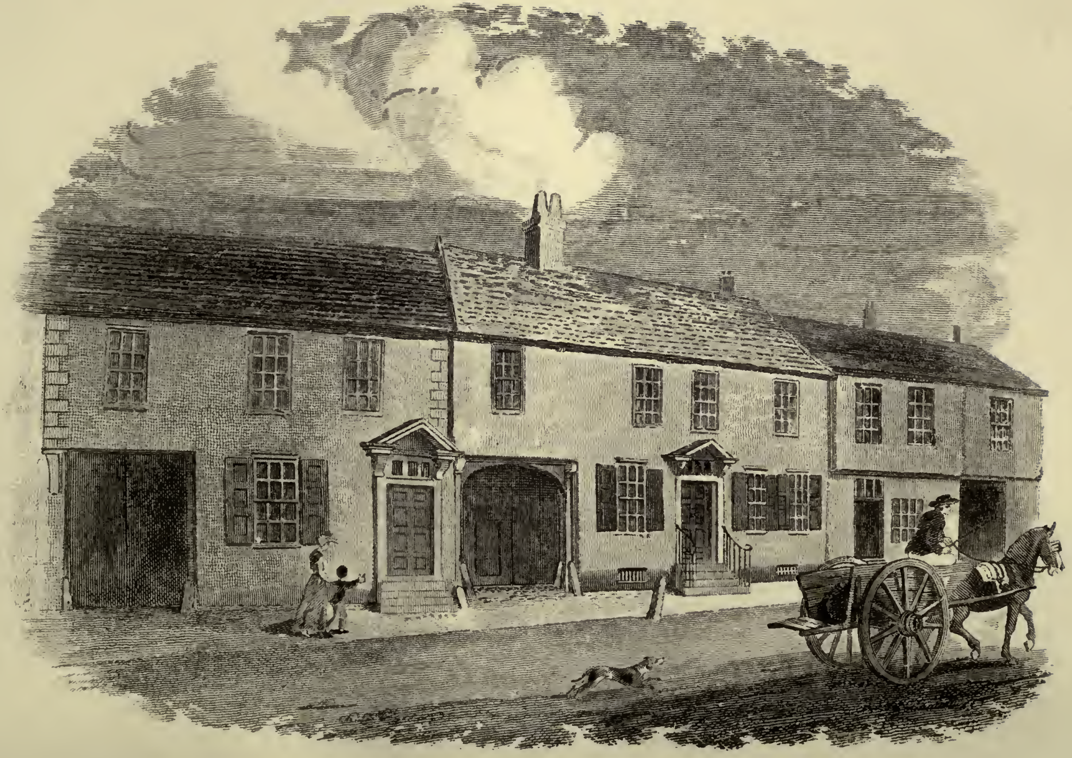
reasons for believing that it was not written by him, but by a poet whose initials were "A. W." One or two facts tend, however, to identify Davison with A. W., and the question is investigated in the reprint of the *Rhapsody* in 1826, vol. i. p. cxxv. Between 1655, when the second edition of the Angler appeared, and 1602, when the *Rhapsody* was first published, fifty-three years had elapsed, so that Walton probably referred to the edition of 1611. The song is there entitled, "A Song in praise of a Beggar's Life."



GEORGE INN, WARE

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch, and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the Trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

VENATOR. Oh me! look you, master, a fish! a fish! Oh, alas, master, I have lost her.

PISCATOR. Ay marry, Sir, that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George in Ware,[5] and it may be, by giving that very great Trout * the rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long-run, for so I use always to do when I meet with an over-grown fish; and you will learn to do so too, hereafter, for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

VENATOR. But, master, I have heard that the great Trout you speak of is a Salmon.

VARIATION.

[5] I would have held him, unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen, &c.—*1st edit.*

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* In the reign of Charles the Second a Trout was taken in the river Kennet near Newbury, with a casting net, which measured forty-five inches in length. Gainsford, in "The Glory of England," 4to, Lond. 1619, p. 147, mentions one taken near Tyrone, forty-six inches long, "the portraiture of which worthy Sir Josias Bodley hath depicted in plano." The largest Trout known to have been caught with a minnow, in the South of England, was taken in 1755, by Mr Howell of Cateaton Street, at Hambledon Lock (between Maidenhead and Henley), the weight of which was sixteen pounds. In 1794, Mr Daniel, the author of "Rural Sports," killed a Trout near Richmond Bridge, that weighed ten pounds and a half; and in the following year, a Mr Jons speared, at Cook's Ferry in the river Lea, a Trout weighing fifteen pounds. An instance of the longevity of the Trout is cited in the Sporting Magazine for September 1826: "Fifty-three years ago Mr William Mossop of Board Hall, near Broughton in Furness, placed a small trout in a well in the orchard belonging to his family, where it has ever since remained until last week, when it died for want of water, the severe drought having dried up the spring by which the well was supplied. This fish would receive from Mr M——'s hands snails, worms, and bread, and always seemed pleased at the presence of its feeder, frequently moving its tail and fins with the greatest rapidity, and approaching the surface of the water. Trout were several times put into the well, which were as constantly devoured by the solitary inmate, who had increased in size, and weighed at his death about two pounds."

PISCATOR. Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country-people that believe hares change sexes every year : and there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief.[*] And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Dr Mer. Casaubon affirms, in his book "Of credible and incredible things," that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician,[†] tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions. And so, whether this were a Salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say ; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a Trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots ; and yet many think he is not.

VENATOR. But, master, will this Trout which I had hold of die ? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

PISCATOR. I will tell you, scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away, as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed Chub : and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again ; and we will even retire to the sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

VENATOR. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout-fishing, before I speak of the Salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the Pike or Luce.

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[*] This belief was not confined to "country-people" or to "learned men ;" but sportsmen of the highest reputation entertained the same opinion : thus Twety, Master of the Game to King Edward the Second, in a treatise on "The craft of venery," written for that monarch's use, says, "Now we will begyne at the hare. And wherefore at the hare rather then at eny other best, For why? it is the most merveylous beste that is in this lond. And wherfore? For as miche as he berithe grese and crotyth and zongith and so dothe no beste in this land but he, and sume tyme he is male and sume female. And for that cause a man may not blowe meene of hym, as men don of other bestes, but he is enchased." MS. penes G. Baker, Esq. of Northampton. Another copy of the Treatise occurs in the Cotton MS. Vesp. f. xii.

[†] And mathematician, born at Lusatia in 1525 ; he married the daughter of Melancthon, wrote many books on various subjects, and died in 1602, aged 78.—H.

You are to know, there is night as well as day fishing for a Trout; and that, in the night, the best Trouts come out of their holes.[6] And the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a stream where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly.[7]

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or anything that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of Trouts, they used to catch Trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a Trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eyewitness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

VENATOR. But, master, do not Trouts see us in the night?

PISCATOR. Yes, and hear, and smell too, both then and in the

VARIATIONS.

[6] and that then the best are out of their holds.—*1st and 2d edit.* "Holds," a word far preferable to "holes," is used in the first four editions.

[7] if the night be dark; for then he lies boldly near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-mouse, or rat betwixt him and the sky, which he hunts for, &c.—*1st edit.*

daytime: for Gesner observes, the Otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his Natural History, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus: "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon,* has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming that he knew Carps come to a certain place, in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.[8] †

And lest you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor Hakewill, who in his Apology of God's power and providence,‡ quotes Pliny to report that one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds,

VARIATION.

[8] In the *first* edition, Walton adds here, "and so leave off this philosophical discourse, for a discourse of fishing;" and continues, "of which my next shall be to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields," &c., as in a subsequent part of the text with the exception of the passage from St James, which was inserted in the *third* edition.

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* Exper. 792.

† That fish hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers: Swammerdam asserts it, and adds, that "they have a wonderful labyrinth of the ear for that purpose." See Swammerdam, *Of Insects*, edit. London, 1758, p. 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the abbey of St Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw Carp come at the whistling of the feeder.—H.

‡ "f. 360." This book, which was published in folio, 1635, and is full of excellent learning and good sense, contains an examination and censure of that common error which philosophers have fallen into, "that there is in nature a perpetual and universal decay;" the contrary whereof, after an extensive view of the history of the physical and moral world, and a judicious and impartial comparison of former ages with that wherein the author lived, is with great force of argument demonstrated. The reader may, in this book, meet with a relation of that instance of Lord Cromwell's gratitude to Sig. Frescobaldi, a Florentine merchant, which is given, in a dramatic form, in the *History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, published as Shakespeare's by some of the earlier editors of his works.—H. See Le Neve's *Fasti*. Lloyd's *Memoirs*, p. 540. Wood's *Hist. and Antiq. Oxon.* l. ii. p. 204. *Athen. Oxon.* l. ii. 64. Dr Hakewill was rector of Exeter College, Oxford: and had the living of Heanton, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, where he died in the beginning of April 1649.—E.

and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names.[*] And St James tells us,[†] that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us,[‡] that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a Lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from Martial,[§] who writes thus:—

Piscator, fuge: ne nocens, &c.
Angler! wouldst thou be guiltless? then forbear;
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command;
Nay more, they've names, and, when they called are,
Do to their several owner's call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this shall be, to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard, and catch no fish.[‖]

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser, again, if they shall return to their former pasture; and, again, return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine-wool ground: which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled colour of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him :* and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, "Everything is beautiful in his season."[9] †

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[*] Mons. Bernier, in his *History of Indostan*, reports the like of the Great Mogul.—H.

[†] Chap. iii. 7.

[‡] Lib. ix. 35.

[§] Lib. iv. Epigr. 30. The verses cited are as follow:—

"Piscator, fuge; ne nocens recedas,
Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ;
Qui nôrunt dominum, manumque lambunt
Illam, quâ nihil est, in orbe, majus:
Quid, quod nomen habent; et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus."

[‖] This saying occurs in *Sicelides a Piscatory* [by Phineas Fletcher], *as it hath been acted in King's College in Cambridge. Lond.* 1631, 4to.

"Nay if you sweare, we shall catch no fish."

I should, by promise, speak next of the Salmon; but I will, by your favour, say a little of the Umber or Grayling; which is so like a Trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and then, the next shall be of the Salmon.[1]

CHAP. VI. The Umber or Grayling.

PISCATOR. THE Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovandus says, they be of a Trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold there at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub Un Villain, call the Umber of the Lake Leman, Un Umble Chevalier; and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say, that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken.

VARIATIONS.

[9] I have with Solomon concluded, &c.—*1st edit.*

[1] It is now time to tell you next, according to promise, some observations of the Salmon: but first I will tell you there is a fish called by some an Umber, and by some a Grayling, a choice fish, esteemed by many to be equally good with the Trout: it is a fish that is usually about eighteen inches long, he lives in such streams as the Trout does: and is indeed taken with the same bait as a Trout is, for he will bite both at the minnow, the worm, and the fly both natural and artificial: of this fish there be many in Trent, and in the river that runs by Salisbury, and in some lesser brooks: but he is not so general a fish as the Trout is; of which two fishes I will now take my leave, and come to my promised Observations on the Salmon, and a little advice for the catching him.—*1st edit.*

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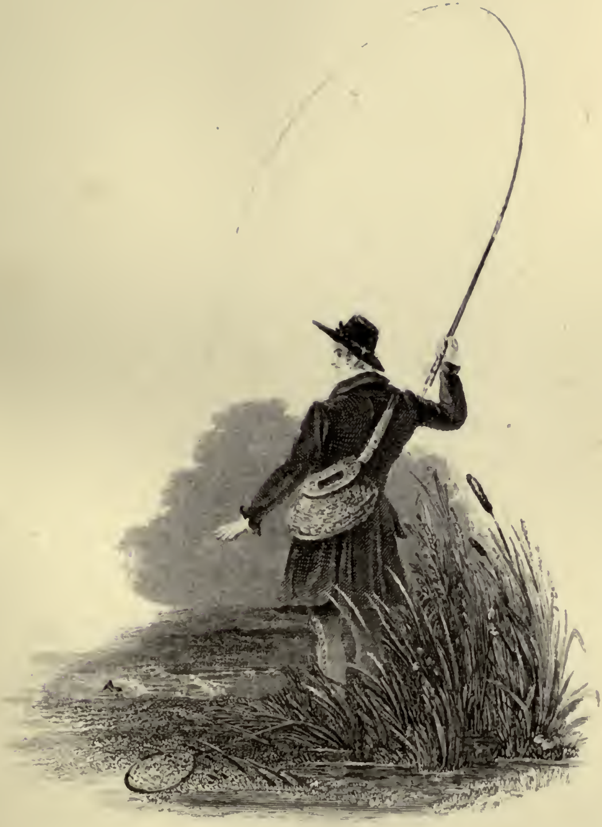
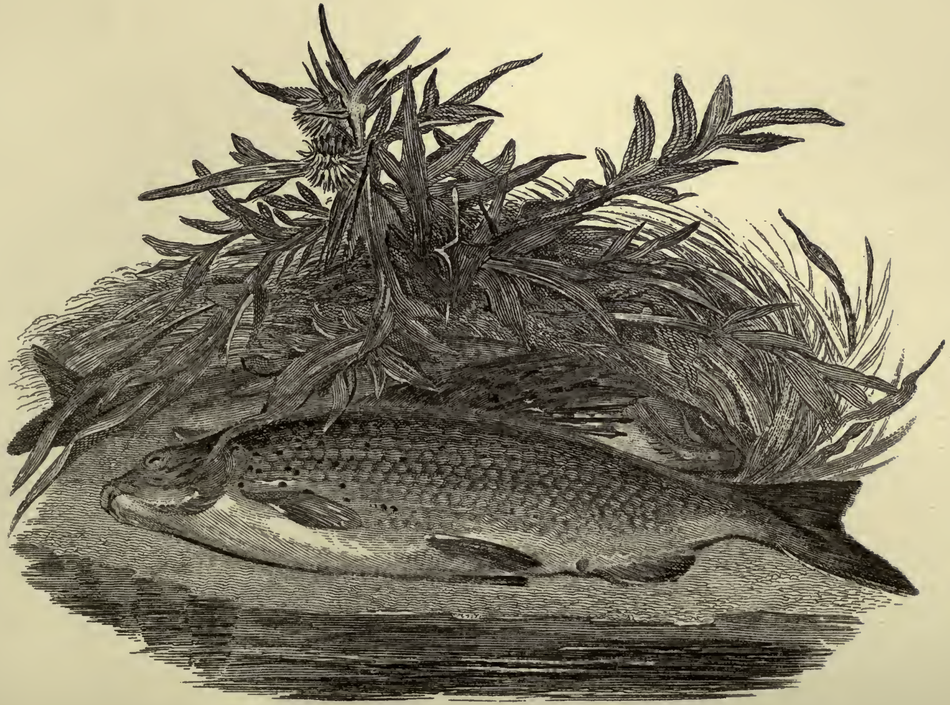
* 'Tis delightful the trout to ensnare,
To gaze on his spots, like the cheek of the fair,
And sigh when their brilliancy sinks in decay,
As bright as the rainbow, yet fleet as its ray. *Anon.*

† The Trout delights in rivers, and brooks, and gravelly bottoms, and swift streams. His haunts are eddies, behind stones, logs, or banks that project forward into the river, and against which the stream drives; shallows between two streams; or, towards the latter end of the summer, mill-tails and old weirs. His hold is usually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree. The Trout spawns about the beginning of November, and does not recover till the beginning of March. In addition to what Walton has said on the subject of Trout-fishing, the following directions and observations may be inserted. When you fish for Trout or Salmon, a *winch* screwed on the butt of the rod will be very useful: upon the rod whip a number of small rings of about an eighth of an inch in diameter, at first about three feet distant from each other, but diminishing gradually in their distances towards the top. When you have struck a fish that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, wind him up as he tires, and take him out with a landing net. In angling for Trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need make but three or four trials in a place; and, if unsuccessful, you may conclude there are none there; the same rule applies to Perch in a running stream.



THE FLY-FISHER

BY INSKIPP



THE GRAYLING

BY INSKIPP

And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, is not my purpose to dispute: but 'tis certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness or swarthiness, or anything that breeds in the eyes. Salvian* takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you that St Ambrose, the glorious Bishop of Milan, who lived when the Church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches.† He lives in such rivers as the Trout does; and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly, though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a paroquet, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or, indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all Winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months. He is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for.[*] And so I shall take my leave of him: and now come to some observations of the Salmon, and how to catch him.

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* Hippolito Salviani, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: he wrote a treatise *De Piscibus, cum eorum figuris*, and died at Rome, 1572, aged 59.—H.

† Pennant notices as a rarity, a Grayling taken near Ludlow, above half a yard long, and weighing four pounds six ounces. Another was killed near Shrewsbury which weighed full five pounds.

CHAP. VII.
The Salmon.

PISCATOR. THE Salmon is accounted the King of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness. He is said to breed or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August:[†] some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood, and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.[2]

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner: but if they be stopt by floodgates or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper, that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding; and, in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. 'Tis observed, that he may live thus one year from the sea; but he

VARIATION.

[2] protection, by whose power the spawn becomes Samlets the next spring following. —*2d edit.*

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[*] Notwithstanding Walton's assertion, experienced anglers affirm that although the Grayling may, yet he very rarely does, take the minnow. He will take gentles very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly, you can hardly use one too small. The Grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the *Humber.* And in the *Wye*, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire into the *Severn*, have been taken, with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers of a small, but excellent fish, of the Trout kind, called a Last-spring. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason those of that country use a thing they call a Corracle, or truckle: in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin *corbula*, a little basket; it is a basket, shaped like the half of a walnut-shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's hide; it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person, and is so light, that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel, with a small paddle which serves for a stick, till they come to a river; and then they launch it, and step in. There is great difficulty in getting into one of these truckles, for the instant you touch it with your foot it flies from you; and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it.—H.

[†] Their usual time of spawning is about the beginning of September, but it is said those in the Severn spawn in May.—H.

then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And 'tis noted, that those little Salmons called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick Salmons that might not go to the sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.[3]

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle which shows him to be kipper, wears away, or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill, and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him; * for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honour and riches which have both their winter and summer houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his "History of Life and Death," above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the Salmon does grow big in the sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea, yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through floodgates, or over weirs, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are

VARIATION.

[3] The observations on Salmon-fishing, as printed in the *first* edition, vary considerably from those subsequently published. They commence thus: "The Salmon is ever bred in the fresh rivers, and in most rivers about the month of August, and never grows big but in the sea; and there to an incredible bigness in a very short time; to which place they covet to swim, by the instinct of nature about a set time: but if they be stopped by mills, floodgates, or weirs, or be by accident lost in the fresh water, when the others go, which is usually by flocks or shoals, then they thrive not.

"And the old Salmon, both the Melter and Spawner, strive also to get into the sea before winter: but being stopped that course, or lost, grow sick in fresh waters, and by degrees unseasonable and kipper, that is, to have a bony gristle to grow, not unlike a hawk's beak, on one of his chaps, which hinders him from feeding, and then he pines and dies.

"But if he goes to sea, then that gristle," &c., as in text.

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* The migration of the Salmon and divers other sorts of fishes is analogous to that of Birds: and Mr Ray confirms Walton's assertion, by saying, that "Salmon will yearly ascend up a river four or five hundred miles, only to cast their spawn, and secure it in banks of sand till the young be hatched and excluded; and then return to sea again." —*Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, p. 130. It may not be improper here to take notice, that in this, and several other parts of the book, the facts related by the author do most remarkably coincide with latter discoveries of the most diligent and sagacious naturalists.—H.

known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions, in his "Britannia," the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the Salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known, far, by the name of the Salmon-leap. Concerning which, take this also out of Michael Drayton,* my honest old friend; as he tells it you, in his "Polyolbion:"[4]—

And when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind),
As he towards season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
Where *Tivy*, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As tho' within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so does the Salmon vault:
And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream. . . .

VARIATION.

[4] Concerning which, take this also out of honest Michael Draiton.—*2d edit.*

The whole of the preceding paragraph is in the *first* edition much condensed. It runs thus: "And it is to be observed, that, to the end they may get far from the sea, either to spawn or to possess the pleasure that they then and there find, they will force themselves over the tops of weirs or hedges, or stops in the water, by taking their tails into their mouths and leaping over those places, even to a height beyond common belief: and sometimes by forcing themselves against the stream through sluices and floodgates beyond common credit."

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* A celebrated poet, who was born in Warwickshire, 1563. Among his works, which are very numerous, is the *Polyolbion*, a chorographical description of the rivers, mountains, forests, castles, &c., in this island. Though this poem has great merit, it is rendered much more valuable by the learned notes of Mr *Selden*. Drayton died in 1631, and lies buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. Bishop Warburton, in the *Preface* to his *Shakespeare*, speaking of this poem, says it was written by *one Drayton;* a mode of expression very common with great men, when they mean to consign the memory of others to oblivion and contempt. Bishop Burnet, speaking of the negotiations previous to the peace of Utrecht, says in like manner, that "*one Prior* was employed to finish the treaty." But both those prelates, in this their witty perversion of an innocent monosyllable, were but imitators of the Swedish ambassador, who complained to Whitlocke, that a treaty had been sent to be translated by *one Mr Milton, a blind man.* Whitlocke's *Mem.* 633.—H. An equally remarkable example of aristocratic superciliousness occurs in the case of Doctor Johnson. Earl Gower being asked to assist in obtaining the degree of Master of Arts for Johnson, from the University of Dublin, wrote to a friend of Dean Swift on the subject. After noticing that Johnson was the "*author of London, a Satire, and some other Poetical pieces, and was much respected,*" his lordship alludes to him as "this *poor man:*" he says, "they highly extol *the man's learning and probity:*" and adds that he is assured that his correspondent's willingness to relieve merit in distress, will incline him to serve "*the poor man.*" Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* The noble Earl

This Michael Drayton tells you, of this leap or summersault of the Salmon.

And, next, I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better Salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern counties have as fat, and as large,* as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.[5]

And as I have told you that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden, it is said, that after he is got into the sea, he becomes, from a Samlet not so big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed, by tying a riband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young Salmons which have been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water; and then by taking a part of them again, with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months' absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following; which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the same dovecote have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the He-Salmon is usually bigger than the Spawner; and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water than the She is: yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watery, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation that have Trouts and Salmon in season in winter, as 'tis certain

VARIATION.

[5] And 'tis observed by Gesner, that there is none bigger than in England, nor none better than in Thames.—*1st edit.*

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and "the poor man" have both been long consigned to their kindred dust; but the contrast, with respect to their memories, is more striking than the difference in their situations when living—complete oblivion is already the lot of the one; whilst the fame of the other is identified with the English language, and will endure when insignificant nobles are "forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse."

* The following appeared in one of the London Journals, 18 April 1789: "The largest salmon ever caught was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet, from the point of the nose to the extremity of the tail; and three feet round the thickest part of the body: its weight was seventy pounds within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minories cut it up at one shilling per pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately."—H.

there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April.* But, my scholar, the observation of this and many other things I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time, and therefore I shall next fall upon my directions how to fish for this Salmon.

And, for that: First you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head: † and that he does not, as the Trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him, and that he is to be caught, as the Trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a fly, but more usually at a worm, and then most usually at a lob or garden worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if

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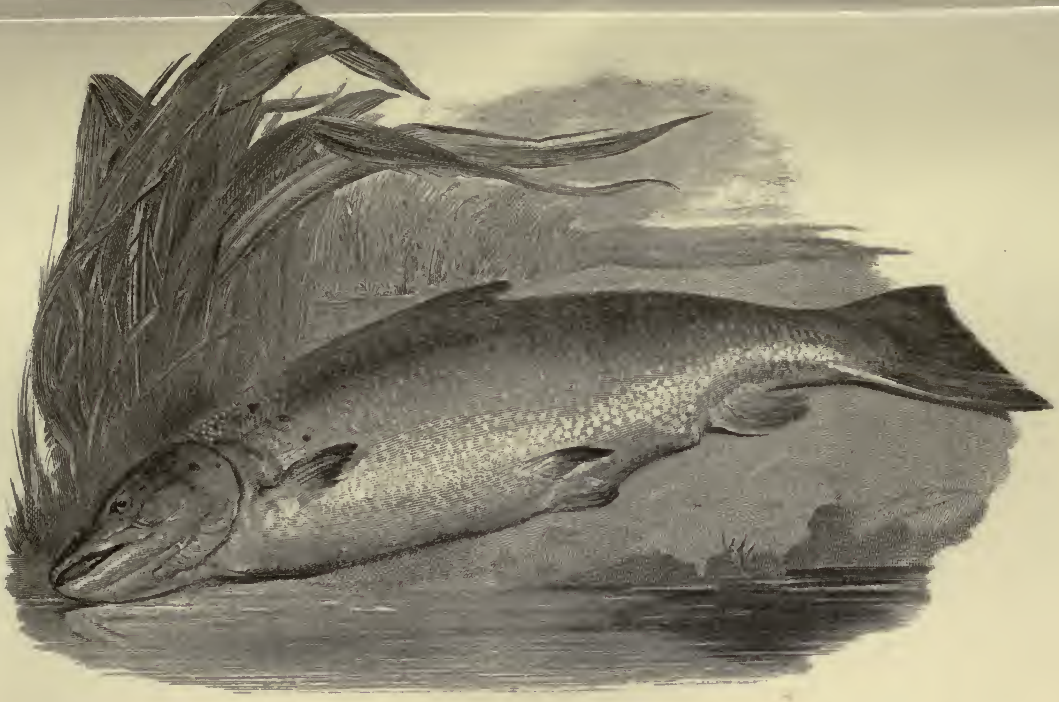
* Mr Duncombe, speaking of the Salmon, says, "They are found in the Wye at all times, but they are only in perfection from December to August." The assertion of Doctor Fuller (*Worthies*, p. 34), that "the Salmon of the Wye are in season all the year long, is altogether groundless. They formerly abounded so much, that it was a common clause in the indentures of children apprenticed in Hereford, that they should not be compelled to live on Salmon more than two days in a week." Such precautions are, however, now unnecessary. "After a short continuance in fresh water," adds Mr Duncombe, "they tend rapidly to impoverishment, and as they are only stationary when there is not a sufficient stream to admit of their proceeding, a moderate swell puts the *new* fish in motion up the river, and enables the fishermen to calculate their approach with considerable accuracy. They are very rarely found to proceed against a current of cold or very hard water: when therefore the Wye is swelled by snow dissolving in large quantities from the mountains towards its source, which occasionally happens as late as April, or even May, all attempts to take them are suspended for the time. They are not intercepted by the fishermen when returning to the sea, as it is known that the voyage which they have performed has deprived them of their principal value: and in this state they are denominated *old* fish. The spawn deposited in the river produces fish of very minute size, which about April become as heavy as a gudgeon, but more taper and delicate in their form: these are in some parts termed salmon-fry, but are here known by the name of last-springs from the date of their annual appearance, and are readily taken by the artificial fly. Two kinds of last-springs are found in the Wye, the one which is the larger, and more common sort, leaves the river in the spring floods: the smaller is termed the gravel last-spring, and is met with, particularly in shoals, during the whole summer. The general opinion is, that the last-springs, after making a voyage to the sea, return *botchers* in the beginning of the following summer. Botchers are taken from three to twelve pounds weight; they are distinguished from the Salmon by a smaller head, more silvery scales, and by retaining much of the delicate appearance of the last-spring. In the third year they become Salmon, and often weigh from forty to fifty pounds each. These are the generally-received opinions respecting the progress of the last-spring to the botcher and Salmon: but it must not be omitted, that some able naturalists of the present time contend that the last-spring and botcher are each distinct in their species from the Salmon, and that the botcher resembles the *suin* taken in the Welsh rivers, or that it is even the same fish."—*Collections towards the History and Antiquities of Herefordshire*, p. 161 et seq.

† The Salmon delights in large rapid rivers, especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms.



THE SALMON

BY INSKIPP

you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept longer by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphire into it.*

Note also, that many use to fish for a Salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret. I have been a-fishing with old Oliver Henly, now with God, a noted fisher both for Trout and Salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time:" but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him, could do, and especially Salmons. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's "Natural History," where he proves fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell: and I am certain Gesner says, the Otter can smell in the water; and I know not but that fish may do so too. 'Tis left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

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* Baits for Salmon are: lob-worms, for the ground; smaller worms and bobs, cad-bait, and, indeed, most of the baits taken by the trout, at the top of the water. Flies should be made of the most gaudy colours, and very large. There is a fly called the horse-leech fly, which he is very fond of: they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two (and some have three) pairs of wings, placed behind each other: in imitating this fly, behind each pair of wings, whip the body about with gold or silver twist, or both, and do the same by the head. Fish with it *at length*, as for Trout and Grayling. If you *dib*, do it with two or three butterflies of different colours, or with some of the most glaring small flies you can find.

I shall also impart two other experiments, but not tried by myself, which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing : he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it." The other is this: "Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris verò longè suavissimi." "'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assafœtida may do the like." *

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical men, namely, from Sir George Hastings and others, an affirmation of them to be very advantageous. But no more of these; especially not in this place.†

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you that there is more than one sort of them, as, namely, a Tecon, and

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* At the end of the *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D., is the following recipe of "R. R.," who possibly may be the "R. Roe" mentioned in the *Preface* to *Walton*:—

Wouldst thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish,
Take this receipt,
To anoint thy bait.
Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
Be it in pool, in river, or in brook,
To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that[a] which kills the oak. [[a] Ivy.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

It's perfect and good
If well understood,
Else not to be told
For silver or gold. R. R.

The following recipe for catching pikes occurs in an old MS. on vellum, written about the year 1550, and now in the possession of Dr Bliss :—

A CRAFT TO TAK PYKS, ETC.

Tak asafetida of the fattest an ownce, Stanch gryme di quarter of an ownce, Gume arabek lik myche, Blak berys iij or iiij small broken, The yolk of an egge rostit harde like myche, Then take iij or iiij dropis of olium benedictum, To temper thies togedre lik past, And rubbe and anonyte the end of the lyne that the hooke ys hopon.

† The following extract of a letter which appeared in one of the London papers, 21st June 1788, should operate as a general caution against using, in the composition of baits, any ingredient prejudicial to the human constitution : "Newcastle, June 16. Last week, in Lancashire, two young men having caught a large quantity of Trout by mixing the water in a small brook with lime, ate heartily of the Trout at dinner the next day: they were seized, at midnight, with violent pains in the intestines; and though medical assistance was immediately procured, they expired before noon in the greatest agonies."—H.

another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger; but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a Herring and a Pilchard do,[*] which, I think, are as different as the rivers in which they breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience, as to tell you that the trout, or Salmon, being in season, have, at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life, their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty as, I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age.[†] And so I shall leave them both; and proceed to some observations of the Pike.

CHAP. VIII. On the Luce or Pike.

PISCATOR. THE mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant,[‡] as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as, namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.[6]

VARIATION.

[6] It is not to be doubted but that the Luce, or Pickrell, or Pike, breeds by spawning: and yet Gesner says that some of them breed where none ever was, out of a weed

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[*] There is a fish, in many rivers, of the Salmon kind, which though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of Salmon-Pink, Shedders, Skeggers, Last-springs, and Gravel Last-springs. But there is another small fish very much resembling these in shape and colour, called the Gravel Last-spring, found only in the river Wye, and Severn; which is, undoubtedly, a distinct species: These spawn about the beginning of September: and in the Wye I have taken them with an ant-fly as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what Walton calls the Tecon.—H.

[†] This passage occurs in the *first* edition. Several allusions to the fashion of women wearing patches occurs in Pepys' *Diary*. "August 30, 1660. This is the first day that ever I saw my wife wear *black patches* since we were married." "October 20, 1660. I dined with my Lord and Lady [Sandwich], he was very merry and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear *black patches*." "4 Nov. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to *wear a black patch*." Speaking of the Queen, he says, "But my wife standing near her *with two or three black patches* on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

[‡] Pope also calls Pikes

"The tyrants of the wat'ry plains."

Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh-water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms.* But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized Pikes being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, as Gesner relates, A man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast, that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a Pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr Segrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame Otters, that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are

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called Pickrell-weed, and other glutinous matter, which, with the help of the sun's heat, proves, in some particular ponds, apted by nature for it, to become Pikes.—*1st edit.*

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* Walton probably quoted from memory. The story is in his favourite writer, Hakewill, who in his "Apologie of the power and providence of God," fol. *Oxf.* 1635, P. I. p. 145, says, "I will close up this Chapter with a relation of Gesner's, in his Epistle to the Emperor Ferdinand, prefixed before his booke *De Piscibus*, touching the long life of a Pike, which was cast into a pond or poole neare Hailebrune in Swevia, with this inscription ingraven upon a collar of brasse fastened about his necke. *Ego sum ille piscis huic stagno omnium primus impositus per mundi rectoris Frederici Secundi manus*, 5 Octobris, anno 1230. I am that fish which was first of all cast into this poole by the hand of Fredericke the Second, governour of the world, the fift of October, in the yeare 1230. He was againe taken up in the yeare 1497, and by the inscription it appeared he had then lived there 267 yeares."—E.

persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you, what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears." *

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the Ox, and some other beasts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the Pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning-time, at which

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* Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling* before cited, page 9, gives the following instance of the exceeding voracity of this fish: "My father catched a Pike in Barn-Meer (a large standing-water in Cheshire), was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the Lord Cholmondeley; his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of several sorts of fish. About twelve months after, his lordship draw'd the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike had devoured all the fish, except one large Carp, that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord; who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to fling in calves-bellies, chickens-guts, and suchlike garbage to him, to prey upon: but being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, for want of food."

The following relation was inserted as an article of news in one of the London papers, 2d Jan. 1755:—

Extract of a Letter from Littleport, Dec. 17.

"About ten days ago, a large Pike was caught in the river Ouse, which weighed upwards of 28 pounds, and was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid was gutting the fish, she found, to her great astonishment, a watch with a black ribbon and two steel seals annexed, in the body of the Pike; the gentleman's butler, upon opening the watch, found the maker's name, Thomas Cranefield, Burnham, Norfolk. Upon a strict inquiry, it appears that the said watch was sold to a gentleman's servant, who was unfortunately drowned about six weeks ago, in his way to Cambridge, between this place and South-Ferry. The watch is still in the possession of Mr John Roberts, at the Cross-Keys in Littleport, for the inspection of the public."

In Dr Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, 246, are sundry relations of Pike of great magnitude; one in particular, caught in the Thame, an ell and two inches long.

time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a Pike.[7] And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, "The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish: melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as Roach and Dace, and most other fish do; and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of anybody, as the Trout and Chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jawbones, and hearts, and galls of Pikes, are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind: but he observes, that the biting of a Pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the Pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as, namely, Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almost every month; and yet the Hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is a fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or, somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she Pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek; and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.*

VARIATION.

[7] Here, in the *first* edition, follows this passage: "And he observes that in Spain there are no Pikes, and that the biggest are in the Lake Thracimane in Italy, and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England."

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* Very late discoveries of naturalists contradict this hypothesis concerning the generation of fishes, and prove that they are produced by the conjunction of the male and female, as other animals are. See the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlviii. part ii. for the year 1754, page 870.—H.

"The ingendring and breeding of the like fish as aforesaid, I have noted to be in this manner, sometime in May, and sometime in June, as the season happeneth to fall out apt for generation, the water by God's providence having then a natural warmth to performe the same, the male fish by course of nature, will chase about the female, seeking

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention as to tell you that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst, in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs: and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia,* who, in his book "Of Fish and Fish-ponds," relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:—

"As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore-side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embrace the Pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth, those tender parts: the Pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike till his strength failed; and then the frog sunk with the Pike

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copulation: and as in all other creatures, so in this the female seemeth to shun and flie from the male, so that you shall see three, foure, or five male fish chase one female, and so hold her in on every side, that they will force her to swimme through weedes, grasse, rushes, straw, or any suchlike thing that is in the pond, wherein she being entangled and wearied with their chasing, they find opportunitie to joyne in copulation with her, mingling their milt with her spawne, sometime one of them, sometime another, at which time the spawne falleth from her like little egges, and sticketh fast to the sayd weedes: some eight, nine, or ten dayes after which time it quickneth, taketh life, and hath the proportion of a fish: yea two or three days before it quicken, if you take such an egge and breake it uppon your naile, you shall perceive the proportion of a fish therein. After it is quicke it mooveth very little for some fortnight or three weeks, and then it gathereth together into sculles by the shore-side, where the water is shallow: howbeit the Tench frie will lie scattering in the weedes, and not flote in sculles."—Taverner, *Certaine Experiments concerning Fish*, 1600, 4to, p. 18.

* Janus Dubravius Scala, Bishop of Olmutz in Moravia in the sixteenth century, was born at Pilsen in Bohemia. The duties of the bishopric did not hinder him from being an ambassador into Sicily, then into Bohemia, and President of the chamber established to proceed against the rebels who had borne a part in the troubles of Smalcald. Besides the above book (the Latin title whereof is, *De Piscinis, & Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis*), he appears, by the Bodleian Catalogue, to have written, in Latin, a *History of Bohemia;* and an oration to Sigismund King of Poland, exhorting him to make war on the Turks. He seems to have practised the ordering of fish-ponds and the breeding of fish, both for delight and profit. Hoffman, who in his *Lexicon* has given his name a place, says, he died with the reputation of a pious and learned prelate, in 1553; which last particular may admit of question, for, if it be true, it makes all his writings posthumous publications, the earliest whereof bears date anno 1559.

His book *On Fish and Fish-ponds*, in which are many pleasant relations, was in 1599 translated into English, and published in 4to by George Churchey, Fellow of Lion's Inn, with the title of *A new Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profit, both for gentlemen and yeomen, containing the order and manner of making of fish-ponds, &c.*—H.

to the bottom of the water: then presently the frog appeared again at the top, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike that they might declare what had happened: and the Pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served." *

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the † book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be Fishing-frogs, which the Dalmatians call the Water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you that 'tis not to be doubted but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.[8]

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land frogs, so there be land and water snakes. Concerning which take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dunghill, or a like hot place: but the water-snake, which is not venomous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not

VARIATION.

[8] which secures him if they two meet by accident, for you are to note, that the frog swims the faster.—2*d edit.*

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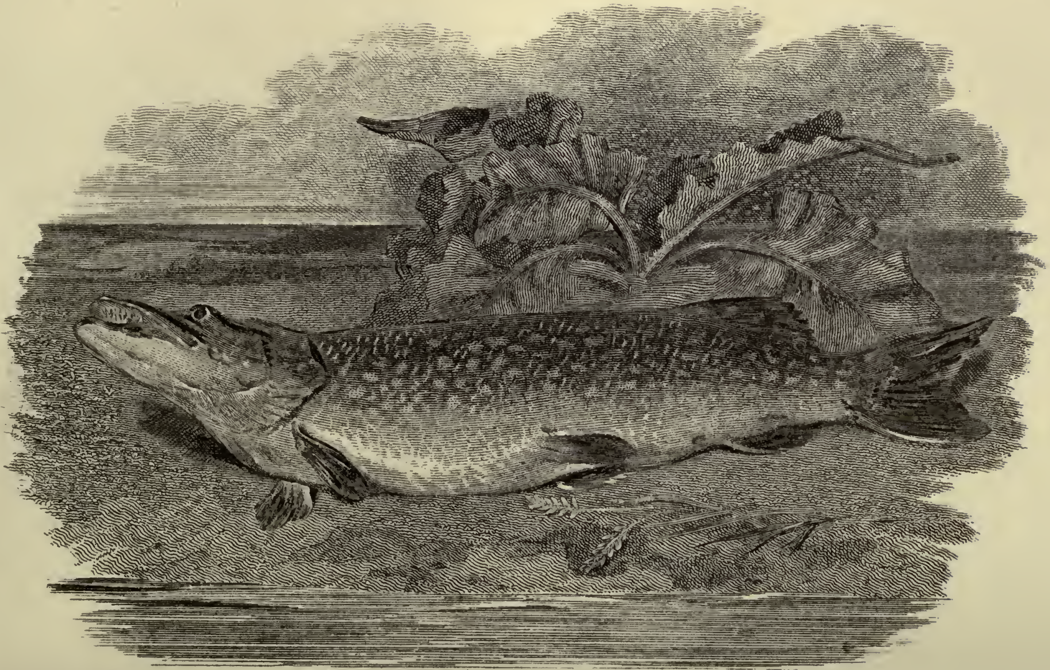
* Mr Pennant, in his Zoology, 4to, Lond. 1776, vol. iv. p. 10, has the following remark on this passage of the Complete Angler:—

"As frogs adhere closely to the backs of their own species, so we know they will do the same by fish: Walton mentions a strange story of their destroying pike; but that they will injure, if not entirely kill carp, is a fact indisputable from the following relation: A very few years ago, on fishing a pond belonging to Mr Pitt, of Encombe, Dorsetshire, great numbers of the carp were found each with a frog mounted on it, the hind legs clinging to the back, the fore legs fixed in the corner of each eye of the fish, which were thin and greatly wasted, teased by carrying so disagreeable a load. These frogs we imagine to have been males disappointed of a mate."—E.

"In the moneth of March, at which time Todes doe ingender, the Tode will many times covet to fasten himselfe uppon the head of the Carpe, and will thereby invenime the Carpe, in such sort that the Carpe will swell as great as he may hold, so that his scales will stand as it were on edge, and his eyes stand out of his head neare halfe an inch, in very ugly sort: and in the end will for the most part die thereof: and it is very dangerous for any person to eate of any such Carpe so invenimed."—Taverner's *Experiments on Fish*, &c. 4to, 1600, p. 23.

† Walton should have said of the *first* book; for there it is to be found.—H.



T H E   P I K E

BY INSKIPP

hatch, but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we Anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this Pike.

His feeding is usually of fish or frogs; and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel-weed, of which I told you some think Pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whither those Pikes, so bred, will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have: and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking bait; and you are to note, that I call that a Ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a Walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait (though a dead one may catch), whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must, take this course:—

First, for your LIVE-BAIT. Of fish, a roach or dace is, I think, best and most tempting; and a perch is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming-wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming-wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words. Therefore I will for the present say no more of this; but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

VENATOR. But, good master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venemous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

PISCATOR. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs, that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish frog. By flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green frog, which is a small one, is, by Topsel, taken to be venemous; and so is the paddock, or frog-paddock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind: yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs; and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny.* And Cardanus † undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs: ‡ but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs; for those I think are not venemous, especially the right water-frog, which, about February or March, breeds in ditches, by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog, or paddock-frog, never does.

Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:—

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

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* In his 19th book, *De Subtil. ex.*

† Hieronymus Cardanus, an Italian physician, naturalist, and astrologer, well known by the many works he has published: he died at Rome, 1576. It is said that he had foretold the day of his death; and that, when it approached, he suffered himself to die of hunger, to preserve his reputation. He had been in England, and wrote a character of our Edward VI.—H.

‡ There are many well-attested accounts of the raining of frogs; but Mr Ray rejects them as utterly false and ridiculous; and demonstrates the impossibility of their production in any such manner. *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, 310. See also Derham's *Phys. Theol.* 244, and Pennant's *Zoology*, 4to, Lond. 1776, vol. iv. p. 10.—H.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used; and it is thus: having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it or rather more; and split that forked stick, with such a nick or notch at one end of it as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites; and then the Pike having pulled the line forth of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixt place undisturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive it to the shore-side, for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water, then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast it into the water with the forked stick to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come: this I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of Pikes. Or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond.[*] And the like may be done with turning three or four live baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits.

And for your DEAD BAIT for a Pike: for that you may be taught by one day's going a-fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it. And yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret: it is this: Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a Pike; and then cast it into a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream; and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerness. And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of a heron is a great temptation to any fish.[†]

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy.[‡] But if this direction

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[*] A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike: but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder, and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck:
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
When a Pike suns himself, and a-frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."
Barker's *Art of Angling.*—H.

[†] This latter recipe does not occur in the *first* edition.

[‡] The Pike loves a still, shady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst, or near weeds; such as flags, bulrushes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that sometimes covers standing waters, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. Their time of spawning is about the end of February or the beginning of March; and chief season, from the end of May to the beginning of February. Pikes are called *Jacks*, till they become twenty-four inches long. The baits for Pike, besides those mentioned by Walton, are a small trout; the gudgeon, loach, and millers-thumb; the head end of an eel with the skin taken off below the fins; a small jack; a lob-worm; and in winter, the fat of bacon. And notwithstanding what Walton and others say against baiting with a perch, it is certain that Pikes have been taken with a small perch with the back fins cut off, when neither a roach nor bleak would tempt them. Let your baits for Pike be as fresh as possible. Dead ones should be carried in fresh bran, which will dry up that moisture that otherwise would infect and rot them.

As this volume is to be considered a reprint of Walton's "Complete Angler," and not a new treatise on the art of fishing, it is deemed unnecessary to give directions for trolling, although a method of Pike-fishing almost universally practised, and one of which Walton has said so little. He, however, who wishes for instructions, may consult the to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good; for I have tried it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with my direction you must take this caution, that your Pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

"First, open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these, take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small, with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter-savoury; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three; both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: These, being thus mixt, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly; and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not, then as much of it as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely; and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies, and butter, mixt together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the Pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put it into the Pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlic, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a haut goût, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall be rubbed

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"Complete Troller," by Ro. Nobbes, 12mo, 1682; the "Angler's sure Guide" already alluded to; Howitt's "Angler's Manual," 1808; and particularly Daniels' "Field Sports," vol. ii., wherein will be found everything necessary to be known on the subject.

with it: The using or not using of this garlic is left to your discretion.* M. B."

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us, there are no Pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the Lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest.† Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish, namely, an Arundel Mullet, a Chichester Lobster, a Shelsey Cockle, and an Amerly Trout.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some observations of the Carp, and how to angle for him; and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

CHAP. IX.
On the Carp.

PISCATOR. THE Carp is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtile fish; that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now

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* It may perhaps be deemed amusing to compare Walton's method of cooking the Pike, with that practised in the Royal kitchens in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as preserved in the Sloane MS. No. 1201. "For to make a pyke in galentyne. Take a pyke and quarter hym, and sethe hym in scharpe sawse, and than pille awey the skynne and ley hym in a fayre vessell of tre or of erthe, and than take whyte wyne and whyte vynegre, and take fayre breed and put thereto, and make it hoote over the fyre, and than drawe it thorough a streynor. Than caste thereto powdre of pepper and of galyngale of cloves, salt it fayre and gyffe it a lytell hete and stere it wele togedre and put it to thy fyssche, and whan thou wilte have of it. take uppe apece or two with the sawse, and cast powdre of gynger uppon it and serve it forth.

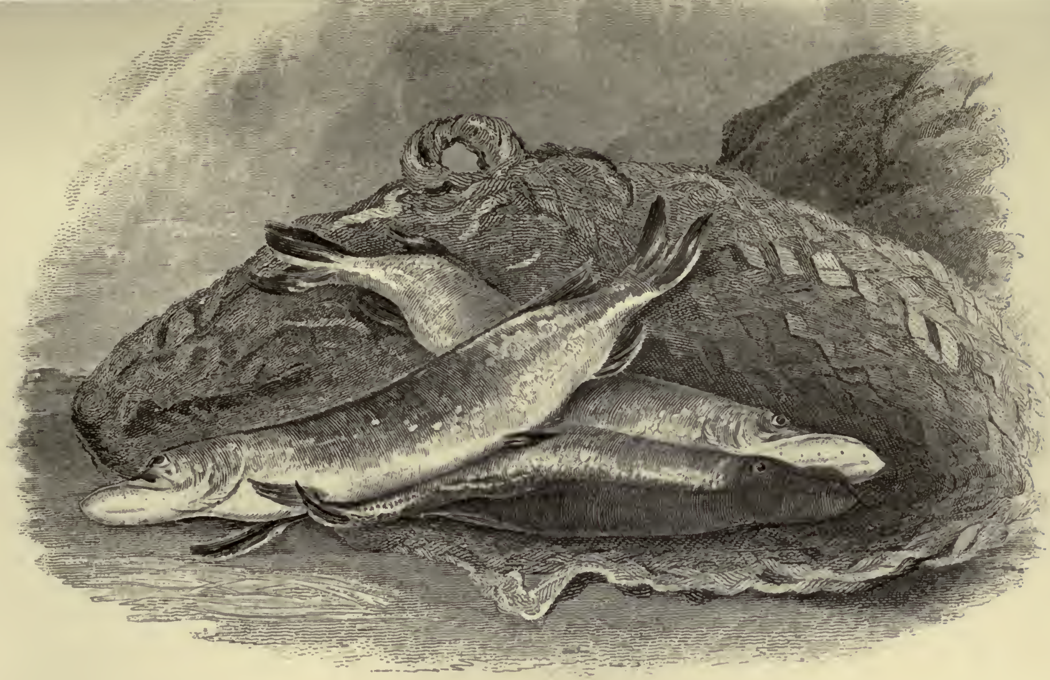
"A pyke boyled. Take and make a sawse of fayre water and salt and a lyttell ale and a percyle and then take a pyke and nape hym and drawe hym in the bely, and slytte hym thorow the bely, backe, and hede, and tayle with a knyfe in two peces, and smyte the sydes in quarteres, and wasshe hem clene, and yiffe thow wilt have hym rownde scoche hym by the hede in the backe, and drawe hym there, and scoche hym in two places or iij in the backe, but not thorough. And slytte the pouche and kepe the frye or the lyvre, and cutte awey the galle, and whan the sawse begynneth to boyle, skym it, and wasche the pyke, and cast hym thereinne, and cast the frye and the pouche thereto, and lete it boyle togedres. And then make the sawse thus: mynse small the pouche and the frye in a lytell gravey of the pyke, and cast thereto powdre of gynger, cavell, verjuice, and mustard, and salt."

† It has been a common notion that the Pike was not extant in England till the reign of Henry the Eighth; but it occurs very frequently in the "Forme of Cury," compiled about 1390. The old name was Luce, or Lucy. An ancient MS. formerly in the possession of John Topham, Esq., written about 1250, mentions "*Lupos aquaticos* sive *Luceos*" amongst the fish which the fishmongers were to have in their shops. Three Lucies were the arms of the *Lucy* family, as early as the reign of Henry the Third; and in a contemporary Roll of arms they are thus described, "Geffrey de Lucy, de goules trois *lucies* d'or." In the 6th Rich. II. A^{o}. 1382, the mayor and citizens of London prayed that no fishmonger, nor any other person free of the City, might thenceforward buy any kind of fish to sell again in the City, excepting pikes and fresh eels, "forspris *pikes*, anguilles fresshes," &c. *Rot. Parl.* vol. iii. p. 142.^{b} In the Roll of the same Parliament, the words "horspris anguilles fresshes, beketes ou *pikes*," occur. *Ibid.*

Compare Pennant's Zoology, vol. iii. p. 280, 4to. Lelandi Collectanea, vol. vi. 1, 5, 6.

That the Pike was here in Edward the Third's time is evident from Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, edit. Tyrwh. p. 351, 352:—

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a Breme and many a *Luce* in stewe."



BASKET OF PIKE

BY SIR FRANCIS SYKES

naturalised. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county * that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

You may remember that I told you Gesner says there are no Pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose Chronicle you may find these verses:—

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

And doubtless, as of sea-fish the Herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh-water fish the Trout, so, except the Eel, the Carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of its own proper element; and, therefore, the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.[9]

Carps and Loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which Pikes and most other fish do not; and this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits; as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months; and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a

VARIATION.

[9] Considerable variations exist in the observations on the Carp as printed in the first and second editions of the "Complete Angler." In the former, the commencement of the chapter runs thus:—

Piscator. The Carp is a stately, a good, and a subtle fish, a fish that hath not, as it is said, been long in England, but said to be by one Mr Mascall, a gentleman then living at Plumsted in Sussex, brought into this nation: and for the better confirmation of this, you are to remember I told you that Gesner says there is not a pike in Spain, and that except the eel, which lives longest out of the water, there is none that will endure more hardness or live longer than a carp will out of it, and so the report of his being brought out of a foreign nation into this is the more probable.

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* For proof of this fact, we have the testimony of the author of the *Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line*, 4to, Lond. 1600, who, though the initials only of his name are given in the title, appears to have been Leonard Mascal, the translator of a book of Planting and Grafting, 4to, 1589, 1592, and the author of a book *On Cattel*, 4to, 1596. —H. In the Book of St Albans Carp are thus spoken of, which proves that they were known in England for more than a century before Mascal wrote: "The Carp is a deyntous fysshe: but there ben but fewe in Englonde, And therfore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an evyll fysshe to take, for he is too strong enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays holde hym. And as touchyng his baytes I have but lytyll knowlege of it, and we were loth to wryte more than I knowe and have provyd. But well I wote that the redd worme and the menow been good batys for hym at all tymes as I have herde saye of persones credyble and also founde wryten in bokes of credence." This writer is, however, decidedly wrong as to the "batys" which "been good for hym at all tymes." The "menow" he will not touch unless compelled by hunger, nor is the "redd worme" by any means so tempting bait as some others. In the *Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry the Eighth*, in 1532, various entries are made of rewards to persons for bringing *Carpes* to the King, pp. 62, 74, 100, 267.

male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or spawn, and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season; and it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed that in some ponds Carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: Aristotle and Pliny say, six times in a year, if there be no Pikes nor Perch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The Carp, if he have water-room and good feed,[*] will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long.[†] It is said by Jovius,[‡] who hath writ of fishes, that in the Lake Lurian in Italy, Carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigness twenty years; and it is observed too, that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observed, that the crocodile is very long lived; and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some Carps do, especially in some places, though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.[§]

Now, as the increase of Carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious : I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large Carps put into several ponds near to a house, where, by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stole away from him ; and that when he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones, for that they might do so he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner, he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that had almost watched the pond, and, at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found, of seventy or eighty large Carps, not above five or six : and that he had forborne longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw, in a hot day in summer, a large Carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head ; and that he, upon that occasion, caused his pond to be let dry : and I say, of seventy or eighty Carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing. And the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it ; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps, that were so strangely lost, were so killed by the frogs, and then devoured.

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[*] The following receipt for making a Carp fat in gravelly water is taken from Lord Burleigh's Papers, Lansd. MS. No. 101, art. 9: "The carpe (which coveteth to lye in the mudde and will fat soonest in muddy or claye waters) so where the waters be gravillie would be placed in the smallest pondes and stewes and made fatt with chippins or graynes, or with the bloude of any slaughter beaste, or newe horse donnge hanged in basketts, or with a mixture of the said dunge and clay wroughte together in fashion of a longe salte stone with dyverse holes in the same, laied in the water for them to sucke on."

[†] The widow of the late David Garrick once told me, that in her native country, Italy, she had seen the head of a Carp served up at table, big enough to fill a large dish.—H.

[‡] *Paulus Jovius*, an Italian historian of very doubtful authority: he lived in the 16th century; and wrote a small tract *De Romanis Piscibus*. He died at Florence, 1552.—H.

[§] The author of the *Angler's Sure Guide* says, that he has taken Carp above twenty-six inches long in rivers; and adds that they are often seen in England above thirty inches long. The usual length is from about twelve to fifteen or sixteen inches.—H.

The largest Carp mentioned by Pennant did not exceed twenty pounds. In the park of Mr Ladbroke of Gatton, a brace were taken which weighed thirty-five pounds. In a piece of water at Stourhead, a Carp was caught in 1793, which was thirty inches long, upwards of twenty-two broad, and eighteen pounds in weight.

And a person of honour, now living in Worcestershire,[*] assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck, and to kill him : Whether it were for meat or malice, must be, to me, a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident ; of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable : I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the Carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of Carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a Carp has been known to live in the Palatine above a hundred years.*[1] But most conclude that, contrary to the Pike or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, Carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of fleshlike fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the Carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish which, I told you, have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

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[*] "Mr Fr. Ru." This passage occurs for the first time in the *fifth* edition. The only person mentioned in the last *Herald's Visitation* of Worcestershire, whose names agree with that reference, is Francis Rufford, of Sapy in that county, esquire, who died about the year 1678, aged eighty-two, leaving by Margaret, daughter of —— Brydges of Upleaden, in the county of Hereford—1. Francis, his son and heir, æt. 37, in 1683, who was then married and had three children ; 2. Tamarlane of the city of London, who was also married and had issue ; 3. Benjamin, who died unmarried in 1680 ; and a daughter Ann, the wife of John Yananton of Redstone, in the county of Worcester. MS. in the College of Arms, marked K. 4, f. 154.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the Carp lives but ten years: but Janus Dubravius[2] has writ a book "Of Fish and Fish-ponds,"† in which he says that Carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male Carps will follow a female; and that then, she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds; and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish. and, as I told you, it is thought that the Carp does this several months in the year;‡ and most believe, that most fish breed after

VARIATIONS.

[1] This passage from Gesner does not occur in the *first* edition: and the following sentence is added in the *second*, "and it is believed of carps as it is written of crocodiles, that they also thrive in bigness all their lives."

[2] In the *first* edition is added, "a German as I think."

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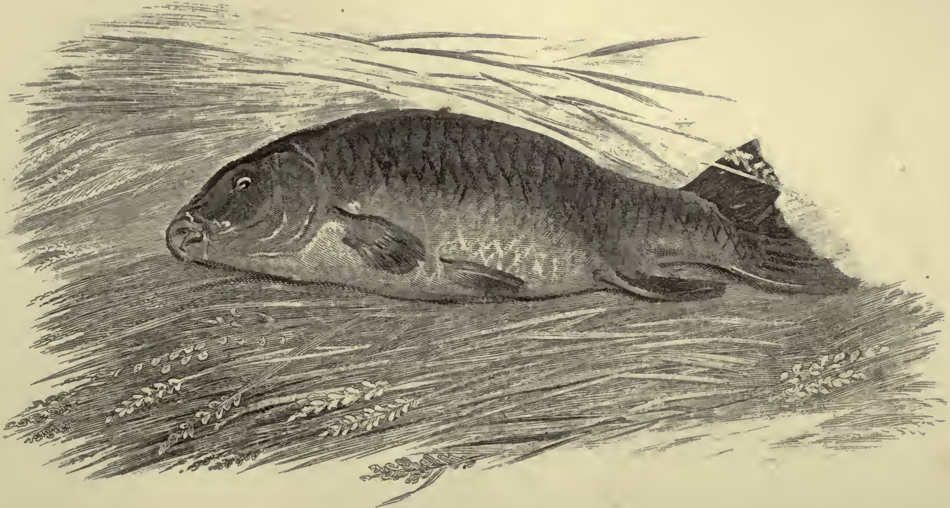
* Lately, viz., in one of the daily papers for the month of August 1782, an article appeared, purporting that in the bason at Emanuel College, Cambridge, a Carp was then living that had been in the water thirty-six years; which, though it had lost one eye, knew, and would constantly approach, its feeder, who was Dr Farmer, Master of the College.

At the seat of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly, are, or rather were, immense shoals of very large Carp, "silvered o'er with age," like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that when any passengers approached their watery habitation, they used to come to the shore in such numbers as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled. Sir J. E. Smith's *Tour on the Continent*, vol. i. 95, ed. 1807. In the preface to the second edition, it is said the tame Carp at Chantilly were destroyed very early in the Revolution. p. xxx.

† Vide antea, p. 133, &c.

‡ An anonymous writer giving instructions to Lord Burleigh for the regulations of his fish-ponds, &c., says: "Because the carpe will eate his owne spawne, youe must before Marche lay iij or iiij faggotts of osiers or willowe bowes in the ponde wher your spawners be (which would not be above ij or iij in a ponde and iij or v melters withall) and so bynd the said faggotts small in the middle, and laye the toppes veryе brode and bushy at eche end, and the spawner will sleke her bellie and spawne thereon, and the



THE CARP

BY INSKIPP

this manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep.[*] And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and costs to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honeycombs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation; but that some breed other ways, as some Pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable. But it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of Carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and, as may appear in Leviticus xi., by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his "Discourse of Fishes:" but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this Carp, or of any more circumstances concerning him. But yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtile fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a Carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience, especially to fish for a river Carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river Carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note, that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour. But you are to remember that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possest with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the Carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him.

younge frye afterwardes will shoote in thither as into a sanctuary from daunger of devouringe.

"The carpe will not fatt where store of tenches be, ne get brede where store of roches be, nor the tenche ever fatt where the carpe ys, because he will sucke the tenche without measure."—Lansdowne MS. No. 101, art. 9.

[*] This account of the Carp is taken from Taverner's Experiments on Fish, 4to, 1600. Vide p. 132, note.

But first you are to know, that it must be either early or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms or at paste: and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle: and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the toothache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar: which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod; and doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times, and in small pellets, you are the likelier, when you fish for the Carp, to obtain your desired sport. Or, in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixt with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like; and then, some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: take the flesh of a rabbit, or cat, cut small; and bean-flour; and if that may not be easily got, get other flour; and then, mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better: and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best, for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or, that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not too much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year, for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands, before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet about this bigness □, it being soaked in or anointed with oil of petre, called by some, oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put, two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do better than any that I have ever practised or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp; and you know, it is more easily made.* And having said thus much of the Carp,† my next discourse shall be of the Bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat as shall make him worth all your labour and patience. And though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a Carp, alive if possible; scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not: then open him; and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle: then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savoury; bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire till it be sufficiently boiled. Then take out the Carp; and lay it, with the broth, into the dish; and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted, and beaten with half-a-dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up. And much good do you!—Dr T.

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* And see a bait that serves likewise for the Bream in the next chapter.—H.

† The haunts of the river Carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and reaches, near some scour, and under roots of trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weeds, flags, &c. Pond Carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts: only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water. They breed three or four times a year: but their first spawning-time is the beginning of May. Baits for the Carp are, all sorts of earth and dunghill worms; flag-worms, grasshoppers, though not at top: ox-brains; the pith of an ox's backbone; green pease; and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out. Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook: and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for the Carp in a boat; for they will not come near it. It is said there are many Carp in the Thames, westward of London: and that, about February, they retire to the creeks in that river; in some of which, many above two feet long have been taken with an angle. *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 179.

Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss in a net, and feeding them with bread steeped in milk; taking care to refresh the animal now and then by throwing fresh water over the net in which it is suspended. —H.

In Carp-fishing it must be a sine quâ non to keep out of sight of the fish, and to prevent the shadow from falling on the water. Perhaps the most certain mode of taking is to have a line wholly of gut: and in lieu of a float, a swan-shot fixed at about two feet above the hook, and lodged, whilst fishing, upon a dock leaf, or any similar substance.

CHAP. X.
On the Bream.

PISCATOR. THE Bream being, at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds:* but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome. This fish is long in growing; but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to overstore them, and starve the other fish.[3]

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order: he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is observed to have two large melts; and the female, two large bags of eggs or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large Breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms; and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incred-

VARIATION.

[3] The ensuing observations, in the text, on the Bream, and the method of fishing for him, were added in the *second* edition. In the *first*, the instructions on the subject are thus briefly given: "The baits good for to catch the Bream are many: as, namely, young wasps and a paste made of brown bread and honey, or gentles, or especially a worm that is not much unlike a maggot which you will find at the roots of docks or of flags, or of rushes that grow in the water, or watery places, and a grasshopper having his legs nipt off, or a fly that is in June and July to be found amongst the green reed growing by the water-side, those are said to be excellent baits. I doubt not but there be many others, that both the Bream and the Carp also would bite at: but these, time and experience will teach you how to find out. And so having according to my promise given you these short observations concerning the Bream, I shall also give you some observations concerning the Tench, and those also very briefly."

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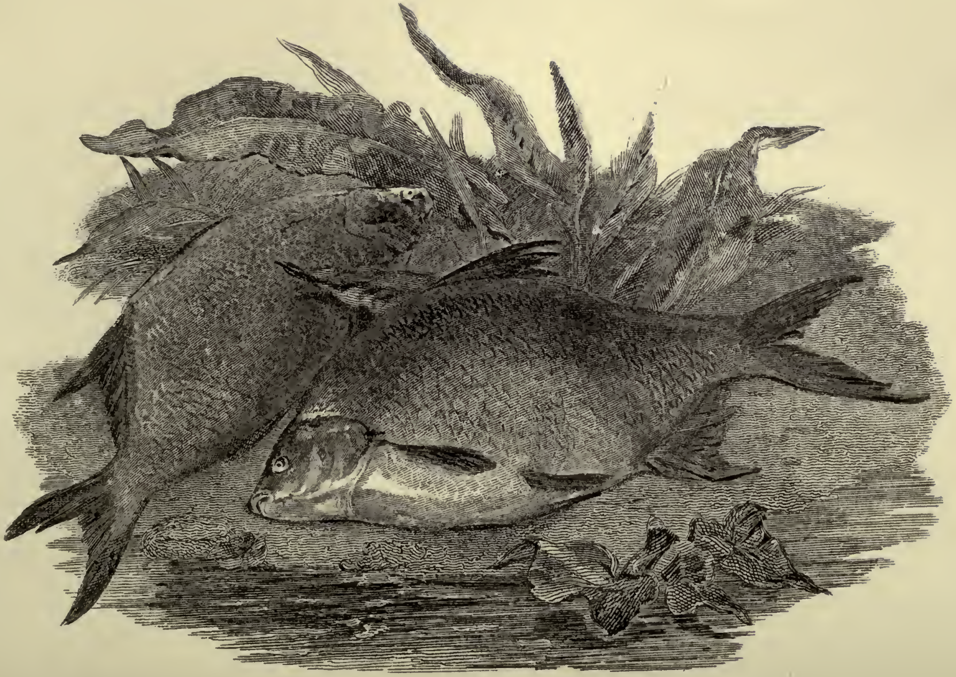
* The Bream is a native of many parts of Europe, inhabiting the larger kind of lakes, still rivers, &c., and is sometimes seen even in the Caspian Sea. See *Shaw's Zoology*, vol. v. part i. p. 196.—E.



THE BREAM

BY INSKIPP

ible as the resurrection to an atheist : but it may win something, in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silkworm, and of many insects. And that is considerable, which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his "History of Life and Death," fol. 20, that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath Breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome ;" and it is noted, that the best part of a Bream is his belly and head.*

Some say that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together ; and so there is in many places a bastard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this Bream are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey ; gentles ; or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough. Or, there is at the root of docks, or flags, or rushes, in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench † will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipt off, in June and July ; or at several flies, under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good ; but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a Carp or Bream, in any river or mere : it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler ; [4] and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

VARIATION.] [4] by a most excellent angler, as good.—*2d edit.*

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* The Bream seems formerly to have been a favourite fish in England. Sir William Dugdale has preserved a curious instance of the great price, at least in the interior parts of the kingdom, which it bore as long ago as the 7th year of Henry V., when it was rated at 20d. And he informs us, in the 32d Hen. VI. 1454, "A Pye of four of them, in the expences of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire, to the Earl of Warwick, at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvj$^{s.}$ ij$^{d.}$"—*Antiquities of Warwickshire*, p. 668.—E.

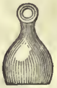
In the Pithy, Profitable, and Pleasant Workes of Maister Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII., the following occurs:—

"In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cast
With pypes of golde, engushyng out streames
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past
Enswimmyng with roches, barbils, and breames
Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
Englistred : that ioyous it was to beholde
Than farthermore about me my sight I reuolde."

Crown of Laurell, p. 30, ed. 1736.

† *Sic* in the *second*, *third*, *fourth*, and *fifth* editions ; but it is evident from the context that Piscator is speaking of *Bream*.

1. Let your bait be as big a red worm as you can find, without a knot: get a pint or quart of them in an evening, in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain; and put them with clean moss well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin set dry; and change the moss fresh every three or four days, for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.



2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods; and as many and more silk, or silk and hair, lines; and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner, and fasten them to the low ends of your lines: then fasten your link-hook also to the lead; and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook: but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill, a little under the water; and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the Pike or Perch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will show you afterwards, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note also that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them swim in skulls or shoals, in the summer-time, in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes, and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep sentinel: then mark where he plays most and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is best. Then consider with yourself, whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any water-mills near; and, according to your discretion, take the depth of the

place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish, to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

THE GROUND-BAIT.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half, according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water, where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley-malt; and boil it in a kettle, one or two warms is enough: then strain it through a bag into a tub, the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good; and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side, about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before: cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom; and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag, with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait, near the sporting-place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water-side, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then, gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook; casting it over your ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod, and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod; and stay the rods in the ground; but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water: yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away; then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream, they will go to the farther side of the river: then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent, a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will break: and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The Carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the Bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only, thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Perch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves among the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the Pike and to take him, if you mistrust your Bream-hook, for I have taken a Pike a yard long several times at my Bream-hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line, may be thus:—

Take a small Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait it; and set it, alive, among your rods, two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook: then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long: but this is too long to stand to your rods, at one place; and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water-side, cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off; then whilst the fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco: and then, in with your three rods, as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening, till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning, by four of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide is the best; when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days' fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting : then your only way is to desist from your sport, about two or three days : and in the mean time, on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher ; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten one by one, as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf : then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days ; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation. B. A.

CHAP. XI.
On the Tench.

PISCATOR. THE Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either : yet Camden observes, there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with Tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every Tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat,* though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians ; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing ; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And, yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us, that lice, swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.[5]

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* The following directions for dressing the Tench, as practised in the fourteenth century, is taken from the Harleian MS. No. 279, fo. 18 b : "Tenche in bruette. Take the Tenche an sethe hem and roste hem, an grynde pepir, an safroun, bred and ale, and tempere wyth the brothe an boyle it, then take the Tenche y rostyd an ley hym on a chargeoure, than lay on the sewe above.

"Tenche in eyneye. Take a Tenche an skalde hym, roste hym, grynde pepir an safroun, brede an ale, and messe it to gederys, take onyonys, hakke hem an frye hem in oyle, and do hem thereto and messe hem forth.

"Tenche in sawce. Take a Tenche whan he is y sothe, and ley hym on a dysshe, take percely and onyonys and mynce hem to gederys, take pouder pepir and canelle and straw thereon, take vynegre an caste safroun thereon, an coloure it an serve it forth whanne all colde."

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that, my honest, humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the Tench is the physician of fishes, for the Pike especially, and that the Pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench. And it is observed that the tyrant Pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.*

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and

VARIATION.

[5] The observations on the Tench originally appeared in very different form, but with the exception of the passage beginning "and yet it is thought," and ending "not by study," were altered as in the text in the *second* edition. The passage alluded to was inserted in the *third* and subsequent editions. The *first* edition ran thus: "The Tench is observed to love to live in ponds: but if he be in a river, then in the still places of the river; he is observed to be a physician to other fishes, and is so called by many that have been searchers into the nature of fish: and it is said that a pike will neither devour nor hurt him, because the pike being sick or hurt by any accident, is cured by touching the Tench, and the Tench does the like to other fishes, either by touching them or by being in their company.

"Rondeletius says in his discourse of fishes, quoted by Gesner, that at his being at Rome, he saw certain Jews apply Tenches to the feet of a sick man for a cure: and it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets unknown to Christians, secrets which have never been written, but have been successively, since the days of Solomon, who knew the nature of all things from the shrub to the cedar, delivered by tradition from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation without writing, or unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe, for to do so, they account a prophanation: yet this fish that does by a natural inbred balsam, not only cure himself if he be wounded, but others also, loves not to live in clear streams paved with gravel, but in standing waters where mud and the worst of weeds abound, and therefore it is I think, that this Tench is by so many accounted better for medicines than for meat: but for the first I am able to say little, and for the latter, can say positively, that he eats pleasantly, and will therefore give you a few and but a few directions how to catch him.

"He will bite at a paste," &c., as in the text.

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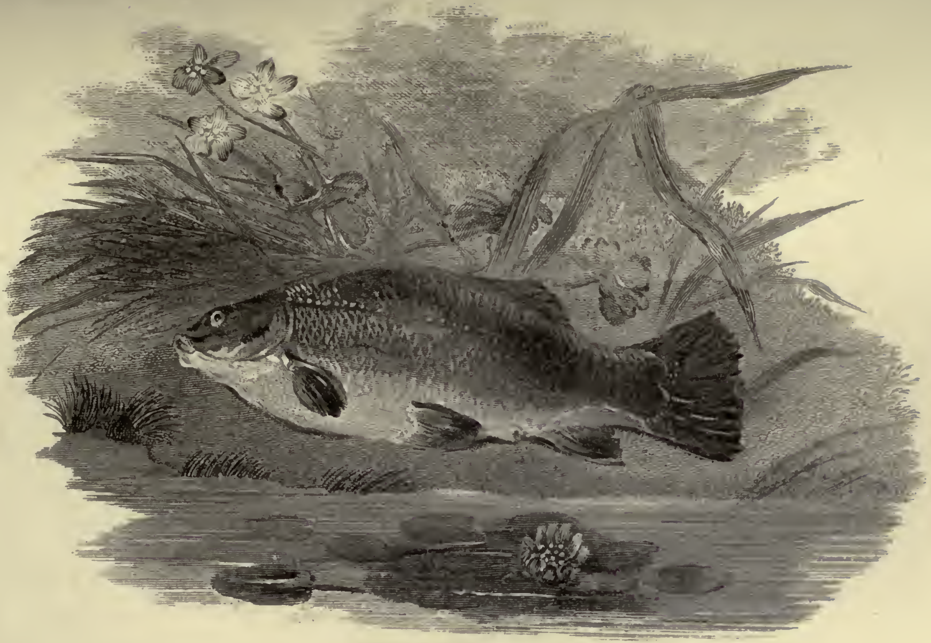
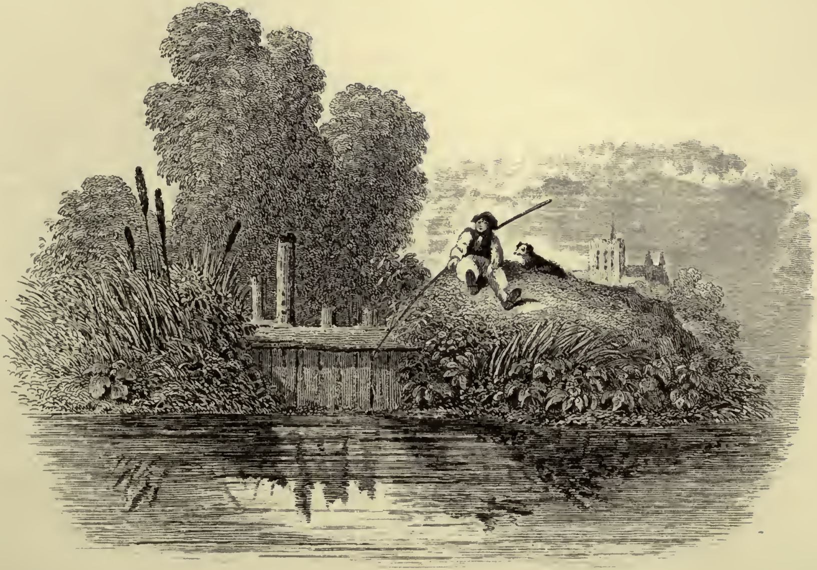
* That this idea prevailed nearly a century before the time when Walton wrote, appears by the following extract from Lord Burleigh's Papers: "The perche and the pike will agree best together, and the pike will not hurt the tenche, as being the physician of all freshe-water fishe."—Burleigh Papers, Lansd. MS. 101, art. 9.



THE TENCH

BY INSKIPP



MILL-DAM, NEAR ST CROSS, WINCHESTER

amongst weeds. And yet, I am sure, he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this Tench, of which I have given you these observations.

He will bite at a paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixt, and he will bite also at a smaller worm with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm. And I doubt not but that he will also, in the three hot months, for in the nine colder he stirs not much, bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle; but can positively say no more of the Tench,* he being a fish I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.[6]

CHAP. XII.
On the Perch.

PISCATOR. THE Perch is a very good, and a very bold biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey that, like the Pike and Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large:[7] and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed, or covered over with thick dry hard scales, and hath, which few

VARIATIONS.

[6] Here, in the *first* edition, the dialogue is continued thus:—

Viator. I thank you, good master: but I pray, sir, since you see it still rains May-butter, give me some observations and directions concerning the Perch, for they say he is both a very good and a bold biting fish, and I would fain learn to fish for him.

Piscator. You say true, scholar, the Perch is a very good, &c.

[7] In the *first* edition, in lieu of "which is very large," the words "not in his throat" occur.

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* The haunts of Tench are nearly the same with those of the Carp. They delight more in ponds than in rivers; and lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond-heads. They spawn about the beginning of July; and are best in season from the beginning of September to the end of May. They will bite all the hot months; but are best taken in April and May. There are no better baits for this fish than a middle-sized lob-worm, or red-worm, well scoured; a gentle; a young wasp-grub, boiled; or a green worm shook from the boughs of a tree. Use a strong grass, or gut; and a goose-quill float without a cork, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred. Fish very near the ground: and if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fish, which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together.—H.

The Tench appears to be a native of most parts of the globe. Its general length is about twelve or fourteen inches, but, like most other fishes, it is occasionally found of far greater magnitude; and we are told that it has sometimes been found to measure two or three feet in length, and to weigh no less than eight, ten, or even twenty pounds. See Shaw's *Gen. Zool.* vol. v. part i. p. 214.—E. In cleansing an old pond at Thornville Royal in Yorkshire, in 1801, there was discovered under some roots what was at first conjectured to be an otter. It proved, however, to be a Tench of most singular form. "having literally assumed the shape of the hole in which he had of course been for many years confined. His length from eye to fork was two feet nine inches, his circumference, almost to the tail, two feet three inches; his weight eleven pounds nine ounces. See Daniel's *Rural Sports*, vol. ii. p. 263, edit. 1802, where an engraving of the fish is given.

other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do so willingly; and you may, therefore, easily believe him to be a bold biter.

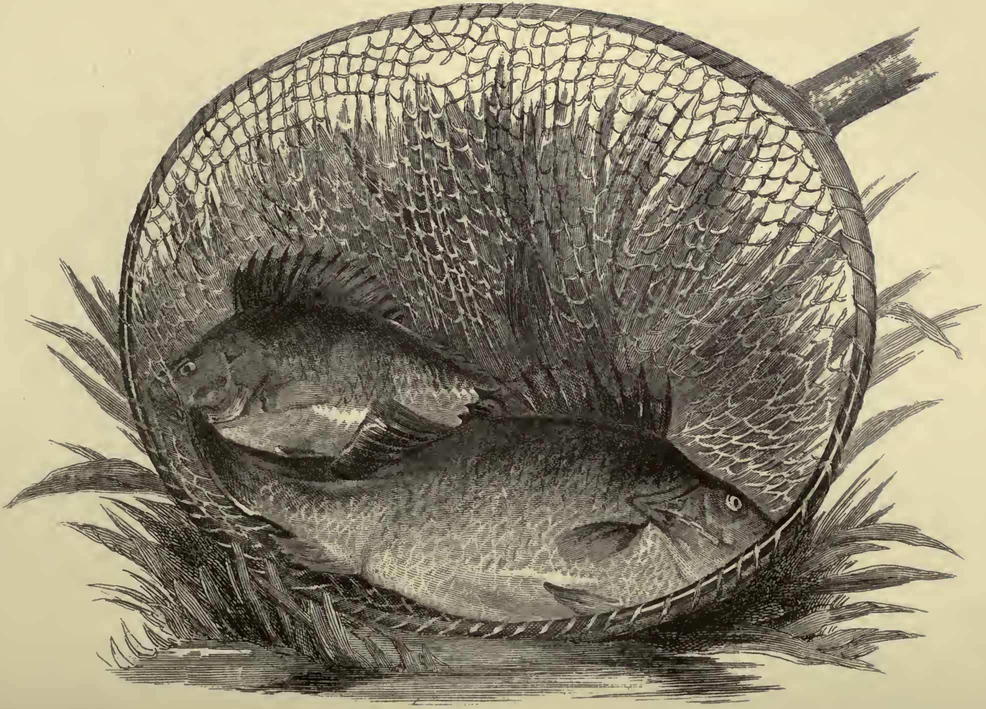
The Perch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus: and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the Perch and Pike above the Trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says the Germans have this proverb, "More wholesome than a Perch of Rhine:" and he says the River-Perch is so wholesome that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in childbed.

He spawns but once a year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po, and in England, says Rondeletius, than other parts: and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh-water Perch: yet they commend the Sea-Perch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, of which they say we English see but a few, to be a much better fish.

The Perch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may: this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a Pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as but for extreme hunger the Pike will not devour. For to affright the Pike, and save himself, the Perch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my scholar, the Perch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish: yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed, by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the Perch's biting.

But bite the Perch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they



THE PERCH

BY INSKIPP

may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish are not many: I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever; a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, of which you may find many in hay-time. And of worms; the dunghill worm called a brandling I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a Perch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your hook through his back fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the Perch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and, lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Perch time enough when he bites; for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much.* And now I think best to rest myself; for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

VENATOR. Nay, good master, one fish more, for you see it rains still: and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master.

PISCATOR. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

---

* Although Perch, like Trout, delight in clear swift rivers, with pebbly, gravelly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils: they love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes by the sides of or near little streams, and the hollows under banks.

The Perch spawns about the beginning of March: the best time of the year to angle for him is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September: he is best taken in cloudy windy weather. Other baits for the Perch are, loaches, miller's-thumbs, sticklebacks; lob, marsh, and red worms. When you rove for Perch with a minnow or other small fish, use a large cork float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the bait will come to the top of the water; but in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground.—H.

Pennant mentions a Perch that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds. He also mentions a very singular variety of the Perch; the back quite hunched, and the lower part of the backbone, next the tail, strangely distorted, found in a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire. "They are not peculiar to this water, for Linnæus (he adds) takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames, near Marlow." —E. *Brit. Zoology*, vol. iii. p. 224, edit. 1776.

VENATOR. Yes, master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour:[8] and I love them the better, because they allude to Rivers, and Fish and Fishing. They be these:*—

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamel'd fish will stay.[a]
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes.[b]

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I.[c]

PISCATOR. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses; which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the Eel; for it rains still: and because, as you say, our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle-hedge.

CHAP. XIII. Of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales.

PISCATOR. IT is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish:[9] the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts; and some the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat when it shines

VARIATIONS.

[8] when he thought them fit and worth his labour.—*1st edit.*
[9] that the Eel is both a good and a most dainty fish.—*1st edit.*

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* As has been observed in a former note, this song is an imitation of the one by Marlowe, which the Milkmaid sung to Piscator and Venator on the Third Day. See page 79. It is printed among Donne's Poems, ed. 1635, p. 39, with the following variations:—

a And there th' innamour'd fish will stay.
b Bewitch poor fishes wandering eyes.
c Alas, is wiser far than I.

upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them to breed by generation, as other fish do, ask, If any man ever saw an Eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, That they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn; for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish,* but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be; and that the He and the She Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that Eels, growing old, breed other Eels out of the corruption of their own age; which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dewdrops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end; which in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into Eels: and some of the Ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred, the offspring of Jove. I have seen, in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young Eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as, namely, in Severn, where they are called Yelvers; and in a pond, or mere near unto Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets; and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner quotes venerable Bede,† to say, that in England there is an island called Ely, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for truths by Du Bartas and Lobel,[*] and also by our learned Camden, and laborious Gerhard[†] in his Herbal.

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* That fishes are furnished with parts fit for generation cannot be doubted, since it is a common practice to castrate them. See the method of doing it in *Philos. Trans.* vol. xlviii. part ii. for the year 1754, page 870.—H.

† The most universal scholar of his time: he was born at Durham about 671, and bred under St John of Beverley. It is said that Pope Sergius the First invited him to Rome; though others say he never stirred out of his cell. He was a man of great virtue, and remarkable for a sweet and engaging disposition: he died in 734, and lies buried at Durham. His works make eight volumes in folio. See his Life in the *Biographia Britannica*.—H.

It is said by Rondeletius, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters, as the Salmon does always desire to do, when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel. And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his "History of Life and Death," mentions a Lamprey, belonging to the Roman Emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore years; and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this Lamprey, that Crassus the orator, who kept her, lamented her death; and we read in Doctor Hakewill, that Hortensius was seen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.[‡]

It is granted by all, or most men, that Eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up or down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon anything, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees, for those six cold months. And this the Eel and Swallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather: for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, that in the year 1125, that year's winter being more cold than usually, Eels did, by nature's instinct, get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground ;* and there bedded themselves : but yet, at last, a frost killed them.[1] And our Camden relates, that, in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place.† I shall say little more of the Eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed, that in warm weather, an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

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[*] *Matthias ae Lobei*, or *L'Obel*, an eminent physician and botanist of the sixteenth century, was a native of Lisle in Flanders. He was a disciple of Rondeletius; and being invited to London, by King James the First, published there his *Historia Plantarum*, and died in the year 1616. Vide Hoffmanni *Lexicon Universale*, art. "Matthias Lobelius." This work is entitled *Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia*, and was first published at Antwerp in 1576, and republished at London in 1605. He was author likewise of two other works; the former of which has for its title *Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, et Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice, Explanatio.* Lond. 1598; and the latter, *Stirpium Illustrationes.* Lond. 1655.—H.

[†] The person here mentioned is *John Gerard*, one of the first of our English botanists: he was by profession a surgeon; and published, in 1597, an *Herbal*, in a large folio, dedicated to the Lord-Treasurer Burleigh; and, two years after, a *Catalogue of Plants, Herbs, &c.*, to the number of eleven hundred, raised and naturalised by himself in a large garden near his house in Holborn. The latter is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh.—H.

[‡] Walton, page 119, has cited from Pliny an instance of the fondness of Antonia for a tame Lamprey. Crassus was, for this his pusillanimity, reproached in the Senate of Rome by Domitius in these words: "Foolish Crassus! you wept for your *Murena*," or Lamprey. "That is more," retorted Crassus, "than you did for your two wives." Lord Bacon's *Apothegms*.—H.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious searchers into the natures of fish observe, that there be several sorts or kinds of Eels ; as the silver Eel, and green or greenish Eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called Grigs ; and a blackish Eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels ; and also an Eel whose fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kinds of Eels are, say some, diversely bred ; as, namely, out of the corruption of the earth ; and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you : and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver Eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning as other fish do ; but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels no bigger nor longer than a pin ; and I have had too many testimonies of this to doubt the truth of it myself ; and if I thought it needful, I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this Eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits : as, namely, with powdered beef ; with a lob or garden worm ; with a minnow ; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish, or with almost anything, for he is a greedy fish.‡ But the Eel may be caught, especially, with a

VARIATION.] [1] but yet at last died there.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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* Dr Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, page 242, mentions certain waters, and a pool, that were stocked by Eels that had from waters they liked not travelled *in arido*, or over dry land, to these other.—H. Other instances might be cited of Eels being found on land : but the fact is so well known, that it would be superfluous.

† Camden's relation is to this effect, viz. : "That at a place called Sefton, in the above county, upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water with small fishes therein."—*Britannia, Lancashire.* Fuller, who also reports this strange fact, humorously says "that the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks ; adding, that fishes are thus found in the country about Heraclea, and Tius, in Pontus." —*Worthies*, in *Lancashire*, 107.—H.

‡ To this truth I myself can bear witness. When I dwelt at Twickenham, a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had from time to time broods of ducks, which with their young ones took to the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to make advantage of the lowness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large Eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family ; which being opened by the cook, surprised us all ; for in the stomachs of several of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed.—H.

little, a very little Lamprey, which some call a Pride, and may, in the hot months, be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream, with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits; and a cloth, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place; and then take it up with a drag-hook, or otherwise. But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of; and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good Eel by Snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you, that are but a young angler, know not what Snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told you that Eels do not usually stir in the daytime; for then they hide themselves under some covert, or under boards or planks about floodgates, or weirs, or mills; or in holes on the river-banks; so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he, lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.*

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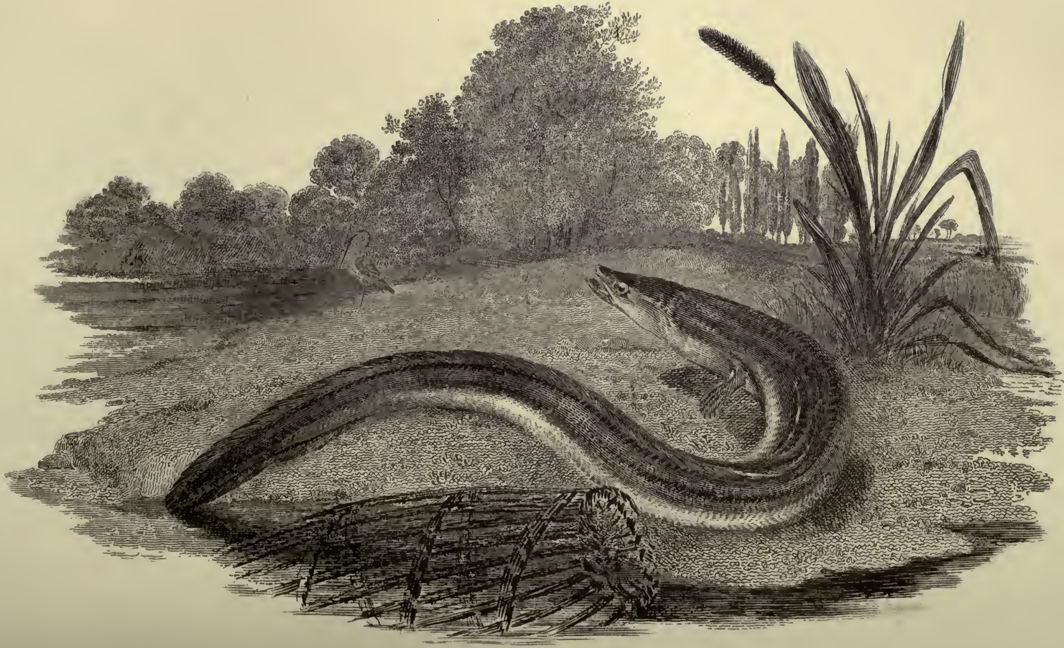
* There is also another mode of Eel-fishing, termed Bobbing, which is most commonly practised in rivers where the tide runs. The fisherman having procured a number of red or lob worms well scoured, strings them separately (by running them through from head to tail with a needle) on worsted. When a sufficient number are strung, he



THE EEL

BY HIXON

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you how to make this Eel a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not: then give him three or four scotches, with a knive; and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixt with good butter and salt;[2] having done this, then pull his skin over him, all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a spit, and roast him leisurely; and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce.* S. F.

When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river, in the year 1667; which was a yard and three-quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King Street in Westminster.

But now let me tell you that though the Eel, thus drest, be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the Eel dangerous meat; I will advise you therefore, as Solomon says of honey,† "Hast thou

VARIATION.

[2] Neither the instructions for dressing the Eel, nor the observations on the Flounder, the Char, and the Guiniad, given in the text, occur in the *first* edition, which continues thus: "And thus much for this present time concerning the Eel: I will next tell you a little of the Barbel, and hope with a little discourse of him to have an end of this shower, and fall to fishing, for the weather clears up a little."

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ties them up in a bunch, and attaches them to the end of a cord about six feet in length, affixing on the same, immediately above the worms, a piece of lead weighing half a pound, more or less, according to the strength of the current. The whole is appended to a pole from five to six feet in length. Thus prepared, the fisherman stations himself in a boat and casts his tackle into the stream, taking care that the worms do not touch the bottom by about two inches. The Eels bite, their teeth get entangled in the worsted, and it is not unusual for three or more to be hauled into the boat at one jerk. —J. B.

* In the fourteenth century, Eels were cooked after the following recipe: "Elys in Gauncelye. Take Elys an fle hem an sethe hem in water, an caste a lytel salt thereto, than take brede y scaldyd and grynd it an temper it with the brothe an with ale, than take pepir, gyngere, an safroune, an grynde alle y fere, than neme onyonys an percely, an bryle it in a possenet. Wel then caste alle to gederys an seth y fere an serve forth." —Harleian MS. 279, f. 18.

† Prov. xxv.

found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us "give Eels and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention, to tell you that Aldrovandus, and divers physicians, commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the Eel is never out of season; as Trouts, and most other fish, are at set times; at least most Eels are not.*

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* The haunts of the Eel are, weeds, under roots, stumps of trees, holes, and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are also found under great stones, old timber, about floodgates, weirs, bridges, and old mills. They delight in still waters, and in those that are foul and muddy; though the smaller Eels are to be met with in all sorts of rivers and streams.

Although the manner in which Eels, and indeed all fish, are generated, is sufficiently settled, as appears by the foregoing notes, there yet remains a question undecided by naturalists; and that is, whether the Eel be an *oviparous* or a *viviparous* fish? Walton inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from Bowlker may go near to determine the question:—

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dressing of Eels, I asked her whether she had ever found any spawn or eggs in those Eels she opened? She said she had never observed any; but that she had sometimes found living Eels in them, about the bigness of a small needle; and particularly, that she once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, and found them to be alive; which was confirmed to me by the rest of the family. The time of the year when this happened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three weeks after Michaelmas; which makes me of opinion that they go down to the sea, or salt water, to prepare themselves for the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I must add another observation of the same nature, that was made by a gentleman of fortune not far from Ludlow, and in the commission of the peace for the county of Salop; who, going to visit a gentleman, his friend, was shown a very fine large Eel that was going to be dressed, about whose sides and belly he observed a parcel of little creeping things, which at first made him suspect it had been kept too long; but, upon nearer inspection, they were found to be perfect little Eels or Elvers: upon this it was immediately opened in the sight of several other gentlemen, and in the belly of it they found a lump about as big as a nutmeg, consisting of an infinite number of those little creatures, closely wrapped up together, which, being put into a basin of water, soon separated, and swam about the basin. This he has often told to several gentlemen of credit in his neighbourhood, from some of whom I first received this account: but I have lately had the satisfaction of having it from his own mouth; and therefore I think this may serve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be sufficient to prove that Eels are of the viviparous kind."

Taking it for granted then that Eels do not spawn, all we have to say in this place is, that though, as our author tells us, they are never out of season, yet, as some say, they are best in winter, and worst in May. And it is to be noted of Eels, that the longer they live the better they are.—*Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 164.

Of baits for the Eel, the best are, lob-worms, loach, minnows, gudgeons, bleak, or small frogs.

As the angling for Eels is usually attended with great trouble and risk of tackle, many, while they angle for other fish, lay lines for the Eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, &c., with marks to find them by; or take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard distance from each other; and fastening one end, throw the lead out, and let the line lie some time. And in this way Pike may be taken.

The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, Irk in Lancashire, and Ankham in Lincolnshire, are famed for producing excellent Eels: the latter to so great a degree, as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:—

Ankham Eel, and Witham Pike,
In all England is none sike.

But it is said, there are no Eels superior in goodness to those taken in the head of the New River near Islington.—H.

I might here speak of many other fish, whose shape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the sea and fresh rivers; as, namely, the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne:[*] as also of the mighty Conger, taken often in Severn, about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

And, scholar, there is also a FLOUNDER,[†] a sea-fish which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself and dwell: and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long: a fish without scales, and most excellent meat: and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground, or meadows, which should be well scoured.[‡] But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a CHAR; taken there, and I think there only, in a mere called Winander Mere;[§] a mere, says Camden, that is

[*] Both the Lamperne and the Lamprey are taken in the Wye, the former during March and April, the latter in May and June. "The Lamprey, which is highly esteemed as a delicacy, removes the pebbles from particular spots in the most rapid stream, and thus forms a very insecure retreat, which is provincially termed a bed: in these they are taken with a spear. The female is of a rounder form than the male, and contains a large quantity of spawn, which is fecundated after passing from the body of the fish. The Lamprey appears to possess an internal heat equal perhaps to terrestrial animals."—Duncombe's Collections towards the History, &c., of Herefordsh. p. 163.

[†] The "Flounder," observes Mr Salter in the Angler's Guide, "is only found in rivers where the tide flows, or those which have connection with the sea, as it is properly a sea-fish, and only leaves it to spawn. In the creeks from Blackwall to Bromley, Stratford and Westham, also in the docks, and the canal at Limehouse, and in the other docks, &c., on the opposite side of the river, they are taken either with dead lines, or floated in the same manner as Eels: in fact, when you angle for Eels in this part, you angle for Flounders also, as they will both take the same baits, and at the same season."

[‡] The author of "Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent," says: "I have in the Trent known ten pounds weight of Flounders taken by two anglers in one afternoon, and a much greater quantity in the same time, by flounder-lines. I have caught them by angling with lob-worms, nearly a pound weight each; and with a minnow I caught one, in 1799, that weighed twenty-three ounces."—E.

[§] Mr Pennant, in his British Zoology, vol. iii. p. 268, observes: "There are but few lakes in our island that produce this fish, and even those not in any abundance. It is found in Winander Mere in Westmoreland; in Llyn Quellyn, near the foot of Snowdon; and before the discovery of the Copper Mines, in those of Llynberris, but the mineral streams have entirely destroyed the fish in the last lakes. Whether the waters in Ireland afford the Char, we are uncertain, but imagine not, except it has been overlooked by their writers on the Natural History of that kingdom. In Scotland it is found in Loch Inch, and other neighbouring lakes, and is said to go into the Spey to spawn." Mr Daniel, in the second volume of "Rural Sports," p. 222, says, "In Ireland the Char is abundant in Lough Esk."—E. Char are also found in certain lakes in Merionethshire; as well as in Conningston Mere, in Lancashire. See Leigh's History of Lancashire, p. 141.

the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length ; and is spotted like a Trout ; and has scarce a bone, but on the back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a GUINIAD ; of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dee, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire ; and, as it runs toward Chester, it runs through Pemble Mere, which is a large water : and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with Salmon, and Pemble Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.*

CHAP. XIV.
Of the Barbel.

PISCATOR. THE Barbel is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked : but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel,† though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste ; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

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* This fish is found, according to Pennant, in Lough Neagh in Ireland, where it is termed the Pollen, and in Lochmaben in Scotland, where it is called the Vangis. It is also a native of the Lakes of Cumberland, and of Pemble Mere in Merionethshire. In shape it is somewhat similar to the dace, but attains a much greater size, weighing sometimes three or four pounds. Schæffer, however, asserts that in the Alpine parts of Europe, it is caught of the weight of ten or twelve pounds. One peculiar mark by which it may be distinguished is, that its ventral fins are of a very deep blue, and the belly at most seasons marked with blue spots. It is gregarious, and during spring and summer approaches the shores of the lakes in such vast shoals that an instance is recorded of an Ulleswater fisherman taking at one draught between seven and eight thousand. They are never, according to some authorities, taken by any bait, but keep at the bottom of the lake feeding on shells and the leaves of the water gladiol. A writer who styles himself "Piscator" in the Sporting Magazine for August 1829, observes, however : "There is a fish in Bala Lake called 'gwyniad,' or whiting. It is the same fish that is called 'sewin' in the north, and shows very tolerable sport. It is taken with any of the trout flies, and is very nimble in its movements. Sir Humphry Davy alludes to it in his 'Salmonia,' and mentions his having taken some in Bala Lake." The statement of Camden alluded to in the text, that the guiniad never wanders into the Dee, and that the salmon never ventures into Pemble Mere, is erroneous, inasmuch as the late Honourable Daines Barrington asserts that he had seen salmon taken in the lake, and had been "most authentically informed" that guiniad had been taken at Landrillo, six miles below the lake.

† The coat armour of the ancient Counts of Bar was azure semee of cross-crosslets, two *Barbels* addorsed or.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn ; but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water : and in summer they love the shallowest and sharpest streams : and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel, against a rising ground ; and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself : yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or floodgates, or weirs ; where he will nest himself amongst piles, or in hollow places ; and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for.[3] This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun : but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and, by degrees, retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper ; in which places, and I think about that time, he spawns ; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel ; and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says they may, in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken, by those who dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time. He says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August : but it is found to be otherwise in this nation. But thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a Barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May,[4] which is so certain, that Gesner

VARIATIONS.

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[3] With the exception already noticed, the preceding observations on the Barbel were printed in the *second* edition, as in the text : but in the *first* they were as follows : "*Piscator.* The Barbel is so called, says Gesner, from, or by reason of his beard, or wattles at his mouth, his mouth being under his nose or chaps, and he is one of the leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat : he loves to live in very swift streams and where it is gravelly, and in the gravel will root or dig with his nose like a hog, and there nest himself, taking so fast hold of any weeds or moss that grows on stones, or on piles about weirs or floodgates, or bridges, that the water is not able, be it ever so swift, to force him from the place which he seems to contend for. This is his constant custom," &c.

[4] and Gesner declares, it had an ill effect upon him to the endangering of his life.—*1st edit.*

and Gasius* declare it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.†

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner: and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The Chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery; they being reputed the worst, or coarsest, of fresh-water fish. But the Barbel affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank, and then striking at the line, to break it off, with his tail; as is observed by Plutarch, in his book "De Industriâ Animalium:" and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well-scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces.‡ And note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite also at gentles, which, not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him: and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough; with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as, namely, an hour or two, you were still

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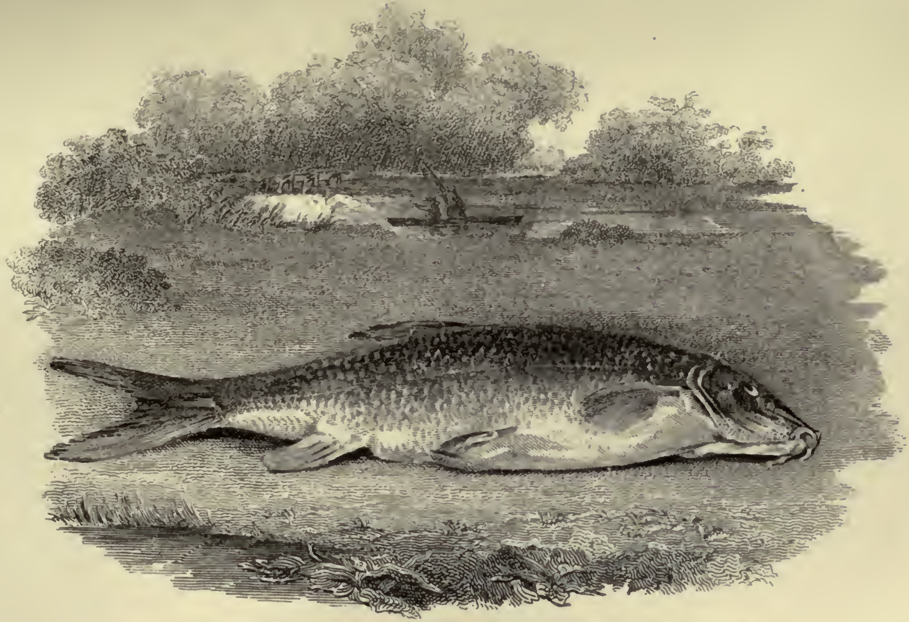
* Of the latter person Sir John Hawkins says he could find no account. The physician intended was Antonius Gazius of Padua; of whom a short account is given by Moreri. His principal work, to which Walton probably alludes, was his *Corona Florida Medicinæ, sive de Conservatione Sanitatis*, first published at Venice in 1491, in folio, when he was only twenty-eight years old: the chapters cxxx.-cxxxvii. of which, inclusive, relate to the different qualities of river-fish as food. He died in 1530: and not in 1528, as several writers have asserted. See Moreri Dictionn. Hist. edit. Par. 1759, tom. v. p. 113. Manget Bibl. Script. Medicor. tom. ii. lib. vii.—E.

† Though the spawn of the Barbel is known to be of a poisonous nature, yet it is often taken by country-people medicinally; who find it, at once, a most powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithstanding what is said of the wholesomeness of the *flesh*, with some constitutions it produces the same effects as the *spawn*. About the month of September, in the year 1754, a servant of mine, who had eaten part of a Barbel, though, as I had cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn, was seized with such a violent purging and vomiting as had like to have cost him his life.—H.

‡ Graves (which are the sediment of tallow melted for the making of candles), cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for Barbel, Gudgeons, Roach, and many other fish, if thrown in the night before you angle.—H.



THE BARBEL

BY INSKIPP

the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it; and then tie it on the hook with fine silk. And some advise to fish for the Barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese, beaten or worked into a paste; and that it is choicely good in August: and I believe it. But, doubtless, the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will serve in any month: though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal; yet he seldom or never breaks his hold, if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the Umber or Barbel,* get into

* Of the haunts of the Barbel, the author has spoken sufficiently. Barbel spawn about the middle of April, and grow in season about a month after. Baits for Barbel, other than what Walton has mentioned, are the young brood of wasps, hornets, and humble bees. In fishing for him, use a very strong rod, and a silk line with a shot and a bullet, as directed for the Trout. Some use a cork float, which, if you do, be sure to fish as close to the bottom as possible, so as the bait does not touch the ground. In angling for lesser fish, the angler will sometimes find it a misfortune to hook a Barbel; a fish so sullen, that, with fine tackle, it is scarcely possible to land one of twelve inches long. A lover of angling told me the following story: He was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat, but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses and rode off. The fact was, that, angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a Barbel too big for the fisher to manage. Nor caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him, and, to that end, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by his dog, several yards up, and as many down the bank of the river, in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above mentioned (who had been at Walthamstow, and dined) were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, master, another large fish?" "No," says *Piscator*, "it is the very same." "Nay," says one of them, "that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river." And not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before; he made one vigorous effort to land his fish, broke his tackle, and lost him.

Fishing for Barbel is, at best, but a dull recreation. They are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait; the bullet, at the bottom of the line, fixes it to one spot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and, exercising the patience of a setting-dog, waits till he sees the top of his rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which he calls his sport; and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays in for another.—H.

The Barbel-angler has, however, sometimes occasion to exult at the sport which he finds. As recently as August 9, 1807, at one of the deeps near Shepperton, which had been prepared by baiting the preceding night, a party of four gentlemen, named Emes, Atkinson, Hall, and Moore, separated into two boats, began fishing between ten and eleven in the forenoon: in about five hours they caught the following quantity:—

EMES AND ATKINSON.		HALL AND MOORE.	
2 fish, weighing . . .	20 lbs.	2 fish, weighing . . .	15 lbs.
6 ,, ,, . . .	32	20 ,, ,, . . .	23
30 ,, ,, . . .	28	23 ,, ,, . . .	32
4 ,, thrown over.		—	—
—	—	45	70
42	80		

Total, 87 fish, weighing 150 lbs.—E.

favour with Dr Sheldon,* whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let's go and see what interest the Trouts will pay us, for letting our angle-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?

VENATOR. Which you think fit, master.

PISCATOR. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! well done! Come, now take up the other too: well! now you may tell my brother Peter, at night, that you have caught a leash of Trouts this day. And now let's move towards our lodging, and drink a draught of red cow's milk as we go; and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of Trouts for their supper.

VENATOR. Master, I like your motion very well: and I think it is now about milking-time; and yonder they be at it.

PISCATOR. God speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a-fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of Trouts for supper; and we will now taste a draught of your red cow's milk.

MILKWOMAN. Marry, and that you shall with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way. If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice; and then you may sit down in a haycock and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the "Hunting in Chevy Chace," or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

VENATOR. We thank you; and intend, once in a month, to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so, good-night. Good-night, Maudlin. And now, good master, let's

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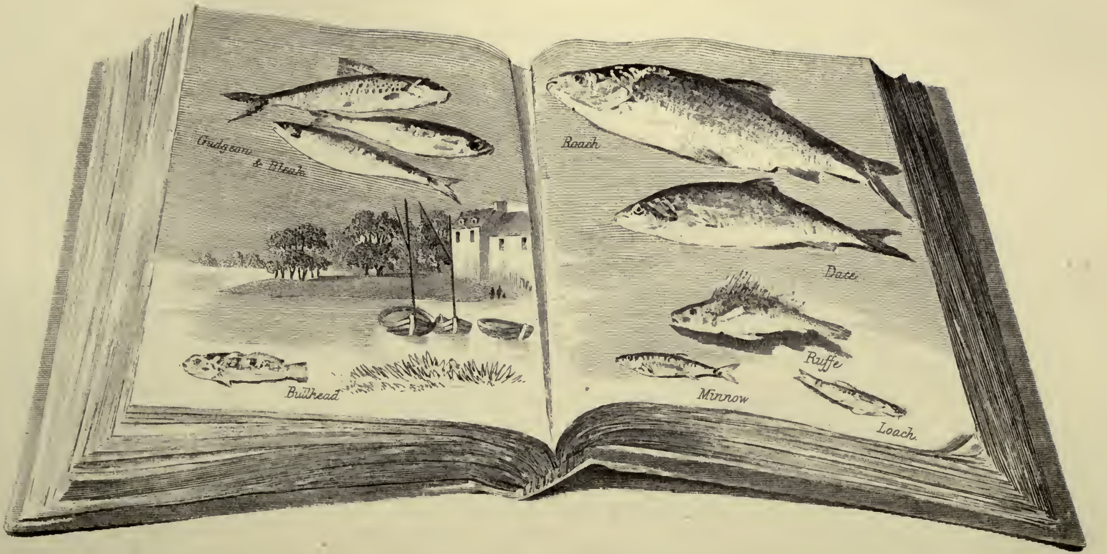
In "The Art of Angling," by R. Brookes, 8vo, 1774, p. 23, it is stated that, on August 23, 1771, Mr Warren, a perfumer of Marybone Street, angled in Walton Deeps, and before noon caught 280 lb. weight of large-sized Barbel. He usually had the deeps baited with worms overnight, and in the morning fished from a boat with a perfumed paste. In June 1772, when Mr Warren came to the usual fishing-hole, a brother angler told him that a sturgeon had carried away his line. Mr Warren subsequently caught a Barbel of eleven pounds weight, which had his friend's hook sticking in his gills: he punched a hole in his tail and turned him again into the Thames, caught him twice afterwards, and as often released him.

* Dr *Gilbert Sheldon*, warden of All Souls College, chaplain to King Charles the First, and, after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury. He founded the theatre at Oxford, died in 1677, and lies buried under a stately monument at Croydon in Surrey.


Gudgeon & Bleak
Bullhead
Roach
Dace
Ruffe
Minnow
Loach

THE ROACH, DACE, GUDGEON, BLEAK, RUFFE, BULLHEAD, MINNOW AND LOACH

BY INSKIPP.

lose no time: but tell me somewhat more of fishing; and if you please, first, something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

PISCATOR. I will, honest scholar.[5]

Chap. XV. Of the Gudgeon, the Ruffe, and the Bleak.

PISCATOR. THE GUDGEON is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome. He is of a fine shape, of a silver colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year; and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment. The Germans call him Groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself, in sharp streams and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed so: and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do. He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost off from the hook if he be once strucken.

They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer: but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour and rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float, or with a cork. But many will fish for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fished for: and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod, and as gentle a hand.*

There is also another fish called a POPE, and by some a RUFFE; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the Perch for his shape, and taken to be better than the Perch, but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon. He is an excellent fish; no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste. And he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter: and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place,

VARIATION.

[5] In the *first* edition, Piscator here continues, without beginning a fresh chapter, "The Gudgeon is an excellent fish to eat, and also good to enter a young angler: he is easy to be taken with a small red worm at the ground, and is one of those leather-mouthed fish," &c., as in a subsequent part of the text. The alterations in the text were made in the *second* edition.

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* In fishing for Gudgeons, have a rake; and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fish will flock thither in shoals.—H.

Pennant mentions a Gudgeon taken near Uxbridge that weighed half a pound. *Zoology*, edit. 1776, vol. iii. p. 316.—E.

where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a BLEAK or fresh-water Sprat; a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river-swallow; for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies, in the air, by which he lives; so does the Bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have him called Bleak from his whitish colour: his back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water green; his belly, white and shining as the mountain snow. And doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot salt, and the skill that the Italians have, to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line;* that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time; and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank, in the swift water, in a summer's evening, with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins;† this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of. And let me tell you, scholar, that both Martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Heron, that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon.‡ The line and hook must be strong:

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* A rosary, or string of beads, is used by the Roman Catholic devotees to assist them in numbering their *Pater-nosters:* a line with many hooks at small distances from each other, though it little resembles a string of beads, is thence called a *Pater-noster* line.—H.

† This is a common practice in England also.—H.

‡ This method of taking wildfowl is frequently practised both on the coasts of England and of France.

and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it: a line not exceeding two yards.[6]

CHAP. XVI. Is of nothing, or of nothing worth.

PISCATOR. MY purpose was to give you some directions concerning ROACH and DACE, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport; for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten anything that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink: and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three. Look! here's eight; and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

PETER. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest alehouse, and there we played at shovel-board* half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a

VARIATION.

[6] After giving the instructions for Bleak-fishing, Piscator, in the *first* edition, proceeds: "I might now tell you how to catch Roach and Dace, and some other fish of little note, that I have not yet spoke of: but you see we are almost at our lodging, and, indeed, if we were not, I would omit to give you any directions concerning them, or how to fish for them, not but that they be both good fish, being in season, and especially to some palates, and they also make the angler good sport; and you know the hunter says there is more sport in hunting the hare than in eating of her: but I will forbear to give any directions concerning them, because you may go a few days and take the pleasure of the fresh air, and bear any common angler company, that fishes for them, and by that means learn more than any direction I can give you in words can make you capable of; and I will therefore end my discourse, for yonder comes," &c., as in the text.

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* Nares in his *Glossary* explains *Shovel-board* to be "a common trivial game, which consisted in pushing or shaking pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks." Shovel-board play is graphically described in a poem entitled *Mensa Lubrica*, written both in Latin and English by Thomas Master. The English poem is largely cited in Bliss's edition of Wood's Athenæ, vol. iii. p. 84. The Table had lines or divisions marked with figures according to the value of which the player counted his game. It is minutely described by Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes, p. 267, as still in use in pothouses, and played with a smooth halfpenny. The game was also called Shovil-groat, Shove-board, and Shuffle-board, and was at one time a very general amusement among all classes. In the *Privy Purse Expenses* of Henry VIII. it is stated that his Majesty lost various sums at "Shovill-abourd," pp. 188, 189, 195, 209.

dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and the catch that your scholar promised us; or else, Coridon will be dogged.

PISCATOR. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

VENATOR. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

CORIDON. Come, now for your song; for we have fed heartily. Come, hostess,[7] lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

PISCATOR. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

O the gallant[8] Fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd of many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

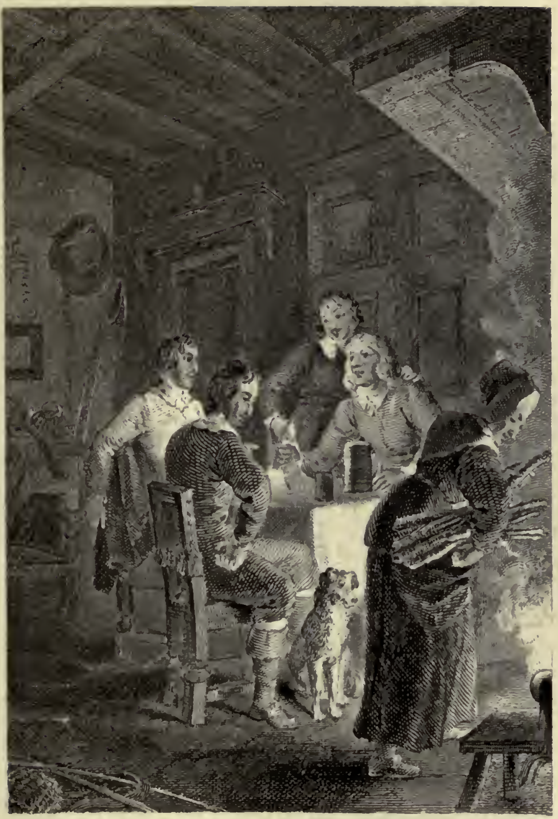
When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;
None do here
Use to swear;
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where, in a dike,
Perch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chase;
Bleak or Gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

VARIATIONS.

[7] give us a little more drink and lay a few more sticks on the fire.—*1st edit.*
[8] brave.—*1st edit.*



THE SUPPER

BY T STOTHARD, R.A.

Cor. Come now for your Song, for we have fed heartily. Come Hostess lay a few more sticks on the fire —

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow ;
Where[9] we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Jo. CHALKHILL.[*]

VARIATION.] [9] There.—*1st, 2d, and 3d edit.*

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[*] The name is affixed for the first time in the *third* edition. It appears from the statement of Piscator, in page 176, that though this song was chiefly written by Chalkhill, yet that Walton having forgotten some parts of it, had himself supplied the deficiencies: hence it affords another specimen of his poetical talents. Notices of Chalkhill will be found in the Life of Walton. The following song, taken from Charles Cotton's *Poems*, 8vo, 1689, p. 76, is to the same purpose, and well deserves a place here :—

I.

Away to the brook,
All your tackle outlook,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing.

II.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary ;
And full well may you think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;
For none e'er was so vain,
To wear this to disdain
Who a true brother was of the angle.

IV.

Next pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers.

V.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissars and your hone
To adjust your points on ;
With a net to be sure of your landing.

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down and upward, that all may have pleasure ;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us ;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

On stream now, or still,
A large pannier we'll fill,
Trout and Grayling to rise are so willing ;
I dare venture to say,
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay ;
But first, leave all our sorrows behind us :
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us.

X.

The angler is free
From the cares that Degree
Finds itself with, so often, tormented :
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet,
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living ;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

VENATOR. Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?

PISCATOR. Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify; but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

VENATOR. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May:

XIII.

While quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit;
Acquiescing with hearty submission:
For though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow,
At the last, unto downright sedition.

XIV.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler to a fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate; what care we?
We're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV.

We covet no wealth,
But the blessing of health,
And that greater, good conscience within;
Such devotion we bring
To our God, and our King,
That from either no offers can win.

XVI.

While we sit and fish,
We pray, as we wish,
For long life to our King, James the Second.
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent.* I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth;[1] or rather, they enjoy what the others possess, and enjoy not; for anglers and meek, quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it—

> Hail! blest estate of lowliness;
>   Happy enjoyments of such minds
> As, rich in self-contentedness,
>   Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
> By yielding make that blow but small
> At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher,† an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent "Piscatory Eclogues," in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

> No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
> No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
> But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
> His certain life, that never can deceive him,
>   Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
> The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
>   With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.
> His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
> Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
> Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.
>
> His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
>   While by his side his faithful spouse has place;
> His little son into his bosom creeps,
>   The lively picture of his father's face.

VARIATION.

[1] for indeed they are free from those high, those restless thoughts, &c.—*1st and 2d edit.*

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* *Diodorus Siculus*, lib. v. 3. p. 331, vol. i. ed. Wessellingii.

† He is thus noticed in the second edition, where this poem first occurs, "written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent Angler, who in his *Purple Island* has so excellently imitated our Spenser's *Fairie Queen.*

No empty hopes," &c.

Phineas Fletcher was the son of Giles Fletcher, Doctor of Laws, and ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Duke of Muscovy. He was fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the author of an allegorical poem, entitled the *Purple Island*, printed at Cambridge, with other of his poems, in 4to, 1633; from whence the passage in the text, with a little variation, is taken.

His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him ;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

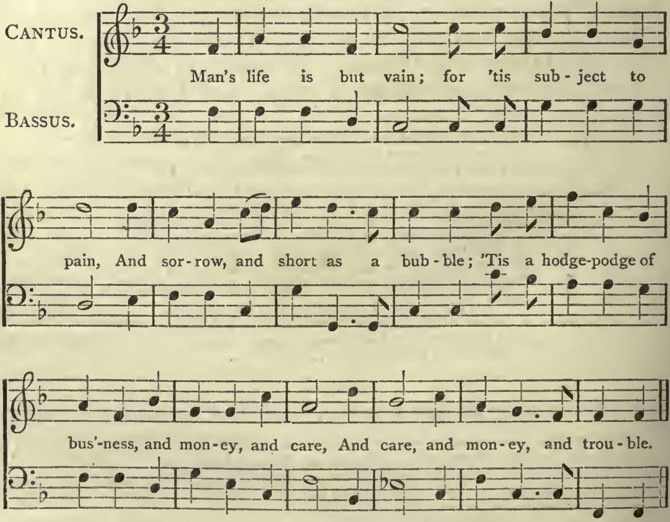
Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch,* and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, master, you can sing well : you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper.

Man's life is but vain ; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair ;
Nor will we vex now though it rain ;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

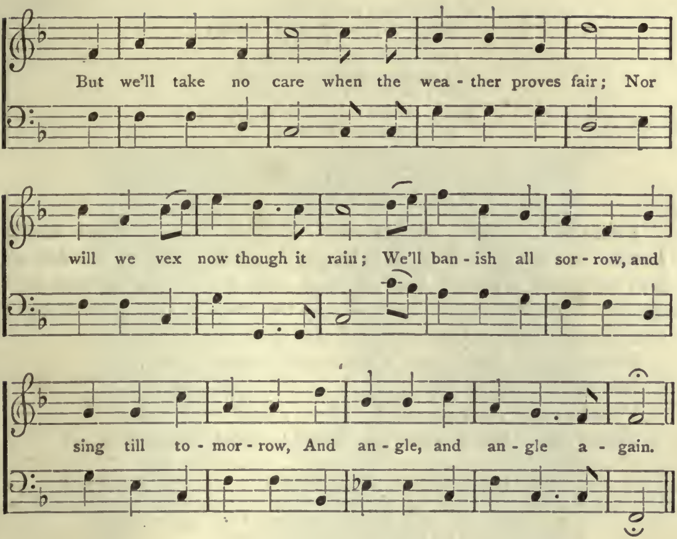
The Angler's Song.

A. 2 Voc. *Set by* Mr H. LAWES.


CANTUS.
BASSUS.
Man's life is but vain; for 'tis sub - ject to
pain, And sor - row, and short as a bub - ble; 'Tis a hodge-podge of
bus'-ness, and mon - ey, and care, And care, and mon - ey, and trou - ble.

---

* The song here sung can in no sense of the word be termed a *Catch*. It was probably set to music at the request of Walton, and is to be found in a book, entitled *Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces: to the Theorbo-Lute and Basse Viol.* By John Wilson and Charles Coleman, doctors in music, Henry Lawes and others. Fol. London, 1659. It occurs in the first edition of Walton's book, published in 1653.—H.


But we'll take no care when the wea - ther proves fair; Nor
will we vex now though it rain; We'll ban - ish all sor - row, and
sing till to - mor - row, And an - gle, and an - gle a - gain.

PETER. I marry, Sir, this is music indeed; this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly.

> Music! miraculous rhetoric, that speak'st sense
> Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
> With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
> Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!
> But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
> I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.*

VENATOR. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr Edmund Waller, a lover of the angle,† says of love and music.

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* See these *Verses*, with some small variation, at the end of the book, entitled *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, referred to from pa. 200, n.; with "*W. D.* knight," under the bottom line, which I take to signify that they were written by Sir William Davenant. —H.

† In a poem "Of my Lady Isabella [Thynne] playing on the lute," Waller again praises music in the following words:—

> Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
> So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
> What art is this, that with so little pains
> Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
> The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
> And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
> Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
> Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too;

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
  Chloris! I feel my heart[2] decay;
    That powerful voice[3]
  Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound.
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace, or singing die,
  That together you and I
    To heaven may go;
    For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

PISCATOR. Well remembered, brother Peter; these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the tother cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

PISCATOR. Well, now, good-night to everybody.

PETER. And so say I.

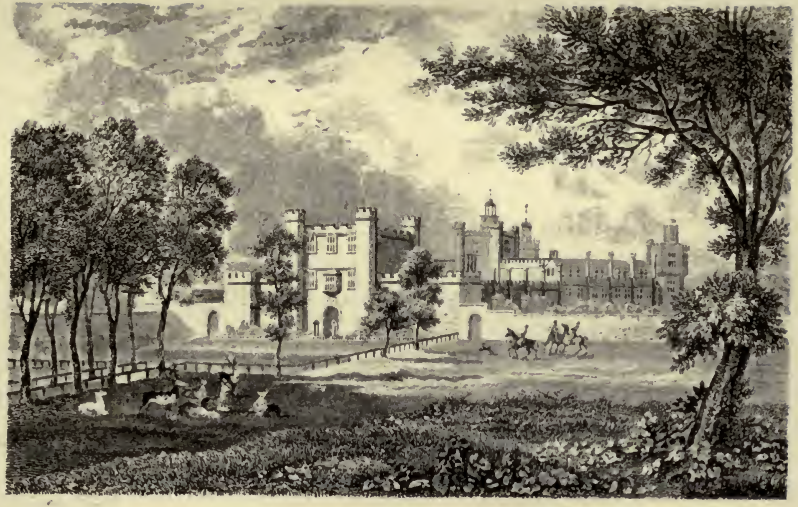
VENATOR. And so say I.

CORIDON. Good-night to you all; and I thank you.

VARIATIONS.] [2] In Waller's Poems, "life." [3] "noise."

Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
Music so softens, and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

Some unpublished verses by Waller, addressed "To a Lady Fishing," preserved in MS. late in the Royal Society, will be given in the additional notes.



EXTERIOR OF THEOBALDS

FROM A PICTURE BY VINKENBOOM

The Fifth Day.

CHAPTER XVII. TO CHAPTER XXI.

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, brother Peter, and the like to you, honest Coridon.

Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay : let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, so that my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

PETER. The motion is liked by everybody, and so, hostess, here's your money. We anglers are all beholden to you ; it will not be long ere I'll see you again ; and now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come, Coridon, this is our way.

CHAP. XVII. Of Roach and Dace.

VENATOR. Good master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions ; for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, that I will : and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

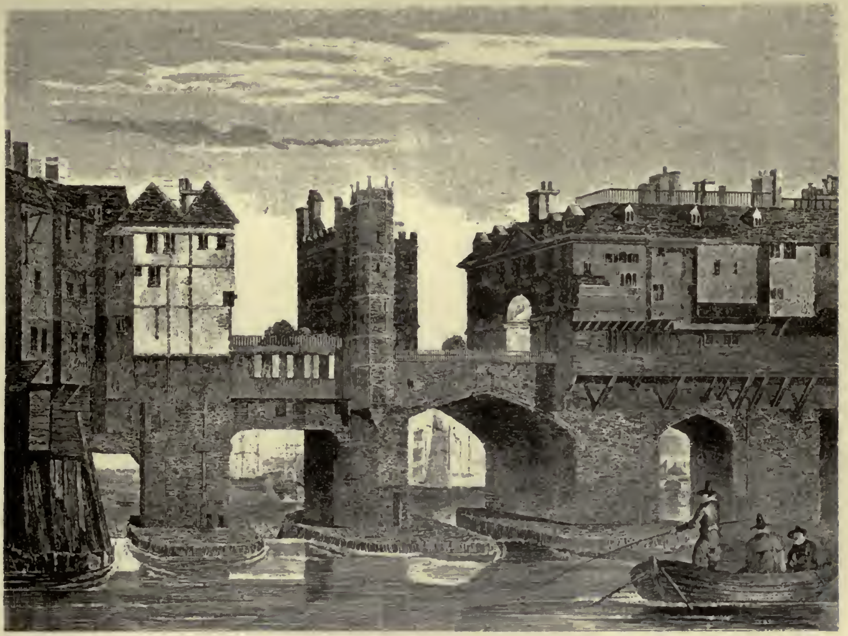
Some say the Roach is so called from *rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is accounted the water-fox, for his cunning; so the Roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted, that the Roach and Dace recover strength, and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month; the Trout in four months; and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small Roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size; which some say is bred by the Bream and right Roach; and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing-men, that know their difference, call them Ruds: they differ from the true Roach, as much as a Herring from a Pilchard. And these bastard breed of Roach are now scattered in many rivers: but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London Bridge.*

* I know not what Roaches are caught below bridge: but above, I am sure they are very large; for on the 15th of September 1754, at Hampton, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds.

The season for fishing for Roach in the Thames *begins* about the latter end of August, and *continues* much longer than it is either pleasant or safe to fish. It requires some skill to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the summer long they live on the weed, which they do not forsake, for the deeps, till it becomes putrid, and that is sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry; for you are to know, that much rain hastens the rotting of the weed. I say it requires some skill to hit the time; for the fishermen who live in all the towns along the river, from Chiswick to Staines, are, about this time, nightly upon the watch, as soon as the fish come out, to sweep them away with a drag-net: and our poor patient angler is left, baiting the ground and adjusting his tackle, to catch those very fish which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to Billingsgate.

The Thames, as well above as below London Bridge, was formerly much resorted to by London anglers: and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing-tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked Lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex Stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was, to watch when the SHOALS of Roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the Chalkhills, near London Bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons, who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat, and silver badge, the impress whereof was, "Himself, with an Angler, in his boat;" and he had, annually, a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE

FROM A DRAWING BY PINE

The Roach is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the Roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great Roaches about London, where I think there be the best Roach-anglers.* And I think the best Trout-anglers be in Derbyshire;[1] for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in Winter with paste or gentles; in April with worms or cadis; in the very hot months with little white snails; or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will.[2] In

VARIATIONS.

[1] and the best Trout-anglers in Derbyshire.—*2d edit.*

[2] The second edition proceeds thus: "and in August you shall fish for him with a paste made of the crumbs of bread, and much after this manner you shall fish for the Dace or Dare," &c.

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats: at each there is a large deep, to which Roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is opposite the churchyard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose gravestone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines:—

In memory of Mr Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London, who departed this life
Aug. 12th, 1758, aged 53 years.

Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,
Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear,
For him who lov'd your harmless sport;
Who to this Pitch [a] did oft resort;
Who in free converse oft would please,
With native humour, mirth and ease;
His actions form'd upon so just a plan,
He liv'd a worthy, died an honest man.

Formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the Thames were used to enclose certain parts of the river with what they called *stops*, but which were in effect *weirs* or *kidels*, [b] by stakes driven into the bed thereof; and to these they tied wheels, creating thereby a current, which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against *Magna Charta*, and is expressly prohibited by the 23d chapter of that statute.[c] In the year 1757, the Lord Mayor. Dickenson, sent the Water-Bailiff up the Thames, in a barge well manned, and furnished with proper implements, who destroyed all those enclosures on this side Staines, by pulling up the stakes and setting them adrift.—H.

* As Walton has given no specific directions for Roach-fishing, the following, which are usually adopted by London anglers, will perhaps not be deemed irrelevant. Use a light cane rod with a fine stiff top, a single gut line, a goose-quill float, and No. 12 hook: the line, when fishing, should not be above twelve inches long above the float, which must be so shotted, that not more than the eighth of an inch appear above water: keep the top of the rod over the float, and when the least movement is noticed, strike quickly, but lightly, letting the movement proceed from the wrist, not from the arm. Use a landing net, particularly if fishing from a high bank. Before beginning to angle plumb the depth accurately, and if the stream be influenced by tides, mills, &c., repeat the same occasionally, fish within six inches of the bottom, and ground-bait with graves mixed with bran and clay, or with grains or bread.—B.

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[a] A particular spot, called a pitch, from the act of pitching or fastening the boat there.—H.

[b] KIDELLUS. Machina piscatoria in fluminibus ad Salmones aliosque pisces intercipiendos: *Bettles* et *Weres*, Angli vocant. DU CANGE.—B.

[c] In these words: "Omnes Kidelli deponantur de cætero per Thamesiam et Medweiam et per totam Angliam, nis per costeram."—B.

many of the hot months, Roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly, or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom, near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a weir, I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a Roach will follow your bait up to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it, and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley Bridge, and great store of Roach taken; and sometimes a Dace or Chub. And in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet; and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time, and labour, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost,* and the fish too; if one may lose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the Roach and the Dace or Dare; for they be much of a kind, in manner of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction, for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of: they will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the molehill or anthill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of September. Gather them alive, with both their wings: and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it; and then so many as are put into the glass, without bruising will live there a month or more, and be always in readiness for you to fish with: but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better, then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year. These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub: and your rule is to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

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* To make the paste stick on the hook, many anglers mix with it a small quantity of wool.—B.

I shall next tell you a winter-bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub; and it is choicely good. About All-hallantide, and so till frost comes, when you see men ploughing up heath-ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head: you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close: it is all soft, and full of whitish guts; a worm that is, in Norfolk and some other counties,[3] called a grub; and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red and then a black beetle. Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost or cold air, or winds, kill them not: these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey, a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter; which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and, with a cross stick, hang it in some corner, over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat, or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can; and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water; and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose, over the

VARIATION.] [3] "countries," in the *1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it: and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout end of the corn upward with the point of your knife, take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marred; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear; and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter; and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for Bream, if they be baked, or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much. But I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings * to Sir Henry Wotton, they were both chemical men, as a great present: it was sent, and received, and used, with great confidence; and yet, upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think that fishes both smell and hear, as I have exprest in my former discourse: but there is a mysterious knack, which though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians,† will not yet reveal it. But let me nevertheless

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* See note, p. 72.

† The *Rosicrucians* were a sect of frantic enthusiasts, who sprung up in Germany about the beginning of the fourteenth century: they professed to teach the art of making gold; and boasted of a secret, in their power, to protract the period of human life, and even to restore youth. Their founder having been to the Holy Land, pretended to have learned all this from the Arabs. They propagated their senseless philosophy by tradition; and revealed their mysteries only to a chosen few, and to this practice the author alludes. Lemery, in his book *Of Chemistry*, has thus defined their art: "*Ars sine arte; cujus*

tell you, that camphire, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much mistaken, a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils, and fishes smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time,* and tell you, in the next place, how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for sport-sake, give you an old rhyme out of an old fish-book; which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits, both living and dead,
My net, and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green[4] and small,
With mine angling purse: and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more,†

VARIATION.] [4] great.—*1st edit.*

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principium mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare." An art without art; whose beginning is lying, whose middle is labour, and whose end is beggary.—E.

* ROACH delight in gravelly or sandy bottoms: their haunts, especially as winter approaches, are in clear, deep and still waters; and at other times, they lie in and near weeds, and under the shade of boughs: they spawn about the latter end of May, when they are scabby and unwholesome: but are again in order in about three weeks. The largest are taken after Michaelmas; and their prime season is in February or March. The baits for Roach, not already mentioned, are, cad-bait and oak-worms, for the spring; in May, ant's eggs; and paste made of the crumb of a new roll, both white, and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water wherewith you moisten it; this paste will do for the winter also.

The haunts of DACE are, gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms; deep holes that are shaded; water-lily leaves; and under the foam caused by an eddy: in hot weather, they are to be found on the shallows. They spawn about the latter end of March: and are in season about three weeks after: they are not very good till about Michaelmas, and are best in February. Baits for Dace, other than those mentioned by Walton, are, the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt-tail; and indeed any worm, bred on trees or bushes, that is not too big for his mouth; almost all kinds of flies and caterpillars.

Though Dace are often caught with a float, as Roach, yet they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or indeed almost any other small fly in its season; but in the Thames, above Richmond, the largest are caught with a green or dun grasshopper, and sometimes with gentles; with both of which you are to fish as with an artificial fly. They are not to be come at till about September, when the weeds begin to rot: but when you have found where they lie, which, in a warm day, is generally on the shallows, 'tis incredible what havoc you may make: pinch off the first joint of the grasshopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head, and bring it out at the tail; and in this way of fishing you will catch Chub, especially if you throw under the boughs.

But this can be done only in a boat; for the management whereof, be provided with a staff, and a heavy stone fastened to a strong rope of four or five yards in length: fasten the rope to the head of the boat, and drive down with the stream: when you come to a place where the fish are likely to lie, drop the stone, and standing in the stern, throw down the stream, and a little to the right and left: after trying a place, push the boat lower down, and throw again. Use a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a strong single hair next the hook. It is true there is less certainty of catching in this way than with a float or ground bait: for which reason, I would recommend it only to those who can command a boat for that purpose, and can take advantage of a still, warm, gloomy day; to such it will afford much more diversion than the ordinary inartificial method of fishing in the deeps for Roach and Dace.—H.

† I have heard that the tackling hath been priced at fifty pounds, in the inventory of an angler.—*Note by Walton.*

with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself; and to that purpose I will go with you, either to * Mr Margrave, who dwells amongst the booksellers in St Paul's Churchyard, or to Mr John Stubs, near to the Swan in Golding Lane: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.

VENATOR. Then, good master, let it be at ——,† for he is nearest to my dwelling. And I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

PISCATOR. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what BAITS more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham High Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of Verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft; and then fry it, very leisurely, with honey, and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk; and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know

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* In the *first* edition *Piscator* says, "I will go with you either to Charles Brandons' near to the Swan in Golding Lane, or to Mr Fletcher's, in the court which did once belong to Dr Nowel, the Dean of Paul's, that I told you was a good man, and a good Fisher: it is hard by the West end of St Paul's Church: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he wants." *Viator* replies, "Then, good master, let it be at Charles Brandons', for he is nearest to my dwelling, and I pray let's meet there," &c. In the *second* edition the same names occur, but after the words St Paul's Church is this passage, "But if you will buy choice hooks, I will one day walk with you to Charles Kerbye's in Harp Alley in Shoe Lane, who is the most exact and best hook-maker that the nation affords. They be all three honest men," &c. The *third* and *fourth* editions agree with the *second;* but the text has been taken from the *fifth*, published in 1676, at which time Brandons, Fletcher, and Kerbye were probably dead. At the end of Cotton's Second Part is the following address, which affords some information about Mr Margrave:—

"COURTEOUS READER,—You may be pleased to take notice that at the sign of the Three Trouts in St Paul's Churchyard, on the north side, you may be fitted with all sorts of the best Fishing-tackle, by JOHN MARGRAVE."

The Charles Kerbye above alluded to, obtained from Prince Rupert a method of tempering his hooks, which long continued in the family. A lineal descendant of his, whose hooks for their shape and temper exceeded all others, was in 1760 living in Crowthers-well Alley near Aldersgate Street.

† See above note.

not but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the SPAWN [*] of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries, and those blackberries which grow upon briers, be good baits for Chubs or Carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruit customarily dropt into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of CADIS, or Case-worms, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as, namely, one cadis called a piper [†] whose husk, or case, is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a twopence. These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag, with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

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[*] Barker recommends the spawn of Salmon or Trout to his patron in the following terms:—

"NOBLE LORD,—I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, and take great store of this kind of fish. First, it is the best bait for a Trout that I have seen in all my time; and will take great store, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, it is a special bait for Dace or Dare, good for Chub or Bottlin, or Grayling. The bait is, the ROE OF A SALMON OR TROUT. If it be a large Trout that the spawns be anything great, you may angle for the Trout with this bait as you angle with the brandling; taking a pair of scissors, and cut so much as a large hazel-nut, and bait your hook; so fall to your sport, there is no doubt of pleasure. If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that men of quality should have it, that delight in that pleasure. The greedy angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not. For the angling of the Scale-fish: They must angle either with cork or quill, plumming their ground; and with feeding with the same bait, taking them [the spawns] asunder, that they may spread abroad, that the fish may feed, and come to your place; there is no doubt of pleasure, angling with fine tackle; as single-hair lines, at least five or six length long; a small hook, with two or three spawns. The bait will hold one week: if you keep it on any longer, you must hang it up to dry a little; when you go to your pleasure again, put the bait in a little water, it will come in kind again."

Others, to preserve Salmon spawn, sprinkle it with salt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool, and another of spawn. It is said to be a killing bait for the winter or spring; especially where Salmon are used to spawn; for thither the fish gather, and there expect it.—*Cheetham's Angler's Vade Mecum*, 53, ed. 1700.

The inhabitants of the villages on the banks of the Thames adopt the following method of dressing large Roach and Dace, which, as 'tis said, renders them very pleasant and savoury food; without scaling the fish, lay him on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and strew on him a little flour; when he begins to grow brown, make a slit, not more than skin-deep, in his back, from head to tail, and lay him on again: when he is broiled enough, the skin, scales and all, will peel off, and leave the flesh, which will have become very firm, perfectly clean; then open the belly, and take out the inside, and use anchovy and butter for sauce.

Having promised the reader Mr Barker's recipe for anointing boots and shoes (and having no further occasion to make use of his authority), it is here given in his own words:—

"Take a pint of linseed oil, with half a pound of mutton suet, six or eight ounces of bees-wax, and half a pennyworth of rosin: boil all this in a pipkin together; so let it cool till it be milk-warm; then take a little hair-brush, and lay it on your new boots; but it is best that this stuff be laid on before the bootmaker makes the boots; then brush them once over after they come from him: as for old boots, you must lay it on when your boots be dry."—H.

[†] The Piper-cadis is supposed to be the largest of the tribe: it is found in rivers run-

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a Cock-spur,* being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case, or house, in which this dwells, is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a kingfisher's nest can [5] which is made of little fishes' bones,† and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection as the like is not to be done by the art of man. This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered: and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.

There is also another cadis, called by some a Straw-worm, and by some a Ruff-coat,‡ whose house, or case, is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedgehog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as they do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies in later summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you, by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these, and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first, as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes

VARIATION.] [5] no more than the nest of a bird is.—1*st and 2d edit.*

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ning upon beds of limestone or large pebbles, and is common in the Northern and Western streams. It advances to an Aurelia towards May, and is then usually termed by Sportsmen the Stone-fly; but in Wales it is called the Water-cricket.—B.

* Bowlker expressly says, in his "Art of Angling," p. 70, that the Cock-spur produces the May-fly or Yellow Cadew."—B.

† Dr Shaw tells us that the Kingfishers deposit their eggs in cavities formed in the banks of rivers: the hole or nest, he adds, if it may be properly so named, being often deeply lined at the bottom by a stratum of small fish bones and scales.—*Gener. Zool.* vol. viii. part i. p. 53. Pennant thinks these the fragments only of the food of the owner and its young.—*Brit. Zool.* vol. i. p. 249.—E.

‡ The Straw-worm or Rough Coat is found in most streams. It produces various flies, as the withy fly, ash-coloured duns, and light and dark browns of different shapes and dimensions.—B.

to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.[6]

I'll tell you, scholar; several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills, or ditches, that run into bigger rivers; and I think a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many Trouts: and this is one killing way:—

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis: pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will show like the cadis-head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, it is not to be doubted, if you be not espied; and that the bait first touch the water before the line. And this will do best in the deepest, stillest water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you should ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice,[7] and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove

VARIATIONS.

[6] that every one that professes angling is not capable of.—*1st and 2d edit.*

[7] In the *first* edition this chapter concludes, "It is diligence and observation, and practice that must do it;" and the next begins, "Well, scholar, I have held you too long about these Cadis, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now within sight of Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will give you a little direction how to colour the hair of which you make your lines," &c.

an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you, and all young anglers.

CHAP. XVIII. Of the Minnow, or Penk; Loach; Bull-Head, or Miller's-Thumb; and the Sticklebag.

PISCATOR. There be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot;* that are all without scales; and may for excellency of meat, be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn, all the months of summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the Minnow or Penk.

The MINNOW hath, when he is in perfect season, and not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on its sides, inclining to a greenish or sky colour; his belly being milk white; and his back almost black or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolk of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The LOACH is, as I told you, a most dainty fish: he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. The Loach is not unlike the shape of the Eel: he has a beard or wattles like a barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots; his mouth is barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn; and is by Gesner, and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom; for he very seldom, or never, rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

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* Since Walton wrote, there has been brought into England from Germany, a species of small fish, resembling Carp in shape and colour, called *Crucians*, with which many ponds are now plentifully stocked: and from China, those beautiful creatures *Gold and Silver Fish;* which are usually kept in ponds, basins, and small reservoirs of water; to which they are a delightful ornament. It is now a common practice to keep them in a large glass vessel like a punch-bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom; frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for, than in beholding them, which I confess I could never do, may catch them with gentles: but though costly, they are but coarse food.—H.

The MILLER'S-THUMB, or BULL-HEAD, is a fish of no pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the Sea-toad-fish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide, and usually gaping; he is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly; two on the back; one below the vent; and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer. And in the winter, the Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head dwell in the mud, as the Eel doth; or we know not where, no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow, and other half-year birds,[8] which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This BULL-HEAD does usually dwell, and hide himself, in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook, baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus* commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a STICKLEBAG, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter; nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey, as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him, for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a windmill, will make him turn more quick than any

VARIATION.] [8] Summer birds.—*2d, 3d, and 4th edit.*

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* *Petrus Andreas Matthiolus*, of Sienna, an eminent physician of the sixteenth century, famous for his *Commentaries* on some of the writings of Dioscorides.—H.

Penk or Minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that, or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout; but if he does not turn quick, then turn his tail, a little more or less, towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream.* And the Loach that I told you of will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

VENATOR. But, master, you have by your former civility made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it I pray, good master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish, and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

CHAP. XIX.† Of Rivers, and some Observations of Fish.

PISCATOR. WELL, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we yet see not Tottenham Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation: there be, as you may note out of Dr Heylin's Geography,‡ and others, in number three hundred and twenty-five, but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is THAMISIS, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in

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* The Minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of —— told me, that in the month of June last, at Kimpton Hoo, near Wellwyn, in Hertfordshire, he caught (with a Minnow) a *Rud*, a fish described in page 182, which, insomuch as the *Rud* is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey, is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir George Hastings, in Chap. IV., of a *Fordidge Trout* (of which kind of fish none had ever been known to be taken with an angle) which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness.—H.

† No portion of this chapter occurs in the *first*, but was added in the *second* and subsequent editions.

‡ It should be Dr Heylin's *Cosmography*.

Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the Thamisis, or Thames;[*] hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex: and so weddeth itself to the Kentish Medway, in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing, twice a day, more than sixty miles; about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German[†] poet thus truly spake:—

Tot campos, &c.
We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens drest with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is SABRINA or SEVERN: it hath its beginning in Plinlimmon Hill, in Montgomeryshire; and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing, in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. TRENT, so called from thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of

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[*] Though the current opinion is that the Thames had its name from the conjunction of *Thame* and *Isis*, it plainly appears that the *Isis* was always called *Thames*, or *Tems*, before it came near the *Tame*. Gibson's *Camden*, edit. 1753, p. 99. And although the head of the Thame is generally supposed to be in Oxfordshire, Camden (whom Walton probably followed), *Brit.* 215, says it is in Buckinghamshire. Lambarde, however, adopting the authority of Leland, says, "Tame springeth out of the hilles of Hertfordshire, at a place called Bulburne, a few myles from Penlye (the house of a family of gentlemen called Verneys); it runneth from thence to Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, and to Tame (a market-town in Oxfordshire, whearunto it gyveth the name), then passinge under Whetley Bridge, it cometh to Dorchester, and hard by joyneth with Isis, or Ouse, and from that place joyneth with it in name also."—*Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce THAME. Unfortunately, Leland's manuscript has lost twenty-five leaves in that part of it where one might expect to find this passage. But the following extract from an author of great authority, and who had a seat in the county of Hertford, will determine the question: "The *Thame* (the most famous river of England) issues from three heads in the parish of Tring: the first rises in an orchard, near the parsonage-house; the second in a place called Dundell; and the other proceeds from a spring named Bulbourne, which last stream joins the other waters at a place called New Mill; whence all, gliding together in one current, through Puttenham in this county, pass by Aylesbury (a fair market-town in Buckinghamshire) to Etherop (an ancient pleasant seat of that noble family of the Dormers, Earls of Carnarvon); and crossing that county, by Notley Abbey, to Thame (a market-town in Oxfordshire, which borrows its name from this river), hasteneth away by Whately Bridge to Dorchester (an ancient episcopal seat), and thence congratulates the *Isis;* but both emulating each other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated by that of *Thamisis.*"—Sir Henry Chauncy's *Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, p. 2.—H.

[†] Who this German poet was is not known; but the verses, in the original Latin, are in Heylin's *Cosmography*, page 240, and are as follow:—

Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artificiex cultos dextra, tot vidimus arces:
Ut nunc Ausonio, Thamisis, *cum* Tibride *certet.*

Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth or *æstuarium* of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together, namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and, as the Danow, having received into its channel the river Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers other, changeth his name into this of *Humberabus*, as the old geographers call it.

4. MEDWAY, a Kentish river, famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. TWEED, the north-east bound of England; on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. TYNE, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits.* These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr Drayton's Sonnets:—

Our floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd;
  And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renown'd;
  And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
  York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
  And Kent will say her Medway doth excel:

Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame;
  Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame,
  And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.†

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* It is unnecessary to give here such a description and history of the rivers of this kingdom as some readers would wish for. They may, however, find a great variety of curious and useful learning on the subject in Selden's *Notes on the Polyolbion.*—H.

† "LEE *flu.* Lyȝan, Saxon. *Luy*, Mar. [*forsan* Marcellinus]. *Lea*, Polydoro. The name of the water which (runnyn betwene Ware and London) devydethe, for a great part of the way, Essex and Hertfordshyre. It begynnethe near a place called Whitchurche; and from thence, passinge by Hertford, Ware, and Waltham, openethe into the Thamise at Ham in Essex; wheare the place is, at this day, called *Lee Mouthe.* It hathe, of longe tyme, borne vessells from London, 20 myles towarde the head; for, in tyme of Kinge Alfrede, the Danes entered Leymouthe, and fortified, at a place adjoyninge to this ryver, 20 myles from London; where, by fortune, king Alfrede passinge by, espied that the channell of the ryver might be in such sorte weakened, that they should want water to returne withe their shippes: he caused therefore the water to be abated by two greate trenches, and settinge the Londoners upon theim, he made theim batteil; wherein they lost four of their captaines, and a great nomber of their common souldiers; the rest flyinge into the castle which they had builte. Not longe after, they weare so pressed that they forsoke all, and lefte their shippes as a pray to the Londoners; which breakinge some, and burninge other, conveyed the rest to London. This castle, for the distance, might seme *Hertforde;* but it was some other upon that banke, which had no longe continuance; for Edward the elder, and son of this Alfrede, builded *Hertforde* not longe after."—*Vide* Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce LEE. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the Twelfth, and the first note thereon. Other authors, who confirm this fact, also add, that for the purpose aforesaid he opened the mouth of the river. *See* Sir William Dugdale's *History of the embanking and draining the Fens*, and Sir John Spelman's *Life of Ælfred the Great*, published by Hearne, in 8vo, 1709;

These observations are out of learned Dr Heylin, and my old deceased friend Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these, of rivers, and fish, and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do anything rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he had lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me:—

"This fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his mouth wide enough to receive, or take into it, the head of a man; his stomach, seven or eight inches broad. He is of a slow motion; and usually lies or lurks close in the mud; and has a movable string on his head, about a span or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."[9]

And, scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt; where, 'tis known, the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but, by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to; as Grotius in his "Sopham,"* and others, have observed.

VARIATION.

[9] and then sucks them into his mouth, and devours them.—*1st, 2d, and 3d edit.*

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the perusal of which last-named author will leave the reader in very little doubt but that these trenches are the very same that now branch off from the river between Temple Mills and Old Ford, and, crossing the Stratford road, enter the Thames, together with the principal stream, a little below Blackwall.—H.

* "Of artificial meat, so many dishes,
The several kinds unknown to Nile of Fishes,

But whither am I strayed in this discourse. I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, Herrings are so plentiful, as, namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk,* and in the west country Pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his "Britannia." †

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

CHAP. XX.‡
Of Fish-Ponds.

DOCTOR LEBAULT, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*, gives this direction for making of fish-ponds. I shall refer you to him, to read it at large: but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.§

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay fagots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them: and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or floodgate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of your pond-dam.

Then he advises, that you plant willows or owlers,[1] about it, or both: and then cast in bavins, in some places not far from the

VARIATION.] [1] osiers.

Strange beasts from Afric, which yet want a name,
And birds which from the Arabian desert came."

—*Grotius. His Sophompaneas or Joseph*, a tragedy, by Francis Goldsmith, Esq., 12mo, Lond. 1652.

* The town of Yarmouth is bound by charter to send annually to the Sheriffs of Norwich a hundred herrings, which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, and delivered to the lord of the manor of Eastcarlton, who is to convey them to the king.—Beckwith's *Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, ed. 1784, p. 135.

† P. 178, 186.

‡ The whole of this chapter was added to the *second* edition.

§ One of the best French editions of the work here alluded to is mentioned by De Bure, "L'Agriculture et Maison Rustique de MM. Charles Estienne, et IEAN LIEBAVLT, Docteurs en Médecine. Edition dernière," 4to, *Lyon*. 1594. A translation of this work, under the title of "Maison Rustique, or the Country Farme," compiled by Charles Steuens and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English by Richard Surflet," appeared in quarto, *Lond.* 1600: and a second edition, with large additions, by Gervase Markham, fol. *Lond.* 1616. The latter is, no doubt, the "large discourse" to which Walton alludes. This xxth Chapter of Walton is contracted from the xith, xiith, xiiith, xivth, and xvth chapters of Liebault's fourth book.—E.

side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at watch to destroy them, especially the spawn of the Carp and Tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others advise that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain water, running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring-place; as, namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer; as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

'Tis noted, that the Tench and Eel love mud: and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, especially some ponds, and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes, that breed there; and also that, as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months, if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry, and sowing oats in the bottom is also good, for the fish feed the faster; and being sometimes let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much, both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the Carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat: but you are to note that he is a Frenchman; and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however he advises to destroy them and kingfishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wildfowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

It is observed that the best ponds to breed Carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow-trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that Carps do more usually breed in marl-pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms; or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.*

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* It is observable that the author has said very little of pond-fishing; which is, in truth, a dull recreation; and to which I have heard it objected, that fish in ponds are already caught. Nevertheless, I find that in the canal at St James's Park, which, though a large one, is yet a pond, it was, in the reign of Charles II., the practice of ladies to angle.

"Beneath, a shole of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides;
The ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

—WALLER. Poem *On St James's Park, lately improved by his Majesty.*

As the method of ordering fish-ponds is now very well known, and there are few books of gardening but what give some directions about it, it is hoped the reader will think the following quotation from Bowlker sufficient, by way of annotation on this chapter:—

"When you intend to stock a pool with Carp or Tench, make a close *ethering hedge* across the head of the pool, about a yard distance of the dam, and about three feet above the water, which is the best refuge for them I know of, and the only method to preserve pool-fish; because if any one attempts to rob the pool, muddies the water, or disturbs it with nets, most of the fish, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the dam, to preserve themselves; and in all pools where there are such shelters and shades, the fish delight to swim backwards and forwards, through and round the same, rubbing and sporting themselves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of orls, and not too close; the boughs long and straggling towards the dam; by which means you may feed and fatten them as you please. The best baits for drawing them together, at first, are maggots, or young wasps; the next are bullock's brains and lob-worms, chopped together, and thrown into the pools in large quantities, about two hours before sunset, summer and winter. By thus using these ground-baits, once a day, for a fortnight

Well, Scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault, hath told me: not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse; and we will here sit down and rest us.

CHAP. XXI.

PISCATOR. WELL, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair[2] of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right-grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting:[3] and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

VARIATIONS.

[2] In the *first* edition the chapter commences thus: "Well, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now within sight of Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will give you a little direction how to colour the hair," &c.

[3] which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favouredly, and also to rot quickly.—*1st edit.* In the *second* edition is added "for want of painting:" the *third* and subsequent editions correspond with the text.

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together, the fish will come as constantly and naturally to the place as cattle to their fodder; and to satisfy your curiosity, and to convince you herein, after you have baited the pool for some time, as directed, take about the quantity of a twopenny loaf of wheaten bread, cut it into slices, and wet it: then throw it into the pool where you had baited, and the Carp will feed upon it: after you have used the wet bread three or four mornings, then throw some dry bread in, which will lie on the top of the water; and if you watch, out of sight of the fish, you will presently see them swim to it, and suck it in. I look upon wheaten bread to be the best food for them, though barley or oaten bread is very good. If there be Tench and Pearch in the same pond, they will feed upon the four former baits, and not touch the bread. Indeed there is no pool-fish so shy and nice as a Carp. When the water is disturbed, Carp will fly to the safest shelter they can: which I one day observed, when assisting a gentleman to fish his pool; for another person disturbed the water, by throwing the casting net, but caught never a Carp: whereupon two or three of us stripped and went into the pool, which was provided with such a sort of a hedge in it as is before described, whither the Carp had fled for safety; then fishing with our hands on both sides of the hedge, that is, one on either side, we catched what quantity of Carp was wanting."—*Bowlker*, p. 62.

The reader may also consult a book published about the year 1712, entitled *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds*, by a Person of Honour; who, I have been told by one that knew him, was the Hon. Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*. See before, page 143. [The first edition of this work was without a date, in octavo. It was published again in 1713 and 1715. An edition in quarto appeared about 1770, with the name of the author in the title. It is also found as an appendage to "The Gentleman Farmer," 8vo. *Lond.* 1726.]

[4] But first for your Line. First note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, or scabs, or frets: for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first, let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.[5]

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest, at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it, and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.[6]

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little[7] quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum: put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.[8]

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon

VARIATIONS.

[4] No portion of this and the two following paragraphs occurs in the *first* edition: but they were inserted in the *second*.

[5] for such do usually stretch altogether, and not break singly one by one, but altogether.—*2d and 3d edit.*

[6] a seven-hair line with one of them black in the middle.—*2d edit.*

[7] like.—*1st edit.*

[8] "but let it not be too green," added in the *second* and subsequent editions.

a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it; and you are to observe that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best. But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in more marigolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair.

And as for painting your Rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil, whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as altogether will make an ash-colour: grind these altogether with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed oil, as thin[9] as you can well grind it: then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin; once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.[1]

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be

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VARIATIONS.

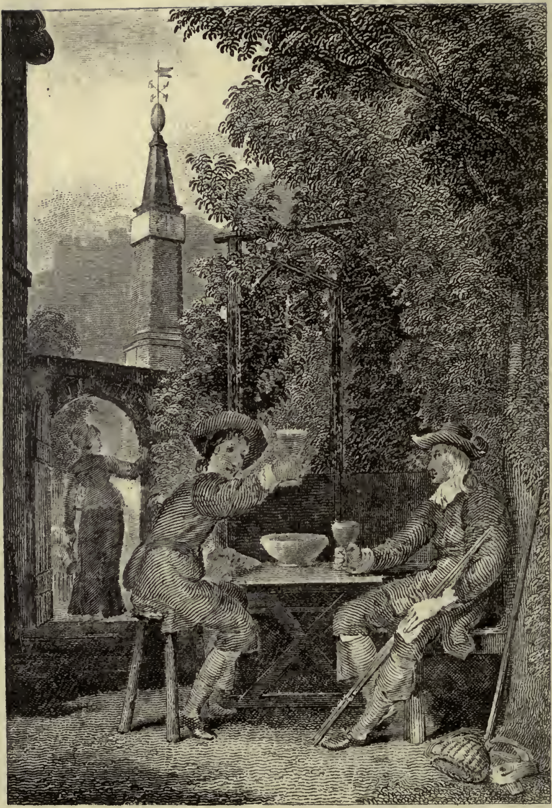
[9] thick.—*1st edit.*

[1] In the *first, second,* and *third* editions, Piscator continues: "Well, Scholar, you now see Tottenham, and I am weary, and therefore glad that we are so near it: but if I were to walk many more days with you, I could still be telling you more and more of the mysterious art of angling; but I will hope for another opportunity, and then I will acquaint you with many more both necessary and true observations concerning fish and fishing: but now no more, let's turn into yonder arbour, for it's a clean and a cool place." To which Venator replies: "'Tis a fair motion, and I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, and milk, and oranges, and sugar, which all put together, make a drink too good for anybody but us anglers," &c.

told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken: and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's Gospel; for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, and though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his Book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture, of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this,



THE PARTING AT TOTTENHAM

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Venat.— let's now rest ourselves in this
sweet shady arbour, which nature
herself has woven with her own fine
fingers; &c.

and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin,* "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say,† that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

VENATOR. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers; 'tis such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbrier, jasmine, and myrtle; and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being set down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar ; indeed, too good for any but us Anglers. And so, Master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor : and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the Verses which I promised you : it is a Copy printed among some of Sir Henry Wotton's,* and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, Master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition ; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

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* *Nicholas Caussin*, a native of Troyes in Champagne, wrote a book called *The Holy Court*, of which there is an English translation in folio. He was esteemed a person of great probity; and of such a spirit, that he attempted to displace Cardinal Richelieu; but that minister proved too hard for him, and got him banished. He returned to Paris after the Cardinal's death, and died there in the convent of Jesuits, July 1651.—H.

† His admired spiritual father, Dr Donne, in his Sermons.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
  Fly, fly to courts,
  Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will :
  Where mirth's but mummery,
  And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery.
  Come, serene looks,
  Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty :
  Peace and a secure mind,
  Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
  You'd scorn proud towers,
  And seek them in these bowers ;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest [make,
  Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
  Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance ;
  Nor wars are seen
  Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother ;
  And wounds are never found,
  Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty Fates,
  Unless it be
  The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;
  Nor envy, unless among
  The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek :
  We all pearls scorn,
  Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass :
  And gold ne'er here appears,
  Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh may ye be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery !
  May pure contents
  For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling [fountains :
  Which we may, every year,
  Meet when we come a-fishing here.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these Verses : they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy : it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton,[2] who I

VARIATION.

[2] and I will requite you with a very good copy of verses : it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Dr D.—1st *and* 2d *edit.*

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* See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 8vo, 1685, page 390.

told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

*Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd Trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And Blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood and Birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind: †
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd more.
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair: poor I'll be rather.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I "vie
Angels" with India; ‡ with a speaking eye

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* These verses are also said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when a prisoner in the Tower, shortly before his execution. Walton expresses himself doubtful as to the author.

† Mine.

‡ An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words to "*vie angels*" are a metonymy, and signify to *compare wealth*. In the old ballad *of the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some gentlemen, his relations, who urge the poverty of her father: the beggar challenges them to *drop angels* with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all. The contest, and its issue, are related in the following stanzas, part of the ballad:—

Then spake the blind beggar: "Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door:
Though she be not deck'd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will *drop angels* with you for my girl.

And then, if my gold may better her birth,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you, to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

But first you shall promise, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall all be your own."
With that they replied, "Contented be we."
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Besse."

With that, an angel he cast on the ground;
And dropped, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes, it was proved most plain,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twain;

Command bare heads, bow'd knees; strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd "great master"
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A pray'r-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

VENATOR. Well, Master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget.[3] And as St Austin, in his Confessions,* commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world, so,[4] having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed,

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VARIATIONS.

[3] In the *first* edition Venator proceeds: "Your company and discourse have been so pleasant, that I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed you and them and turned Angler. I am sorry to part with you here, here in this place where I first met you, but it must be so. I shall long for the ninth of May, for then we are to meet at Charles Brandon's. This intermitted time will seem to me as it does to men in sorrow, to pass slowly, but I will hasten it as fast as I can by my wishes, and in the meantime the blessing of Saint Peter's Master be with mine;" to which Piscator replies, "And the like be upon my honest scholar, and upon all that hate contentions, and love quietness and virtue and angling."

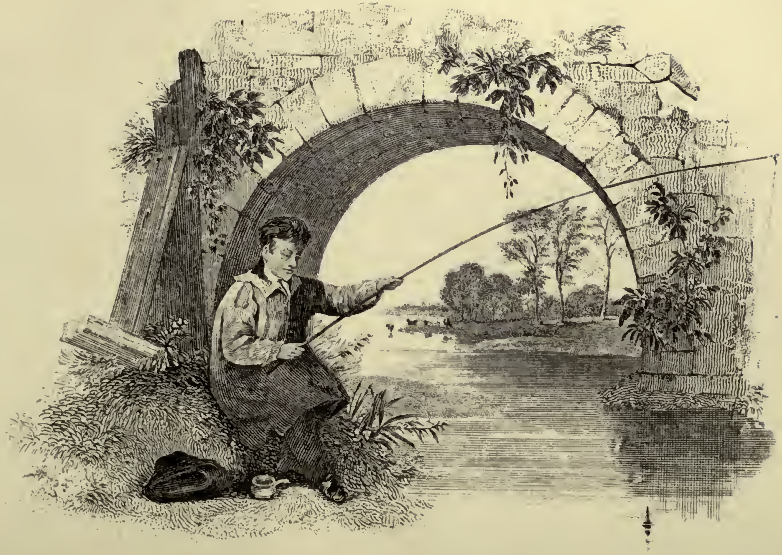
[4] because there they rested themselves from the troubles of the world.—*2d and 3d edit.*

So that the place wherein they did sit,
With gold it was covered, every whit.
The gentlemen, then, having dropt all their store,
Said, "Now, beggar, hold, for *we* have no more;

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."
"Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight;
"And here," added he, "I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more, to buy her a gown."

The neighbourhood of Bethnal Green is seldom without a public-house with a sign representing *The Beggar, and the Dissuaders of the match, dropping gold; the young Woman, and the Knight her lover, standing between them.*—H.

* Book iv. chap. 3. The passage to which Walton alludes will be found in a translation of the Life of St Augustine, printed for John Crook, and sold at the sign of the Ship in St Paul's Churchyard, 1660, lib. 9, cap. 3.



A YOUTH ANGLING

BY T. S CAFE

your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you; here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes: and, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning Angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death, so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St Peter's Master be with mine.

PISCATOR. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a-angling.[5]

"Study to be quiet."*

VARIATION.

[5] And the like be upon my honest ingenuous Scholar, and upon all that love virtue, and to be quiet, and go a-fishing.—4*th edit.*

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* 1 Thess. iv. 11.

A SHORT DISCOURSE* BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT, TOUCHING THE LAWS OF ANGLING.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I CANNOT but tender my particular thanks to you, for that you have been pleased by three editions of your COMPLETE ANGLER, freely to dispense your dear-bought experiences to all the lovers of that art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the legality thereof, as to Divine approbation, that if I should go about to say more in that behalf, it indeed were to light a candle to the sun: but since all pleasures (though never so innocent in themselves) lose that stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate affections, or to the prejudice of another; therefore as to the former every man ought to endeavour, through a serious consideration of the vanity of worldly contentments, to moderate his affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent use, as some poisons allayed are in physic: and as to the latter, we are to have recourse to the known laws, ignorance whereof excuseth no man, and therefore by their directions so to square our actions, that we hurt no man, but keep close to that golden rule, "To do to all men as we would ourselves be done unto."

Now concerning the Art of Angling, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great antiquity, so I find it favoured by the laws of this kingdom; for where provision is made by our statutes primo Elizab. cap. 17, against taking Fish by Nets that be not of such and such a size there set down, yet those law-makers had so much respect to Anglers, as to except them, and leave them a liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet though this Apostolical recreation be simply in itself lawful, yet no man can go upon another man's ground to fish, without his license, but that he is a trespasser; but if a man have license to enter into a close or ground for such a space of time, there, though he practise Angling all that time, he is not a trespasser; because his fishing is no abuse of his license: but this is to be understood of running streams, and not of ponds or standing pools; for in case of a pond or standing pool, the owner thereof hath a property in the fish, and they are so far said to be his, that he may have trespass for the fish against any one that shall take them without his license, though it be upon a common, or adjoining to the king's highway, or adjoining to another man's ground, who gives license : but in case of a river, where one or more have libera piscaria only, it is otherwise, for there the fishes are said to be feræ naturæ, and the taking of them with an angle is not trespass, for that no man is said to have a property in them till he have caught them, and then it is a trespass for any to take them from him : but this is not to be understood of fishes confined to a man's own ground by gates or otherwise, so that they cannot pass away, but may be taken out or put in at pleasure, for in that case the party hath a property in them, as in the case of a standing pool.

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* This "Discourse," which was prefixed to the third and subsequent editions of *The Complete Angler*, was evidently written by a friend and admirer of Walton; it could not, therefore, with propriety be omitted in an edition of that work. The numerous additions and alterations which have been made in the Laws of Angling since Walton lived, render it impossible to state those changes in notes; and the publication of "An Essay on Aquatic Rights, intended as an illustration of the Law relative to Fishing, by Henry Schultes, 8vo, 1811," would, under any circumstances, render such notes superfluous.

But where any one hath seperalis piscaria, as in Child and Greenhill's Case in Trin. 15 Car. I. in the King's Bench, there it seemeth that the fish may be said to be his, because no man else may take them whilst they are within his several fishing ; therefore what is meant by a several fishing is necessary to be considered : and though the difference between a free fishing and a several fishing be often treated of in the ancient books of the law, and some opinions will have the difference to be great, and others small or nothing at all ; yet the certainest definition of a several fishing is, where one hath the royalty, and owneth the ground on each side of the water : which agreeth with Sir William Calthrop's Case,* where an action was brought by him against another for fishing in his several fishing, &c., to which the defendant pleaded, that the place wherein the trespass was supposed to be done, contained ten perches of land in length, and twenty perches in breadth, which was his own freehold at the time when the trespass was supposed to be done, and that he fished there as was lawful for him to do : and this was adjudged a good plea by the whole court, and upon argument in that very case it was agreed, that no man could have a several fishing but in his own soil, and that free fishing may be in the soil of another man, which was all agreed unto by Littleton our famous English lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this short conclusion, that if the Angler take care that he offend not with his feet, there is no great danger of his hands.

But there are some covetous rigid persons, whose souls hold no sympathy with those of the innocent Anglers, having either got to be lords of royalties, or owners of lands adjoining to rivers, and these do, by some apted clownish nature and education for the purpose, insult and domineer over the innocent angler, beating him, breaking his rod, or at least taking it from him, and sometimes imprisoning his person, as if he were a felon : whereas a true-bred gentleman scorns those spider-like attempts, and will rather refresh a civil stranger at his table, than warn him from coming on his ground upon so innocent an occasion. It would therefore be considered how far such furious drivers are warranted by the law, and what the Angler may (in case of such violence) do in defence of himself : if I come upon another man's ground without his license, or the license of the law, I am a trespasser, for which the owner may have an action of trespass against me ; and if I continue there after warning to depart by the owner, or his servant thereunto authorised, the owner, or his servant by his command, may put me off by force, but not beat me, but in case of resistance by me, for then I (by resisting) make the assault ; but if he beat me, I not resisting, in that case he makes the assault, and I may beat him in defence of myself, and to free myself from his violence : and in case I shall leave my rod behind in his ground, he may take it damage feasant, but he can neither take it from my person by force, nor break it, but he is a trespasser to me: which seems clear by the case of Reynell and Champernon,* where Reynell brought an action of trespass against Champernon for taking and cutting his nets, the defendant justified for that he was seised in fee of a several fishing, and that the plaintiff with others endeavoured to row upon his water, and with the nets to catch his fish, and that for the safeguard of his fishing he took and cut the nets and oars; to which plea the plaintiff demurred; and there it was adjudged by the whole court, that he could not by such colour cut the nets and oars, and judgment was thereupon given for the plaintiff.

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* Mich. 17 E. 4, 6, and Pasc. 18 E. 4, 4.

Doubtless our forefathers well considered, that man to man was a wolf, and therefore made good laws to keep us from devouring one another, and amongst the rest a very good statute was made in the three-and-fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, whereby it is provided, that in personal actions in the Courts at Westminster (being not for land or battery), when it shall appear to the judges (and be so by them signified) that the debt or damages to be recovered amount not to the sum of forty shillings or above, the said judges shall award to the plaintiff no more costs than damages, but less at their discretion.

And now, with my acknowledgment of the advantage I have had both by your friendship and your book, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an alteration in the first, nor anything in the last, unless by reason of the useful pleasure of it, you had called it the ARCADIA OF ANGLING, for it deserves that title, and I would deserve the continuance of your friendship.

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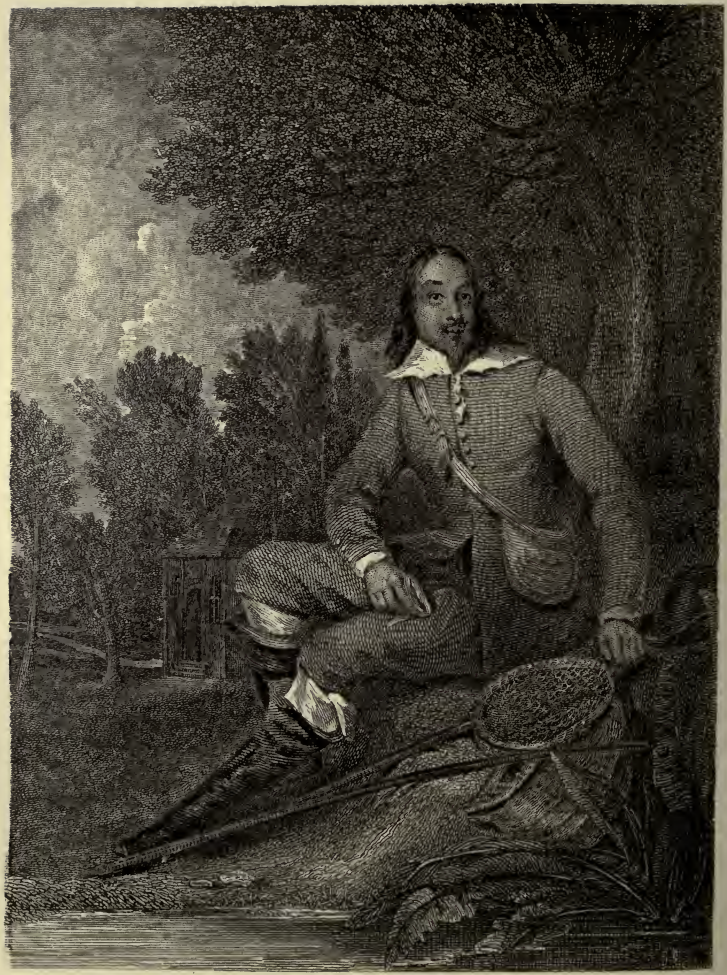
* Mich. 7 Car. I.



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES COTTON ESQ

BY INSKIPP

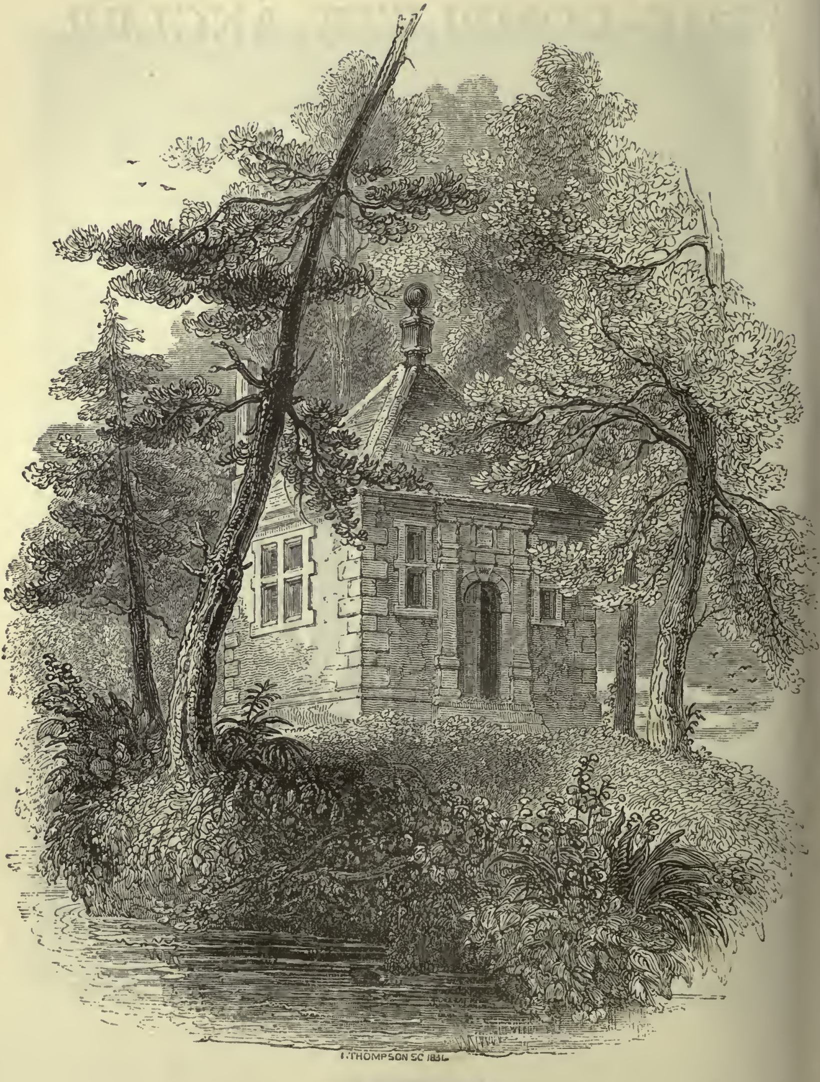
THE COMPLETE ANGLER

BEING INSTRUCTIONS
HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR GRAYLING
IN A CLEAR STREAM

PART II.

Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum:
Et ſuerit scriptis æquior ille meis

LONDON
PRINTED FOR RICHARD MARRIOTT AND HENRY BROME
IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
M DC LXXVI


I. THOMPSON SC 1836

THE FISHING-HOUSE.

TO MY MOST WORTHY FATHER* AND FRIEND, MR IZAAK WALTON THE ELDER.

SIR,—Being you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted, and observing you never retract any promise when made in favour even of your meanest friends ; I accordingly expect to see these following particular Directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general Rules for all sorts of Angling. And, though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couched, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally true : and they had appeared too in something a neater dress, but that I was surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your COMPLETE ANGLER ; so that, having but a little more than ten days' time to turn me in, and rub up my memory (for, in truth, I have not, in all this long time, though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it), I was forced, upon the instant, to scribble what I here present you : which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest Brothers of the Angle readily to understand (which is the only thing I aim at), then I have my end ; and shall need to make no further apology ; a writing of this kind not requiring (if I were master of any such thing) any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it ; so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour if the Cipher fixt and carved in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained: and, to permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be, Sir, your most affectionate Son and Servant, CHARLES COTTON.

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* It was a practice with the pretended masters of the Hermetic science, to adopt favourite persons for their sons, to whom they imparted their secrets. Ashmole, in his *Diary*, p. 25, says, "Mr Backhouse told me, I must now needs be his son, because he had communicated so many secrets to me." And a little after, p. 27, "My father Backhouse, lying sick in Fleet Street, told me, in syllables, the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." See more of this practice, and of the tremendous solemnities with which the secret was communicated, in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 440.

In a similar manner, Ben Jonson adopted several persons as his sons, to the number of twelve or fourteen ; among whom were Cartwright, Randolph, and Alexander Brome. And it should seem, by the text, that Walton followed the above-mentioned examples, by adopting Cotton for his son.

BERESFORD, 10*th of March* 1675-6.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND, CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

SIR,—You now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful Discourse of the Art of Fly-fishing, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then, let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation both of your Fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a Copy of Verses that you were pleased to send me, now, some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live, Sir, your most affectionate Father and Friend,

IZAAK WALTON.*

LONDON, *April* 29, 1676.

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* This letter, and the Retirement, are placed at the close of the Second Part, in the edition of 1676.

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS TO MR IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought, but [1] vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our [2] recreation!

III.

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
Oh how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye valleys, oh ye mountains!
Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turn to come and visit ye!

IV.

Dear solitude,[3] the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend:
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

VARIATIONS *from Cotton's Posthumous Poems*, 8vo, 1689.

[1] vice and vanity do reign.

[2] conversation.

[3] O solitude.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

VI.

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.[4]

VII.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII.

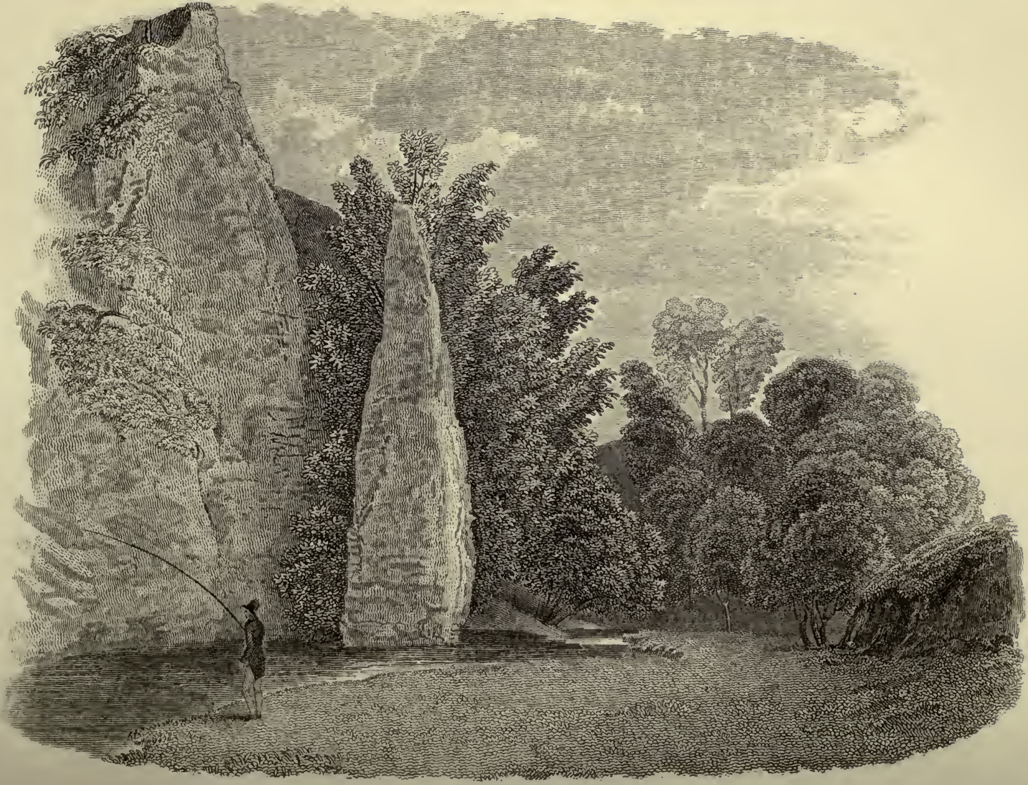
Oh my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth, and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales to view the noble heights above!

IX.

Oh my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat
And all anxieties, my safe retreat:[5]
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!

VARIATIONS.

[4] I ever learn'd to practise and to try!
[5] And hotter persecution safe retreats.



PIKE POOL, NEAR BERESFORD HALL

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A

How oft when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Even of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes, intrusted to your privacy!

X.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse[6] disgrace)
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;*
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

C. C.

VARIATION. [6] by their voice disgrace.

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* This he did not; for he was born 1630, and died in 1687.

The First Day.

CHAPTER I.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

PISCATOR. You are happily overtaken, Sir: may a man be so bold as to inquire, how far you travel this way?

VIATOR. Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashbourn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brailsford,* it is five miles; and you are not, yet, above half a mile on this side.

VIATOR. So much! I was told it was but ten miles from Derby; and, methinks, I have rode almost so far already.

PISCATOR. O, Sir, find no fault with large measure of good land; which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

VIATOR. It may be so; and good land, I confess, affords a pleasant prospect: but by your good leave, Sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

PISCATOR. True, Sir, but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way;" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country town you came from: which is also very observable by the fulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet everywhere upon the way.

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* Brailsford is six miles from Ashbourn, and Ashbourn thirteen miles from Derby.

VIATOR. Well, Sir! I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire. And I shall have a great deal of reason both to think and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the forementioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander further out of my own knowledge.

PISCATOR. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage. And I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my business, that is, my home, some miles beyond it: however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the meantime, may I be so bold as to inquire the end of your journey?

VIATOR. 'Tis into Lancashire, Sir, and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine; for I assure you, I do not use to take so long journeys as from Essex upon the single account of pleasure.

PISCATOR. From thence, Sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles, and the foulness of the way, though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for believe me, Sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

VIATOR. Why! truly, Sir! for that I am prepared to expect the worst; but methinks the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

PISCATOR. You are not obliged to my company for that, but because you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

VIATOR. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse; but especially because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation: though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

PISCATOR. That, Sir, is not worth your care; and I am sure you deserve much better, for being content with so ill company. But we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashbourn.

VIATOR. I meet, everywhere in this country, with these little brooks; and they look as if they were full of fish: have they not Trouts in them?

PISCATOR. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are: otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal: for you are to understand that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of Trouts, and some of them the best, it is said, by many degrees, in England.

VIATOR. I was first, Sir, in love with you; and now shall be so enamoured of your country, by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire-man, or at least that I might live in it: for you must know I am a pretender to the angle, and, doubtless, a Trout affords the most pleasure to the angler of any sort of fish whatever; and the best Trouts must needs make the best sport: but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

PISCATOR. This, Sir! why this, and several others like it, which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us: but we can show you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood or any other incumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever saw; and for clear beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr Izaac Walton's good leave, can show none such; nor I think any country in Europe.

VIATOR. You go far, Sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and I perceive have read Mr Walton's Complete Angler, by your naming of Hantshire; and I pray what is your opinion of that book?

PISCATOR. My opinion of Mr Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands anything of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the forementioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him Father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted Son.*

* Vide p. 218.

VIATOR. In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr Izaac Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master, who first taught me to love Angling, and then to become an Angler; and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for I was wholly addicted to the Chase, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion.

PISCATOR. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and before we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion: for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing that I have not yet found him weary of me.

VIATOR. You speak like a true friend; and in doing so, render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

PISCATOR. Yes surely, Sir, and, if you please, a much nicer question: my name is ——, and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask yours too. In the meantime (because we are now almost at Ashbourn) I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too, and, peradventure, can give you some instructions, How to angle for a Trout in a clear river, and my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore-tree.* And, being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are; I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town, but go on with me six miles further to my house, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way, we have day enough to perform our journey, and, as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

VIATOR. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance; but how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great but it might dispense with such a divertisement as I promise myself in your company, yet I cannot, in modesty, accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr I. Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a Trout; in which art I will not deny but that I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers: though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

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* Vide p. 99.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, I grant that too; but you must know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years' experience (for so long I have been a dabbler in that art); and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall not, in a very great measure, see made good to you. But of that hereafter; and now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you: and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of yours, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation, which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for Trouts and Grayling in England; that I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cipher; * that you shall lie in the same † bed he has sometimes been contented with, and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all.

VIATOR. No doubt, Sir, but my master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceedingly kind and free to him who deserves so much.

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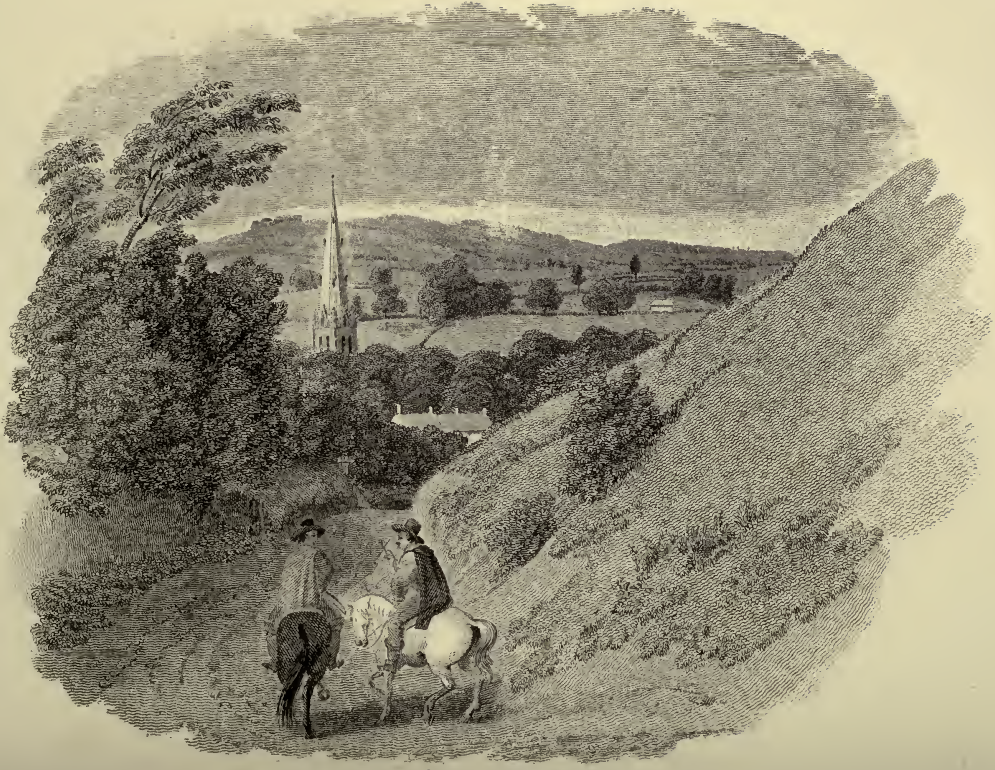
* *As in the title-page* [of Part II.]—*Iz. Wa.*

† Tradition does not point out the room; but Mr Bagster has, in his edition of Cotton given an engraving of the carved mantelpiece of a bedroom, "which," he observes, "though it may not be the very room that Walton slept in, many circumstances unite to lead to that conclusion." In 1825 there were two bedrooms with similar carved mantelpieces existing, which were then used only as lumber or cheese rooms; and in Alstonefield church is a pew with the back finely carved with the arms of Cotton on the panels.—P.



VIEW OF ASHBOURN, FROM THE OLD ROAD

BY T STOTHARD. R.A

PISCATOR. Believe me, no: and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainments has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good-nature, and nothing else. But, Sir, we are now going down the Spittle hill into the town;* and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and most earnestly not to deny me.

VIATOR. In truth, Sir, I am so overçome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but must render myself wholly to be disposed by you.

PISCATOR. Why, that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you. And, being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

VIATOR. I attend you. But what pretty river is this that runs under this stone bridge? has it a name?

PISCATOR. Yes, it is called Henmore;† and has in it both Trout and Grayling: but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavour, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

VIATOR. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

PISCATOR. Let those be the subjects then. But we are now come to the Talbot:‡ what will you drink, Sir? ale or wine?

VIATOR. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

PISCATOR. You are in the right: and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London than they have sometimes at this house. What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale. And now, Sir, my service to you: a good health to the honest gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the Peak.

---

* The old road, to the left of the turnpike, before the traveller enters Ashbourn.

† At that time it was commonly so called, because it flowed through Hen Moor; but its proper name is Schoo Brook. See a singular contest regarding the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279. Richard Hayne, Esq. of Ashbourn, *v.* Uriah Corden, Esq. of Clifton.

‡ This inn stood in the market-place, and till about sixty years since was the first inn at Ashbourn. About that period a wing was divided off for a private dwelling; and the far-famed Talbot was reduced to an inferior pothouse, and continued thus degraded until the year 1786, when it was totally demolished by Mr Langdale, then a builder in that town, who erected a very handsome structure on its site. Mr Langdale is now (1815) a bookseller in the town, and acts as clerk to the magistrates of the hundred.

Viator. I thank you, Sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

Piscator. I'll pledge you, Sir: so, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, Sir, let's be going, for the sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride: for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

Chap. II.

Piscator. So, Sir, now we are got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

Viator. Bless me! what mountains are here! are we not in Wales?

Piscator. No, but in almost as mountainous a country; and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

Viator. They had need of all those commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a precipice.

Piscator. Believe me, but it does; and down one, especially, that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable that we who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

Viator. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to intrust my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse, for I have no more at home.

Piscator. 'Twere hard else. But in the meantime, I think 'twere best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

Viator. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave, though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

Piscator. Why this, Sir, is called Bentley brook,* and is full of very good Trout and Grayling, but so encumbered with wood in many places as is troublesome to an angler.

Viator. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them, in this country that ever I saw: do you know how many you have in the country?

---

* A narrow swift stream, two miles beyond Ashbourn, in the present highroad, but considerably nearer to it in the old road.

PISCATOR. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble: but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire, we have, first, the river Dove, that we shall come to by-and-by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford for many miles together, and is so called from the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so straitened in that course betwixt the rocks, by which (and those very high ones) it is, hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream: a river that from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled, before it fall into Trent, a little below Eggington, where it loses the name, to such a breadth and depth, as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and weirs; and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are, for they all spring from the mosses; but is in a few miles' travel so clarified by the addition of several clear and very great springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the limestone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.*

VIATOR. Does Trent spring in these parts?

PISCATOR. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham; and thence runs down, not far from Stafford, to Wolseley Bridge, and, washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county; thence it comes into this, where we now are, and, running by Swarkeston and Dunnington, receives Derwent at Wildon; and, so, to Nottingham; thence, to Newark; and, by Gainsborough, to Kingston-upon-Hull, where it takes the name of Humber,* and thence falls into the sea: but that the Map will best inform you.

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* Between Beresford Hall and Ashbourn lies Dove Dale, whose crested cliffs and swift torrents are again noticed by Cotton in his "Wonders of the Peak." Through this singularly deep valley the Dove runs for about two miles, changing its course, its motion, and its appearance perpetually; never less than ten, and rarely so many as twenty yards in width; making a continued noise by rolling over or falling among loose stones. The rocks which form its sides are heaved up in enormous piles, sometimes connected with each other, and sometimes detached; some perforated in natural cavities, others adorned with foliage; with here and there a tall rock, having nothing to relieve the bareness of its appearance but a mountain-ash flourishing at the top. The grandeur of the scenery is probably unrivalled in England.—E.

VIATOR. Know you whence this river Trent derives its name?

PISCATOR. No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon: when some have given its denomination from the forenamed Trentham, though that seems rather a derivative from it; others have said it is so called from thirty rivers that fall into it,† and there lose their names; which cannot be, neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation: but be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the world, and the most abounding with excellent Salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.

VIATOR. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this digression: and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this Discourse.

PISCATOR. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for Trent is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names, which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed. And the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river Wye: I say of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely, Lathkin and Bradford; of which Lathkin is, by many degrees, the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest and the best Trouts in England: but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great springs. The river Wye, then, has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Manchester: a black water, too, at the fountain, but, by the same reason with Dove, becomes very soon a most delicate clear river, and breeds admirable Trout and Grayling, reputed by those who, by living upon its banks, are partial to it, the best of any: and this, running down by Ashford, Bakewell, and Haddon, at a town a little lower, called Rowsley, falls into Derwent, and there loses its name.‡

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* Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name.—*Milton.*

† Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads.—*Ibid.*

‡ By this it appears that there are two rivers in England that bear the name of Wye: the former Wye, occasionally mentioned in this work, has, as well as the Severn, its

The next in order is Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it which the two forementioned have, but abounds with Trout and Grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with Salmon below. And this river, from the upper and utmost part of this county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow-Ash, and Awberson, falls into Trent, at a place called Wildon; and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as Awber, Eroways, and the like, scarce worth naming, but trouty too; and further we are not to inquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the formidable hill I told you of (at the foot of which runs the river Dove, which I cannot but love above all the rest); and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frighted.

VIATOR. Sir, I see you would fortify me that I should not shame myself: but I dare follow where you please to lead me. And I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and easy.

PISCATOR. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill: and now we are there, what think you?

VIATOR. What do I think? why, I think it the strangest place that ever, sure, men and horses went down; and that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

PISCATOR. I think so too, for you who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones: and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company and to lead you the way. And, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

VIATOR. Marry, Sir! and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself: and with my horse in my hand should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse falling on me, for it is as steep as a penthouse.

PISCATOR. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess: but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

---

head in the Plinlimmon hill, on the borders of Montgomery and Cardiganshire; from whence, as its Latin name, Vaga, imports, wandering through part of Brecknockshire, it, near the Hay, enters Herefordshire, and at Mordiford, within four miles of Hereford, receives the Lug; from thence, passing on to Ross, it enters Monmouthshire, and falls into the Severn below Chepstow.

It abounds with that small species of fish called Last-springs, and also with Grayling.

And here it may be necessary to remark, that the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some others, are common to many rivers in England, as that of Dulas is to numbers in Wales. See *Notes on the Polyolbion*, Song the sixth.—E.

VIATOR. Would I were well down, though! Hoist thee! there's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck and tumble down.

PISCATOR. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom. But give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

VIATOR. I thank you, Sir, I am now past it, I can go myself. What's here? the sign of a bridge? Do you use to travel with wheelbarrows in this country?

PISCATOR. Not that I ever saw, Sir; why do you ask that question?

VIATOR. Because this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why! a mouse can hardly go over it: 'tis not two fingers broad.

PISCATOR. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so; but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

VIATOR. Why, according to the French proverb, and 'tis a good one, among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé*, "They whom God takes care of are in safe protection:" but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two: and yet I think I dare venture on foot, though, if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over, and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

VIATOR. How, Staffordshire! What do I there, trow? there is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

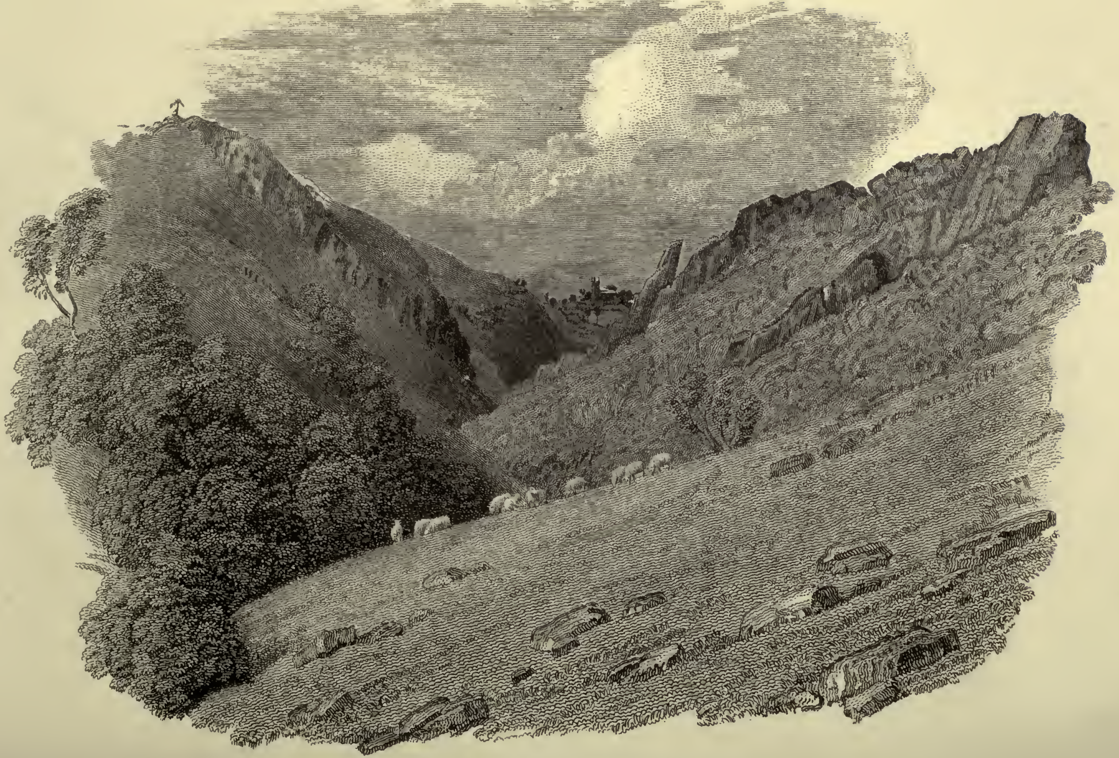
PISCATOR. You see you are betrayed into it, but it shall be in order to something that will make amends; and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

VIATOR. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river Dove? 'Tis clear and swift, indeed, but a very little one.

PISCATOR. You see it, here, at the worst: we shall come to it anon again, after two miles' riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

VIATOR. Would we were there once: but I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

PISCATOR. No, no, Sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.



HANSON TOOT IN DOVE DALE

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

VIATOR. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels; and, like Tom Coriate,* print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill we came down?

PISCATOR. We call it Hanson-Toot.

VIATOR. Why, farewell, Hanson-Toot! I'll no more on thee: I'll go twenty miles about, first. Puh! I sweat, that my shirt sticks to my back.

PISCATOR. Come, Sir, now we are up the hill; and now how do you?

VIATOR. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, Sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, Sir?

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* *Tom Coriate* lived in the reign of King James the First; and, as Anthony Wood calls him, was the whetstone of all the wits of that age: and indeed the allusions to him, and to the singular oddness of his character, are numberless. He travelled almost over Europe on foot; and in that tour walked 900 miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich. Afterwards he visited Turkey, Persia, and the Great Mogul's dominions, travelling in so frugal a manner, that—as he tells his mother, in a letter to her—in his ten months' travels, between Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but three pounds sterling; living remarkably well for about twopence sterling a day; and of that three pounds he elsewhere says, he was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling by certain Christians of the Armenian nation; so that, indeed, he spent but fifty shillings in his ten months' travels. In these his travels, he attained to great proficiency both in the Persian and Indostan languages; in the former, he made and pronounced an oration to the Great Mogul; and his skill in the latter, he took occasion to manifest in the following very signal instance. In the service of the English ambassador, then resident, was a woman of Indostan, a laundress, whose frequent practice it was to scold, brawl, and rail, from sunrising to sunset. This formidable shrew did Coriate one day undertake to scold with, in her own language; and succeeded so well in the attempt, that, by eight of the clock in the morning, he had totally silenced her, leaving her not a word to speak. See *A Voyage to East India*, by Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Tho. Row, ambassador to the Great Mogul, 12mo, 1655. Further, it appears that he was a zealous champion for the Christian religion against the Mahometans and Pagans; in the defence whereof he sometimes risked his life. In Turkey, when a priest, as the custom is, was proclaiming from a mosque tower that Mahomet was a true prophet, Tom, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the priest he lied, and that his prophet was an impostor; and at a city called Moltan, in the East Indies, he, in public, disputed with a Mahometan, who had called him Giaur, or infidel, in these words: "But I pray thee, tell me, thou Mahometan! dost thou, in sadness, call me Giaur? That I do, quoth he. Then, quoth I, in very sober sadness, I retort that shameful word in thy throat; and tell thee plainly, that I am a Mussulman, and thou art a Giaur." He concludes thus: "Go to then, thou false believer, since by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in that thou calledst me Giaur, thou hast provoked me to speak thus. I pray thee, let this mine answer be a warning for thee not to scandalise me in the like manner any more: for the Christian religion, which I profess, is so dear and tender unto me, that neither thou, nor any other Mahometan, shall, scot free, call me Giaur, but that I shall quit you with an answer much to the wonder of those Mahometans. Dixi." He died of the flux, occasioned by drinking sack at Surat, in 1617: having published his European travels in a quarto volume, which he called his *Crudities*: and to this circumstance the passage in the text is a manifest allusion. See *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. ii. p. 208; Purchas's *Pilgrims*, part i. book 4, chap. 17; Coriate's *Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul*, 4to, 1616; and, above all, Terry's *Voyage*, before cited, the author whereof was, as he himself asserts, his chamber-fellow, or tent-mate, in East India.—H.

PISCATOR. You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, Sir?

VIATOR. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

PISCATOR. Come! come! we'll reconcile you to our country, before we part with you; if showing you good sport with angling will do it.

VIATOR. My respect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir: otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home; and look you where the same river of Dove has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of Trouts to-morrow.

VIATOR. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Penmen-Maure? It is much a finer river here.

PISCATOR. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, Sir, here appears the house that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

VIATOR. It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for; it stands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but so young as appears to be of your own planting.

PISCATOR. It is so. Will it please you to alight, Sir? And now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you that you are infinitely welcome.

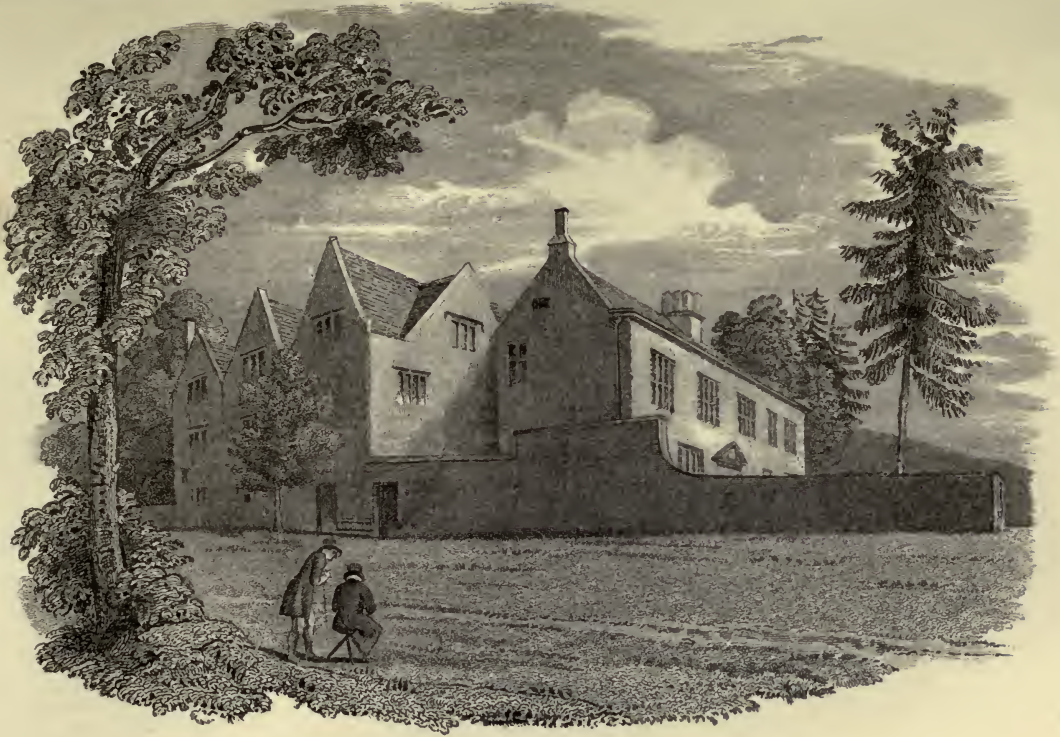
VIATOR. I thank you, Sir and am glad with all my heart I am here; for in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

PISCATOR. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light supper, and to bed. Come, Sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the meantime in my father Walton's chamber. And now, Sir, here is my service to you; and once more, welcome!

VIATOR. I marry, Sir, this glass of good sack has refreshed me. And I'll make as bold with your meat; for the trot has got me a good stomach.

PISCATOR. Come, Sir, fall to then; you see my little supper is always ready when I come home, and I'll make no stranger of you.

VIATOR. That your meal is so soon ready, is a sign your servants know your certain hours, Sir; I confess I did not expect it so soon: but now 'tis here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.



BERESFORD HALL, THE SEAT OF C. COTTON

BY T STOTHARD, R.A.

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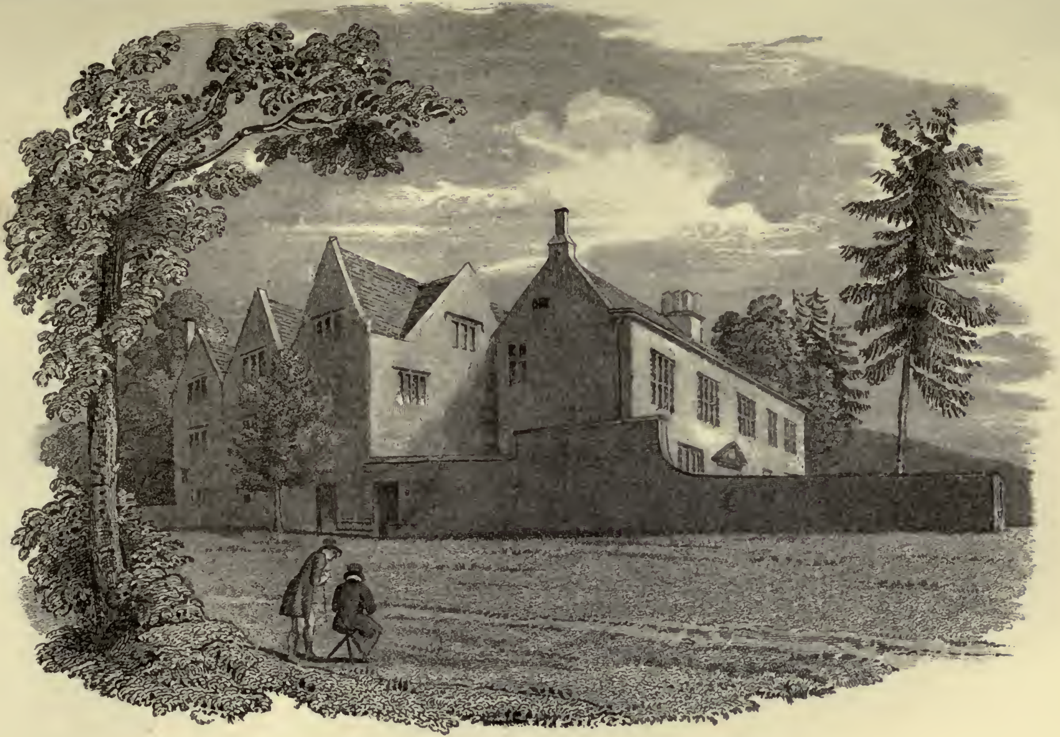
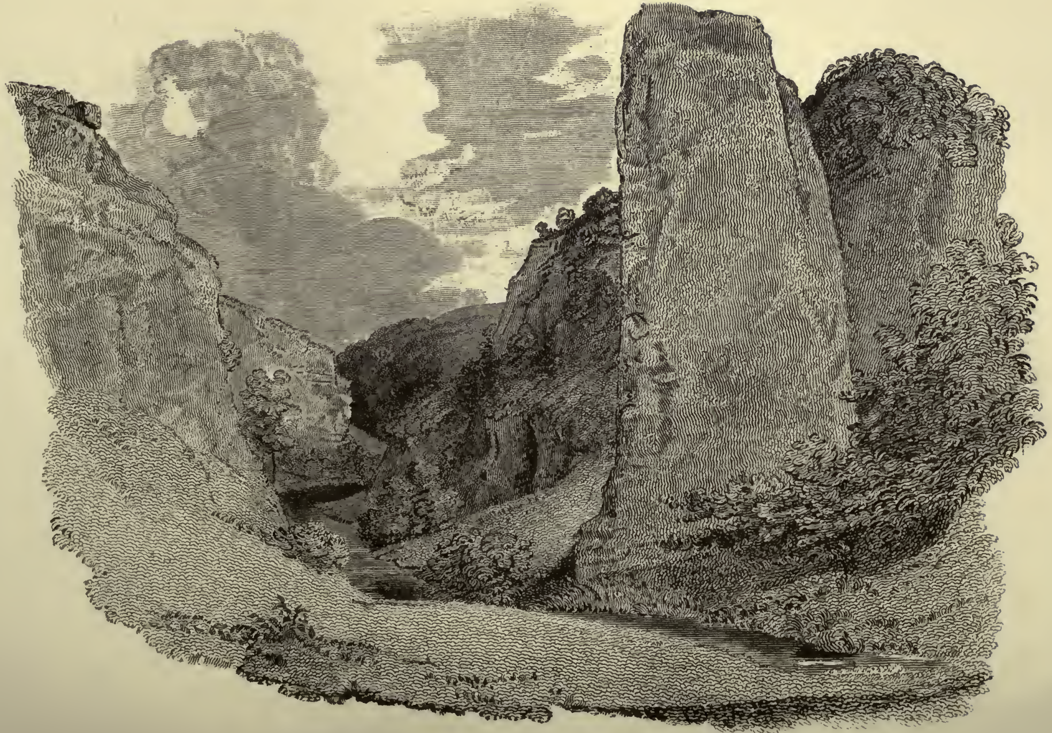


BERESFORD HALL, THE SEAT OF C. COTTON

BY T STOTHARD, R.A.



PICKERING TOR AND THE IRON CHEST, DOVE DALE

BY T STOTHARD, R.A.

PISCATOR. Much good do your heart : and I thank you for that friendly word : and now, Sir, my service to you in a cup of More Land's ale ; for you are now in the More Lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

VIATOR. Believe me you have good ale in the More Lands, far better than that at Ashbourn.

PISCATOR. That it may soon be ; for Ashbourn has (which is a kind of riddle) always in it the best malt and the worst ale in England. Come, take away, and bring us some pipes, and a bottle of ale: and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, Sir?

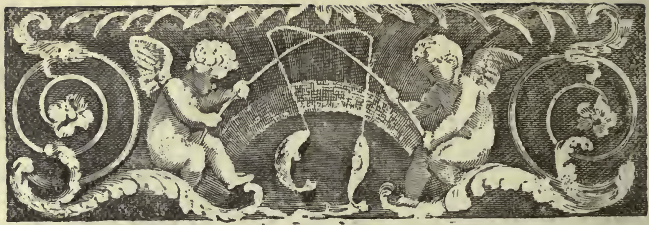
VIATOR. Yes, Sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco ; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.

PISCATOR. The best I can get in London, I assure you. But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me ; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

VIATOR. Why, truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can ; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

PISCATOR. Not to your inconvenience by any means, Sir : but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where, take counsel of your pillow ; and, to-morrow, resolve me. Here, take the lights ; and pray follow them, Sir. Here you are like to lie ; and now I have showed you your lodging, I beseech you, command anything you want, and so I wish you good rest.

VIATOR. Good-night, Sir.



The Second Day.

CHAPTER III.

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, Sir: what! up and drest, so early?

VIATOR. Yes, Sir, I have been drest this half hour: for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine river,* that I could no longer lie a-bed.

PISCATOR. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager for sport: though I must tell you this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but, however, we'll try, and, one way or other, we shall, sure, do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

VIATOR. For breakfast I never eat any, and for drink am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I'm for you: and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, you see the ale is come without

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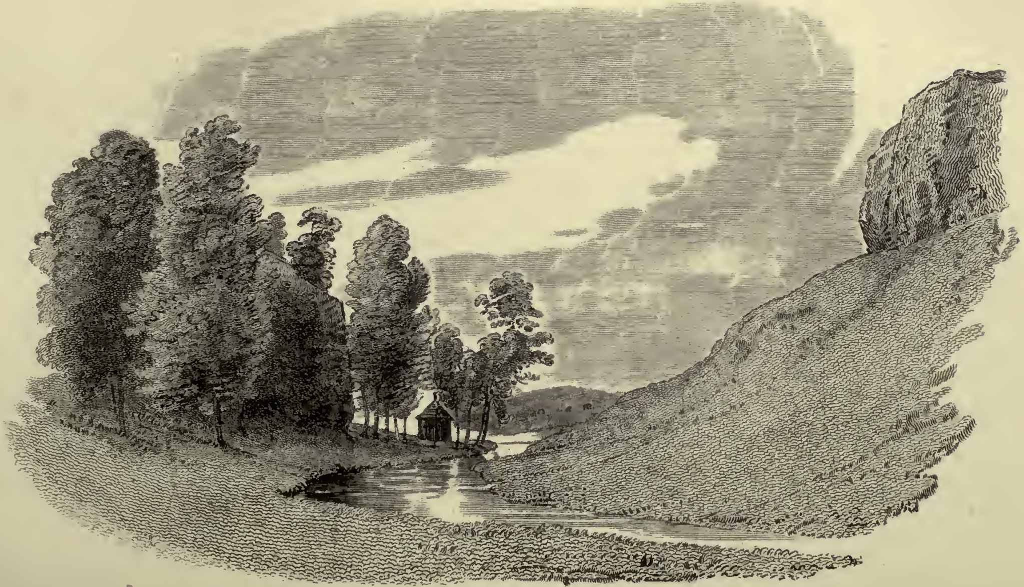
* Cotton's beautiful description of this river must here be brought to the reader's recollection.

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
  Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
    And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
    Playing at liberty;
And with my Angle upon them,
    The all of treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!



DISTANT VIEW OF THE FISHING-HOUSE AND THE RIVER DOVE

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

calling; for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one glass so soon as I am drest, and no more, till dinner: and so my servants have served you.

VIATOR. My thanks. And now, if you please, let us look out, this fine morning.

PISCATOR. With all my heart. Boy, take the key of my fishing-house, and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall window thither, with my fish-pannier, pouch, and landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we'll walk after, where, by the way, I expect you shall raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

VIATOR. Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natured, nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

PISCATOR. You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your Southern countries?

VIATOR. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

PISCATOR. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so: and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river; the vale it winds through, like a snake; and the situation of my little fishing-house? *

VIATOR. Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

PISCATOR. Good enough for that purpose. And here is a bowling-green too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the door; pray walk in, and there we will sit, and talk as long as you please.

---

* Cotton, in his "Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.," printed in his Posthumous Poems, thus alludes to his Fishing-house:—

> My River still through the same channel glides
> Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
> And my poor Fishing-house, my Seat's best grace,
> Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place,
> I left it four months since, and ten to one
> I go a-fishing ere two days are gone.

VIATOR. Stay, what's here over the door? "PISCATORIBUS SACRUM." * Why then, I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the cipher too you spoke of; and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it; for it seems new built? †

PISCATOR. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up; but never in the posture it now stands: for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it yet: for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

VIATOR. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little

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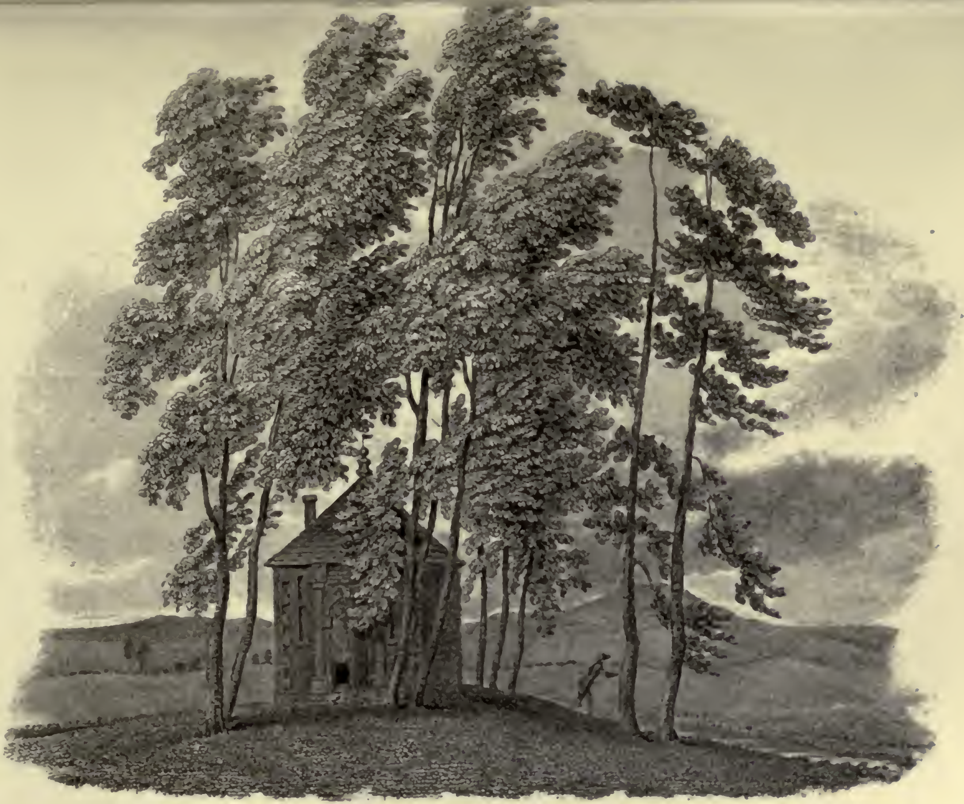
* There is, under this motto, the cipher mentioned in the title-page [of Part II.] And some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr Cotton's father, were again alive, to do it.—*Izaak Walton.*

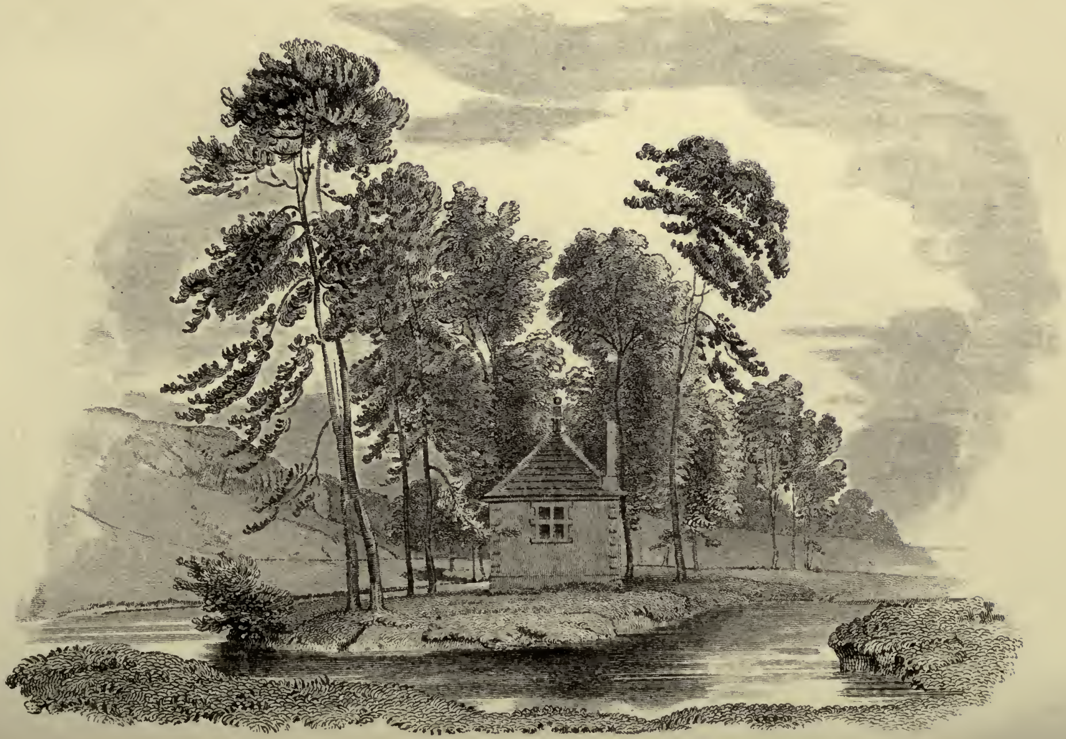
† In the edition of 1784, Sir John Hawkins says, "I have been favoured with an accurate description of the Fishing-house, by a person [Mr White, since of Crickhowel] who, being in that country, with a view to oblige me, went to see it. The account he gave of it was, that it was of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; that it was paved with black and white marble, and that in the middle was a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room was wainscoted with curious mouldings that divided the panels up to the ceiling. In the larger panels were represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, was a fireplace with a chimney; on the right a large buffet, with folding doors, whereon were the portraits of Mr Cotton with a boy-servant, and Walton, in the dress of the time. Underneath was a cupboard; on the door whereof the figures of a Trout and of a Grayling were well portrayed. At this time the edifice was in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed."

To which Mr Bagster adds, that on visiting it, Sept. 5th, 1814, he found it in a much worse condition than is here described. The pavement, the glass from the windows, and the wainscoting, gone; the inscription over the door tolerably legible, with the date of 1674 beneath: and on the keystone which forms the arch of the doorway Cotton and Walton's cipher. Above the roof, beneath the ball and vane, are the remains of a small stone sundial. The fireplace in the further corner of the interior, had at each corner the initials of Cotton, thus CC. under that on the left, IZ. and that on the right WA.

In June 1825, the publisher of the former edition and Mr Stothard visited Beresford Hall, which was then rented by a widow named Gibbs. It had undergone many alterations in the interior, and very little of the original ornaments remained, with the exception of two carved mantelpieces, and one or two panes of stained glass; but since that period, some of the roofs have fallen in, consequently it is fast going to decay. The Fishing-house was much in the state described above. The stone walls, fireplace, and outer doors, were the only parts remaining. The stone table had been removed, and all the windows had either fallen to decay or been taken away; but the motto and cipher on the keystone of the arched doorway was entire. The manor, hall, and about eighty-four acres of land, were sold by auction on the 10th August 1825, and was purchased by William Viscount Beresford for £5500, which included £750 for timber.



THE FISHING-HOUSE FRONT VIEW



THE BACK FRONT OF THE FISHING-HOUSE

BY T STOTHARD, R.A.

house, of anything I ever saw: it stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without: but by your leave, I'll try. Why, this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle!

PISCATOR. Enough, Sir, enough, I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, boy, set two chairs; and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.

VIATOR. None fitter, then, Sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promised.

PISCATOR. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can: and therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a Trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

VIATOR. Why, Sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty More Land seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals, for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

PISCATOR. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise: and therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it would look like a presumption in me (and, peradventure, would do so in any other man) to pretend to give lessons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it at least as any man in England, did I not pre-acquaint you that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better directions; but having, from my childhood, pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly, I think, by much (some of them, at least) the clearest in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream, I may peradventure give you some instructions that may be of use even in your own rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more flies and show you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his COMPLETE ANGLER.*

VIATOR. I beseech you, Sir, do; and if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while, for that is, commonly, my breakfast in a morning, too.†

CHAP. IV.

PISCATOR. WHY then, Sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do, and I will not deny but that I think myself a master in this, I shall divide Angling for Trout, or Grayling, into these three ways: at the top; at the bottom; and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear, in some sort common to both those kinds of fish; yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction, which, in due place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom, with a ground-bait; in the middle, with a minnow or ground-bait.

Angling at the top is of two sorts; with a quick ‡ fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call Angling at the bottom, is also of two sorts; by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call Angling in the middle, is also of two sorts; with a Minnow for a Trout, or with a ground-bait for a Grayling.

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* See Part I. chap. v. p. 100.

† It should seem by what Walton says, chap. x., that he was a smoker: and the reader sees, by the passage in the text, that Piscator, by whom we are to understand Cotton himself, was also, and so curious as to have his tobacco from London. Vide p. 235.

Smoking, or, as the phrase was, "taking tobacco," was, in Queen Elizabeth's and her successor's time, esteemed the greatest of all foppery. Ben Jonson, who mortally hated it, has numberless sarcasms against smoking and smokers; all which are nothing compared to those contained in that work of our King James the First, *A Counterblast to Tobacco.* Nor was the ordinary conversation of this monarch less fraught with reasons and invectives against the use of that weed, as will appear from the following saying of his, extracted from "A Collection of witty apophthegms, delivered by him and others, at several times, and on sundry occasions," published in 12mo, 1671:—

"That tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit: First, it was a smoke; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them who take it; so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken, and light in the head; so do the vanities of the world: men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him: even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, It is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing; and so is hell. And further, his Majesty professed that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes: 1. A pig; 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and 3. A pipe of tobacco for digesture."

‡ Living.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

VIATOR. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation: I beseech you therefore to proceed.

PISCATOR. Why then, first of fly-fishing.

CHAP. V.

PISCATOR. FLY-FISHING, or fishing at the top, is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

First, then, of the Natural Fly; of which we generally use but two sorts; and those but in the two months of May and June only; namely, the Green-drake, and the Stone-fly: though I have made use of a third, that way, called the Camlet-fly, with very good success, for Grayling, but never saw it angled with by any other, after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be still; or with a longer, very near, or all out, as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way of fishing we call daping, dabbing, or dibling; wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river, as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand, though where you see a fish rise near you you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle or on the contrary side; and if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the fish will, otherwise, peradventure be removed to some other place, if it be in the still deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey, though, in a stream, you may always almost, especially if there be a good stone near, find him in the same place. Your Line ought in this case to be three good hairs next the hook; both by reason you are, in this kind of angling, to expect the biggest fish, and also that, wanting length to give him line after he has struck, you must be forced to tug for it: to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibling, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and colour; and then give you an account of their breeding; and withal show you how to keep and use them; but shall defer them to their proper place and season.

VIATOR. In earnest, Sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you: for, in plain truth, I did not expect so much from you.

PISCATOR. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this; and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second way of Angling at the top; which is with an artificial fly, which also I will show you how to make before I have done: but first shall acquaint you, that with this you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod: and with both this and the other in a still day, in the streams, in a breeze that curls the water, in the still deeps, where excepting in May and June, that the best Trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too, you are like to hit the best fish.

For the length of your rod, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall choose to angle at: and for a Trout-river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer, though never so neatly and artificially made, it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw are made in Yorkshire; which are all of one piece, that is to say, of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced and tied together with fine thread below and silk above as to make it taper like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand. And these, too, are light, being made of firwood for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might, very easily; manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand. And these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces and laid up in some dry place, may afterwards be set together again in their former postures, and will be as straight, sound, and good as the first hour they were made, and being laid in oil and colour, according to your master Walton's direction, will last many years.

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of incumbrance, excepting in woody places and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure has somebody to do for him. And the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at distance; and to fish fine and far off is the first and principal rule for Trout-angling.

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed two hairs next to the hook; for one (though some, I know, will pretend to more art than their fellows) is indeed too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a Trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the name of an Angler.

Now, to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths nearest the hook should be of two hairs apiece; the next three lengths above them of three; the next three above them of four; and, so, of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means your rod and tackle will, in a manner, be taper from your very hand to your hook: your line will fall much better and straighter, and cast your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, that would otherwise circle the water and fright away the fish.

In casting your line, do it always before you,* and so that your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as possible: though if the wind be stiff, you will then, of necessity, be compelled to drown a good part of your line, to keep your fly in the water. And in casting your fly you must aim at the further or nearer bank, as the wind serves your turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly, but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind, evermore, on your back. And always be sure to stand as far off the bank as your length will give you leave when you throw to the contrary side: though when the wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly to the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to inquire, whether your two hairs next to the hook are better twisted or open? And for that I should declare that I think the open way the better, because it makes less show in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way; of which one is, that, without dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted;* another, that they are not, easily, to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair upon the matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig or bent they meet with, but, moreover, the hook, in falling upon the water, will, very often, rebound and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick (which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the angler) so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means your fly swims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water and till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish, or if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.†

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* The tyro in the art of fly-fishing, who may be desirous of further instructions for "casting his line" than those given by Cotton in the text, is referred to the "Complete Angler's Vade Mecum," by Captain Williamson, who has endeavoured "to supply the learner with such plain matter-of-fact directions, with respect to the management of his fly-rod, as may at once enable him to cast his line without restraint;" and to Taylor's Art of Angling; but it is almost needless to observe, that one day's instruction from an experienced fly-fisher will be found of more value than all the directions ever written. —H.

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod, and line, and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and, afterwards, of what dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly, then, which is not a hackle or palmer fly (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year), you are, first, to hold your hook fast betwixt the forefinger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your fingers' ends; then take a strong small silk of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same colour too, to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you, and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb to the head of the shank; and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which, you must know, is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght, which sometimes it will otherwise do. Which being done, take your line, and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line as hard as the strength of the silk will permit. Which being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side downwards which grew uppermost before upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards : then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root-end of the feather, hook, and towght ; which being done, clip off the root-end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not further, as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly. Which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it. And then take your dubbing which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly, with your hook, betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which when it has done, whip it about the armed hook backward, till you come to the setting-on of the wings. And then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts ; and turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one side, and the other on the other of the shank ; holding them fast in that posture betwixt the forefinger and thumb of your left hand : which done, warp them so down as to stand and slope towards the bend of the hook ; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand ; and where the warping ends pinch or nip it with your thumb nail against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk : and then with the bare silk whip it once or twice about ; make the wings to stand in due order ; fasten, and cut it off. After which, with the point of a needle, raise up the dubbing gently from the warp ; twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing ; leave the wings of an equal length, your fly will never else swim true ; and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson, a near neighbour, an admirable fly-angler ; by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met with. And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a Trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeliness of the day ; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day. I will walk along by you, and look on : and after dinner I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fishing.

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* In the original the words are *twisted as open*, contrary to what is evidently, from the connection, the Author's meaning: the Editor has therefore transposed the words.

† This, and the other inconveniences mentioned in this paragraph, are effectually avoided by the use of a fine grass, or gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook.

VIATOR. I confess I long to be at the river : and yet I could sit here all day to hear you : but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well ; and I have a mighty ambition to take a Trout in your river Dove.

PISCATOR. I warrant you shall : I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should ; seeing I have so extolled my river to you ; nay, I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one good day of sport before you go.

VIATOR. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way ; for, in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that if it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

PISCATOR. I thank you, Sir, for that kind expression. And now let me look out my things to make this fly.

CHAP. VI.

PISCATOR. BOY ! come, give me my dubbing-bag here presently ; and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

VIATOR. Did ever any one see the like ! what a heap of trumpery is here ! certainly never an angler in Europe has his shop half so well furnished as you have.

PISCATOR. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for show only, to the end that such as see it, which are not many I assure you, may think me a great master in the art of angling : but let me tell you, here are some colours, as contemptible as they seem here, that are very hard to be got, and scarce any one of them which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once in the year. But look you, Sir, amongst all these I will choose out these two colours only ; of which, this is bear's hair, this darker, no great matter what ; but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it ; and with one or both of these you shall take Trout or Grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

VIATOR. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe everything you say : but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

PISCATOR. That will not be long in doing : and pray observe then. You see, first, how I hold my hook ; and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook ; thus I join hook and line ; thus I put on my wings ; thus

I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly. And there's a fly made; and now how do you like it?

VIATOR. In earnest, admirably well; and it perfectly resembles a fly: but we about London make the bodies of our flies both much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

PISCATOR. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my father Walton to give me a visit; which, to tell you the truth, I hung in my parlour window to laugh at: but, Sir, you know the proverb, "They who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do;" and believe me, you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on, and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the farther end of the walk you shall begin: I see, at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little: knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

VIATOR. Did you see that, Sir?

PISCATOR. Yes, I saw the fish: and he saw you too, which made him turn short. You must fish further off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New River, let me tell you. That was a good Trout, believe me: did you touch him?

VIATOR. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so. Look you, there was another: this is an excellent fly.

PISCATOR. That fly I am sure would kill fish, if the day were right: but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the fishing-house: this still water, I see, will not do our business to-day: you shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself, and try what you can do in the streams with that; and I know a Trout taken with a fly of your own making will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, sirrah: look you, Sir, there is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings: be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

VIATOR. This is a very little hook.

PISCATOR. That may serve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as the case stands, it must be a little fly, and a very little one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me, you shift your fingers very handsomely. I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So, here's your dubbing now.

VIATOR. This dubbing is very black.

PISCATOR. It appears so in hand; but step to the doors and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red; let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true colour of a dubbing any way but that; and therefore choose always to make your flies on such a bright sunshine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in. Here, put it on; and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! upon my word, you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

VIATOR. I am very glad to hear it; 'tis the first that ever I made of this kind in my life.

PISCATOR. Away, away! You are a doctor at it: but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on; and you shall now go downward, to some stream betwixt the rocks, below the little foot-bridge you see there,* and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock. So now you are over: and now throw in.

VIATOR. This is a fine stream indeed. There's one! I have him!

PISCATOR. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentleman; e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy of your anger.

VIATOR. Pardon me, Sir, all's fish that comes to the hook with me now. Another!

PISCATOR. And of the same standing.

VIATOR. I see I shall have good sport now. Another! and a grayling. Why, you have fish here at will.

PISCATOR. Come, come, cross the bridge; and go down the other side, lower, where you will find finer streams and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here is a fine stream now. You have length enough; stand a little further off, let me entreat you; and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! what! is all gone?

VIATOR. No, I but touched him; but that was a fish worth taking.

PISCATOR. Why, now let me tell you, you lost that fish by

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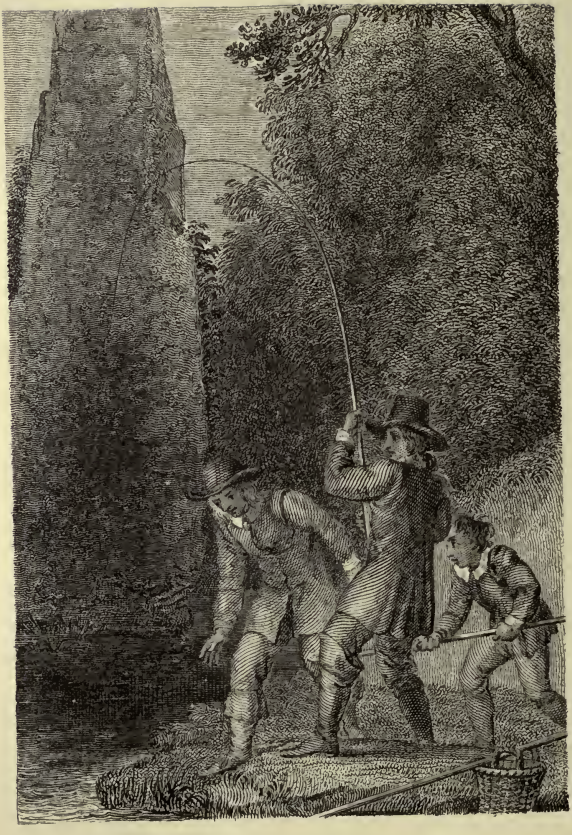
* This bridge has been removed. See the *note* in p. 251.



LANDING THE GRAYLING

BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Viator - I have him now, but he is gone towards the bottom - he should be a good fish by his weight - Piscator - bring hither that landing-net Boy.

your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he do not strike himself, till first you see him turn his head after he has taken your fly, and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in one again, and fish me this stream by inches; for I assure you, here are very good fish: both Trout and Grayling lie here; and at that great stone on the other side, 'tis ten to one a good Trout gives you the meeting.

VIATOR. I have him now: but he is gone down towards the bottom. I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight; but he makes no great stir.

PISCATOR. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you 'tis a Grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world; and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy. And now, Sir, he is your own; and, believe me, a good one; sixteen inches long I warrant him: I have taken none such this year.

VIATOR. I never saw a Grayling before look so black.

PISCATOR. Did you not? why then, let me tell you that you never saw one before in right season; for then a Grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back; and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of Umber. Though I must tell you, this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on; for it grows towards dinner-time; and there is a very great and fine stream below, under that rock, that fills the deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

VIATOR. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him. But I had thought that the Grayling had been always in season with the Trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

PISCATOR. Oh no! assure yourself a Grayling is a winter fish; but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calver, that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times: but in his perfect season, which, by the way, none but an overgrown Grayling will ever be, I think him so good a fish as to be little inferior to the best Trout that ever I tasted in my life.

VIATOR. Here's another skip-jack; and I have raised five or six more at least, whilst you were speaking. Well, go thy way, little Dove! thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, so long as we two live.

PISCATOR. I am afraid I shall not, Sir; but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

VIATOR. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one, and there another.

PISCATOR. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! why, what a dangerous man are you!

VIATOR. I, Sir: but who taught me? and as Damatas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me—

If my man such praises have,
What then have I, that taught the knave?*

But what have we got here? a Rock springing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

PISCATOR. Why, Sir, from that Pike † that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool, and young Mr Izaak Walton was so pleased with it as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank-book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will show you when we come up to dinner.

VIATOR. Has young master Izaak Walton been here too?

PISCATOR. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where: but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the meantime, Sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these

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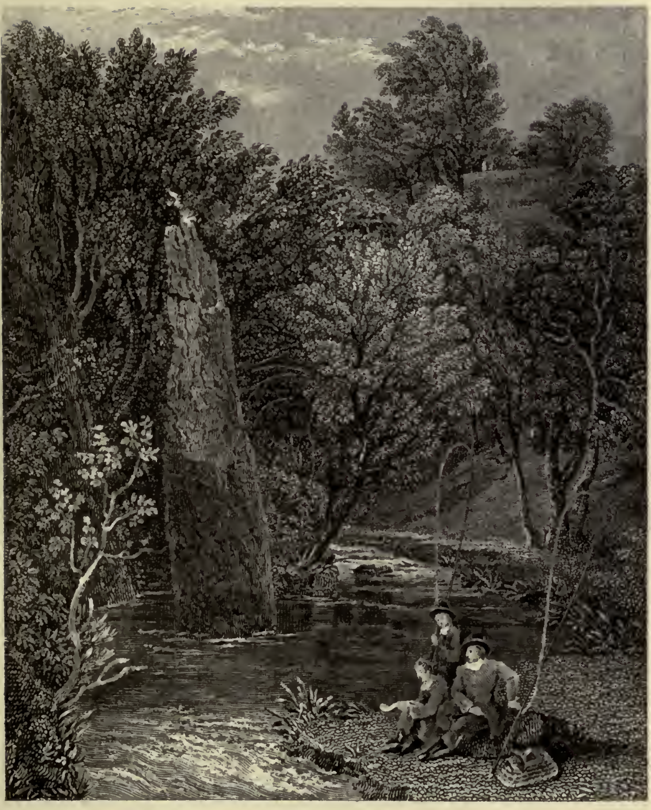
* From Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, book i., which reads—

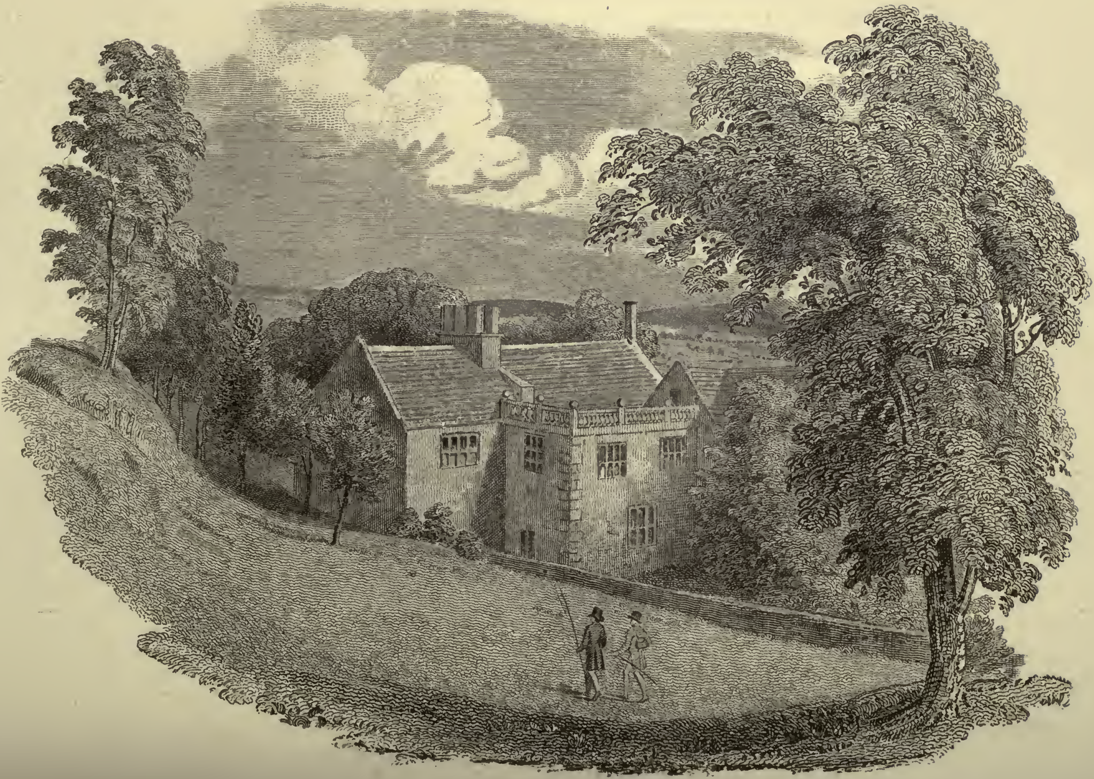
For if my man must praises have,
What then must I, that keep the knave?

† 'Tis a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St Paul's Church before 'twas burnt. And this Dove being opposed by one of the highest of them, has at last forced itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.—WALTON.



VIEW OF PIKE POOL

BY INSKIPP



BERESFORD HALL, FROM THE HILL

slippery, cobling stones.* Believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down. But now you are got over, look to yourself: for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now!

VIATOR. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurors can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a Trout has taken my fly; I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a Salmon.

PISCATOR. O Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls?

SERVANT. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

PISCATOR. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called: and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house, or back again, over these stepping-stones, and about by the bridge.

VIATOR. Nay, sure the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with the rocks, that I fear them not.

PISCATOR. Come then, follow me. And so soon as we have dined, we will down again to the little house: where I will begin, at the place I left off, about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

VIATOR. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted. Nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford as is to be found in this pretty river.

PISCATOR. You deserve to have better; both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to show you before we part.

CHAP. VII.

VIATOR. COME, Sir, having now well dined, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you to proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing; which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you, that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me: but very well retain all your directions, both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

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* Mr Bagster, who visited the spot in the autumn of 1814, for the purpose of identifying the scenery, and who went *step by step* over the ground which is the scene of this dialogue, says that "the undeviating accuracy of delineation is very striking; but at this spot an alteration was made a few years since, by cutting away *part* of the rock, and removing the bridge, the site of which is still marked by fragments of stone."

PISCATOR. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us; for you must know (besides the unfitness of the day) that the afternoons, so early in March, signify very little to angling with a fly, though with a minnow, or a worm, something might (I confess) be done.

To begin, then, where I left off, My father Walton tells us of but twelve artificial flies only, to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London, which I presume he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though perhaps I may reckon some of his by other names too; but if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the forenamed great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is, tells you that no man should, in honesty, catch a Trout till the middle of March, yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a Grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season: and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable token, I did once take upon the sixth day of December one, and only one, of the biggest Graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take Trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed; and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's tide, and in frost and snow, taken Grayling in a warm sunshine day for an hour or two about noon: and to fish for him with a Grub, it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month (though, I confess, very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport as to embrace all opportunities can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose), and tell you that, upon my knowledge, these flies, in a warm sun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A Red Brown with wings of the male of a mallard almost white; the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes, and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because it will not dye, but retains its natural colour. And this fly is taken, in a warm sun, this whole month through.

2. There is also a very little Bright Dun Gnat, as little as can possibly be made, so little as never to be fished with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixed dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's scut, with a very white and small wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a Grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly, of above a foot long, in my life: but of little ones about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day, and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies; and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the Red Brown of the last month ends, another, almost of the same colour, begins with this; saving that the dubbing of this must be of something a blacker colour, and both of them wrapt on with red silk. The dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest colour, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear: not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is, by many degrees, softer, and more fit for the purpose. His wing must be as the other; and this kills all this month, and is called the Lesser Red Brown.

2. This month, also, a Plain Hackle, or palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur, or the whirl of an ostrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and if the weather be right, make very good sport.

3. Also a Lesser Hackle, with a black body, also silver twist over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and snow, with very good fish; but in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns, and duns you can make; and with those are only to expect Graylings no bigger than sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling-round water, we have a Great Hackle, the body black, and wrapt with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the hackle staring out (for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over; sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath), leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use also, in this month, of another Great Hackle, the body black, and ribbed over with gold twist, and a red feather over all; which also does great execution.

6. Also a Great Dun, made with dun bear's hair, and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard near unto the tail; which is absolutely the best

fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.

7. We have also this month the GREAT BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixt with a little blue camlet; the wings, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this month a DARK BROWN, the dubbing of the brown hair off the flank of a brended cow; and the wings, of the grey drake's feather.

And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another; and according to the change of those, we alter their size and colour. And note also, that both in this, and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if something dark, until you have taken one; and then thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being opened with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.*

For the making of a Hackle, or a Palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.

MARCH.

For this month you are to use all the same hackles and flies with the other; but you are to make them less.

1. We have, besides, for this month a little Dun, called a WHIRLING DUN, though it is not the Whirling Dun, indeed, which is one of the best flies we have; and for this, the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail; and the wing of the grey feather of a drake.

2. Also a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a cow's flank, with a grey wing.

3. Also a WHITISH DUN; made of the roots of camel's hair; and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month a fly called the THORN-TREE FLY; the dubbing an absolute black, mixed with eight or ten hairs of Isabella-coloured† mohair; the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather. An admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another BLUE DUN; the dubbing of which it is made being thus to be got. Take a small toothcomb, and with it comb

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* This is a very questionable guide, as fish will frequently rise at an artificial fly of quite a different colour to those playing on the water, and on which they have been previously feeding. Venables and other writers on the subject of angling give directions to beat the bushes by the side of a stream, for the purpose of seeing what kind of flies are abroad, a piece of information which is of no practical utility.

† ISABELLA, Spezie di colore che partecipa del bianco e del giallo.—*Altieri's Dictionary.* A kind of whitish yellow, or, as some say, buff colour a little soiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady: The Archduke Albertus, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, King of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the heretics, his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow, that till it was taken she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the story says, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her Highness's linen had acquired the above-mentioned hue.—H.

the neck of a black greyhound, and the down that sticks in the teeth will be the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four-and-twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little BLACK GNAT. The dubbing, either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings, of the male of a mallard as white as may be; the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also, to the end of it, we use a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright, as to shine like gold; for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is best. Which fly is also taken till the tenth of April.

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in March will be taken in this month also, with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapt with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To these a SMALL BRIGHT BROWN made of spaniel's fur, with a light-grey wing, in a bright day, and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have, too, a little DARK BROWN; the dubbing of that colour, and some violet camlet mixt; and the wing of a grey feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth we have also a fly called the VIOLET-FLY; made of a dark violet stuff; with the wings, of a grey feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the WHIRLING DUN, which is taken every day, about the mid-time of day, all this month through, and, by fits, from thence to the end of June; * and is commonly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an ash colour at the roots next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk; the wings, of the pale grey feather of a mallard.

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* The inutility of laying down precise rules for the colour of the flies to be used on particular days or hours of the day must be obvious. Walton himself has humorously observed, "that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanac, and no surer." The directions contained in the following rhyme, respecting the colour of flies adapted to a certain time of the day, are at least as useful as the others which have been published :—

A brown-red fly at morning grey,
A darker dun in clearer day;
When summer rains have swelled the flood,
The hackle red and worm are good;
At eve, when twilight shades prevail,
Try the hackle white and snail:
Be mindful aye your fly to throw
Light as falls the flaky snow.

"To make a fly is so essential, that he hardly deserves the name of an angler who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle-shop, and tell the master of it, as Dapper does Subtle in the *Alchemist*, that they *want a fly:* for which they have a thing put into their hands that would pose a naturalist to find a resemblance for: though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the persons employed by the fishing-tackle makers in London. But do thou, my honest friend, learn to make thy own flies: and be assured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various shapes and colours of these admirable creatures, there is little less pleasure than even in catching fish."—H.

5. There is also a YELLOW DUN, the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet, or wool, mixt, and a white-grey wing.

6. There is also this month another LITTLE BROWN, besides that mentioned before, made with a very slender body; the dubbing of dark brown and violet camlet, mixt, and a grey wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the HORSE-FLESH FLY; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured and red tammy mixt, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sunset till twilight, and is taken the month through.

MAY.

And now, Sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience, for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary; which that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on, forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly-angler than all the rest: and here it is that you are to expect an account of the Green-drake and Stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month and part of the month following, and that, though not so great either in bulk or name, do yet stand in competition with the two before-named, and so that it is yet undecided amongst the anglers to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly it does properly and duly belong. Neither dare I, where so many of the learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them, and according to that privilege shall give you my free opinion, and peradventure when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

VIATOR. I have so great a deference to your judgment in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

PISCATOR. Why, that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourself for a tedious lecture; but I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, though almost anything will take a Trout in May, that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note and reputation. Know, therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month is called—

1. The TURKEY-FLY; the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapt about with yellow silk; the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

2. Next, a GREAT HACKLE, or PALMER-FLY, with a yellow body, ribbed with gold twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a BLACK-FLY; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

4. After that, a LIGHT BROWN, with a slender body, the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

5. Next a LITTLE DUN; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk; the wings of a grey feather of a mallard.

6. Then a WHITE GNAT, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also in this month a fly called the PEACOCK-FLY; the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the DUN-CUT; the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixt with it, a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is a COW-LADY, a little fly; the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the COW-DUNG fly; the dubbing light brown and yellow mixt; the wing, the dark grey feather of a mallard. And note, that besides these above mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter and the flies smaller, that are taken in April, will also be taken this month, as all Browns and Duns. And now I come to my Stone-fly and Green-drake, which are the matadores for Trout and Grayling, and in their season kill more fish in our Derbyshire rivers than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the May-fly, namely, the GREEN-DRAKE; the STONE-FLY; the BLACK-FLY; and the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY. And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last named should; the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these the GREEN-DRAKE comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end, for they are sometimes sooner and sometimes later, according to the quality of the year, but never well taken till towards the end of this month and the beginning of June. The STONE-FLY comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April, but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and, indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water; and sometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sunrise in a morning, longer.

Now both these flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken; our cadis or cod-bait, which lie under stones in the bottom of the water, most of them turning into those two flies, and being gathered in the husk, or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full inch long or more, and for the execution they do, the Trout and Grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others; and indeed the Trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these the GREEN-DRAKE never discloses from his husk, till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimpt and ruffled, by being prest together in that narrow room, that they are for some hours totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, if his first rising from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river, till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them: or if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water, like a ship at hull, for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the stone-fly can, until his wings have got stiffness to fly with, if by some Trout or Grayling he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is, and then his wings stand high, and closed exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same. His body is in some of a paler, in others of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a colour, ribbed with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark colour, almost black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard, from whence, questionless, he has his name of the Green-drake. These, as I think I told you before, we commonly dape or dibble with; and having gathered great store of them into a long draw box, with holes in the cover to give them air, where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a night or more, we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, for we commonly fish with two of them at a time, and putting the point of the hook into the thickest part of his body, under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook; and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook and play with their wings for a quarter of an hour or more; but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him, as to be taken on a rough windy day, when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder; and with which you shall certainly kill the best Trout and Grayling in the river.

The artificial Green-drake then is made upon a large hook, the dubbing camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camlet, well mixt together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whisks of the tail of the long hairs of sables, or fitchet, and the wings of the white-grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which also is to be dyed thus:—

Take the root of a barbary-tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain-water; and they will be a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the Green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours, during his season, whilst there is any day upon the sky; and with a made fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five-and-thirty very great Trouts and Graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening, and had no less than five or six flies, with three good hairs apiece, taken from me in despite of my heart, besides.

12. I should now come next to the Stone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way that must of necessity come in between, and that is the GREY-DRAKE, which in all shapes and dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but quite almost of another colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow, and green, and ribbed with black quite down his body, with black shining wings, and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb-like, that they are of no manner of use for daping, but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well; which fly is thus made: the dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles and black spaniel's fur mixt, and ribbed down the body with black silk, the whisks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black-grey feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the STONE-FLY; but am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which if I have I beseech you, freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining instructions for fly-angling till some other time.

VIATOR. No, truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing you. But if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe, you may afterwards proceed, and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

PISCATOR. I thank you, Sir, for that motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking: here, boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, Sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the South.

VIATOR. Your servant, Sir; and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered beef I ate at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

CHAP. VIII.

VIATOR. So, Sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

PISCATOR. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the Stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis in the very river where he is taken, I am next to tell you, that—

13. This same STONE-FLY has not the patience to continue in his crust or husk, till his wings be full grown; but so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong, at which time we call him a Jack,

squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone, where if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other, which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them, he there lurks till his wings be full grown; and there is your only place to find him; and from thence doubtless he derives his name; though, for want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail, almost, as in the middle: his colour a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it, though he makes but little use of them; for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing. But the Drake will mount steeple-height into the air; though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and indeed everywhere, high and low, near the river; there being so many of them in their season as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague; and these drakes, since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here, are taken by the fish to that incredible degree, that upon a calm day you shall see the still deeps, continually, all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies till they purge again out of their gills: and the Trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter. But pardon this digression.

This Stone-fly then we dape or dibble with as with the Drake, but with this difference, that whereas the Green-Drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams, for in a whistling wind, a made fly, in the deep, is better, and rarely, but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great Grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and here and there, a Trout too, but much better toward eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night, at which time also the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing, of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixt, but so placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail, underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook, in your arming, so as to be turned up when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another; and note, that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow silk; and the wings long, and very large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the BLACK-FLY; made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostrich feather, ribbed with silver twist, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly, that is, of the four pretenders, is the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY; in shape exactly the same with the Green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen: which is made

of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white-grey feather dyed yellow.

16. The last fly for this month, and which continues all June, though it comes in the middle of May, is the fly called the CAMLET-FLY, in shape like a moth, with fine diapered or water wings, and with which, as I told you before, I sometimes used to dibble; and Grayling will rise mightily at it. But the artificial fly, which is only in use amongst our anglers, is made of a dark brown shining camlet ribbed over with a very small light green silk: the wings of the double-grey feather of a mallard; and 'tis a killing fly for small fish. And so much for May.

JUNE.

From the first to the four-and-twentieth, the Green-drake and Stone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four-and-twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly called the OWL-FLY: the dubbing of a white weasel's tail; and a white-grey wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the BARM-FLY, from its yeasty colour. The dubbing of the fur of a yellow-dun cat, and a grey wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a HACKLE with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

4. As also a GOLD-TWIST HACKLE with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

5. To these we have, this month, a FLESH-FLY. The dubbing of a black spaniel's fur and blue wool mixt, and a grey wing.

6. Also another little FLESH-FLY, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the grey feather of a drake.

7. We have, then, the PEACOCK-FLY, the body and wing, both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or ANT-FLY, the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixt, with a light grey wing.

9. We have likewise a BROWN GNAT, with a very slender body of brown and violet camlet well mixt, and a light grey wing.

10. And another little BLACK GNAT, the dubbing of black mohair, and a white-grey wing.

11. As also a GREEN GRASSHOPPER, the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixt, ribbed over with green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And, lastly, a little DUN GRASSHOPPER, the body slender, made of a dun camlet and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in June are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the ORANGE FLY, the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little WHITE DUN, the body made of white mohair, and the wings, blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a WASP-FLY, made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk, and the wing of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a BLACK HACKLE, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the SHELL-FLY, the dubbing of yellow-green Jersey wool, and a little white hog's hair mixt, which I call the palm-fly, and do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen Trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river; by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken, this month, a BLACK-BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixt with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with July.

1. Then another ANT-FLY, the dubbing of the black-brown hair of a cow, some red warpt in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing. A killing fly.

2. Next, a fly called the FERN-FLY, the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is, of the colour of fern or bracken, with a darkish grey wing of a mallard's feather. A killer too.

3. Besides these we have a WHITE HACKLE, the body of white mohair, and warpt about with a white hackle feather; and this is, assuredly, taken for thistle-down.

4. We have also, this month, a HARRY LONG-LEGS; the body made of bear's dun and blue wool mixt, and a brown hackle feather over all.

Lastly, in this month, all the same browns and duns are taken that were taken in May.

SEPTEMBER.

This month the same flies are taken that are taken in April.

1. To which I shall only add a CAMEL-BROWN fly, the dubbing pulled out of the lime of a wall, whipt about with red silk; and a darkish grey mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other for which we have no name; but it is made of the black hair of a badger's skin, mixt with the yellow softest down of a sanded hog.

OCTOBER.

The same flies are taken this month that were taken in March.

NOVEMBER.

The same flies that were taken in February are taken this month also.

DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in January; but yet, if the weather be warm, as I have known it sometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it is least expected, then a brown, that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water and free from snow-broth: but, at the best, it is hardly worth a man's labour.

And now, Sir, I have done with Fly-fishing, or Angling at the top, excepting, once more, to tell you, that of all these, and I have named you a great many very killing flies, none are fit to be compared with the Drake and Stone-fly, both for many and very great fish; and yet there are some Days that are by no means proper for the sport. And in a calm, you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons, both because you are not then so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait, that both the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay, of your very line, in a hot calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them: but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow-bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year with any other fly; though one may sometimes hit of a day when he shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other flies. But with these two, the Green-drake and the Stone-fly, I do verily believe I could some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours, taken thirty, five-and-thirty, and forty of the best Trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it then that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking by day; which are now grown so common, that though we have very good laws to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see, impune.

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers; and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that, for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and therefore if you intend to profit by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak: and so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.

The Third Day.

CHAPTER IX.

PISCATOR. A good-day to you, Sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

VIATOR. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leapt out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself as you came in.

PISCATOR. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you. And look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver-twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I daresay will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

VIATOR. Oh, Sir, mind your affairs by all means. Do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies, and, unless it have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

PISCATOR. The best instruction I can give you is, that seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

VIATOR. I'll obey your direction, and so a good-morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

CHAP. X.

PISCATOR. OH, Sir, are you returned? you have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

VIATOR. I am glad then I have saved you the labour.

PISCATOR. And how have you sped?

VIATOR. You shall see that, Sir, presently; look you, Sir, here are three * brace of Trouts, one of them the biggest but one that ever I killed with a fly in my life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my fly to boot; and here are three Graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

PISCATOR. Why, you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, Sir, what think you of our river Dove?

VIATOR. I think it to be the best Trout-river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from't.

PISCATOR. That compliment to the river, speaks you a true lover of the art of angling. And now, Sir, to make part of amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner: walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other, in the window, to entertain you the while · and you shall have it presently.

VIATOR. Well, Sir, I obey you.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, have I not made haste?

VIATOR. Believe me, Sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

PISCATOR. Fall to then: now, Sir, what say you, am I a tolerable cook or no?

VIATOR. So good a one that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life. 'Tis quite another thing than our Trouts about London.

PISCATOR. You would say so, if that Trout you eat of were

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* Spoke like a South countryman.

in right season: but pray eat of the Grayling, which, upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fish.

VIATOR. In earnest, and so it is. And I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch Trout and Grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are drest, which, questionless, is of all other the best way.

PISCATOR. That I will, Sir, with all my heart; and am glad you like them so well as to make that request. And they are drest thus:

Take your Trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which, take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard stale beer (but it must not be dead), vinegar, and a little white wine, and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil: then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of sliced horseradish-root, with a handsome little fagot of rosemary, thyme, and winter-savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood: and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish: and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladleful or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish: and being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it; and strewing it plentifully over with shaved horseradish, and a little pounded ginger, garnish your sides of your dish, and the fish itself, with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.

A Grayling is also to be drest exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a Trout never is: and that must be done either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruising the fish. And note, that these kinds of fish, a Trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I see you have dined; and therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little house, and there I will read you a lecture of Angling at the bottom.

VIATOR. So, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the bottom; which though not so easy, so cleanly, nor, as 'tis said, so genteel a way of fishing as with a fly, is yet (if I mistake not) a good holding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

CHAP. XI.

PISCATOR. You are in the right, it does so: and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid thousand pounds that I killed fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin and tell you that Angling at the bottom is also, commonly, of two sorts (and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as shall be said hereafter); namely, by hand: or with a cork or float.

That we call Angling by hand, is of three sorts.

The first with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running-line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort, proper for a Trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labour; or indeed almost any worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the humour to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse; and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus: You are, first, to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming (that you may not bruise it with your fingers) till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but just covered with the head, which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running-line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol or carabine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet; and, about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with some of the forenamed worms, and, another half a foot above that, another armed and baited after the same manner, but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom of all depths; which with the plumbs upon your line above, you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding (which in this way of angling must be continually); by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom are most proper for a dark and muddy water, by reason, that in such a condition of the stream a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow nor the roundness of his tackle will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer than your rod; with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it; and no more than one small pellet of shot for your plumb; your hook, little; your worms, of the smaller brandlings, very well scoured; and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus to be baited: the point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stript on an inch at least upon the hair; the head and remaining part hanging downward. And with this line and hook, thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the streams, always in a clear, rather than in a troubled water, and always up the river, still casting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly, where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom; both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly. And believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially. But then his rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made, which, with a skilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of Angling at the bottom is with a Cork or Float. And that is also of two sorts; with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a Worm, you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and a half, as long as your rod; in a dark water with two, or if you will with three, but in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it; and a worm of what size you please: your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river (that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it), and both when the water is very clear, as fine as you can; and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings; or if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag, or if it do, a Trout will sometimes take it in that posture. If for a Grayling, you are then to fish further from the bottom; he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose; or, however, is more apt to rise than a Trout, and more inclined to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a Grub or Cadis, you are to angle with the same length of line, or if it be all out as long as your rod 'tis not the worse, with never above one hair, for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams, which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of Grubs for a Grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head, or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best; I say for a Grayling, because although a Trout will take both these (the ash-grub especially), yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten Graylings for one Trout with that bait; though if a Trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw-breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so likely to be taken; though to help that (which will, however, very oft fall out) I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse-hair I can choose; which, itself, will resemble and shine like that bait, and consequently will do more good, or less harm, than an arming of any other colour. These grubs are to be baited thus: the hook is to be put in under the head or chaps of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way (for then (the ash-grub especially) will issue out water-and-milk till nothing but the skin shall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it), till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it, by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now the cadis or cod-bait (which is a sure killing bait, and for the most part by much surer than either of the other) may be put upon the hook, two or three together; and is sometimes (to very great effect) joined to a worm, and sometimes to an artificial fly, to cover the point of the hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom (when by itself especially) with the finest tackle; and is for all times of the year the most holding bait of all other whatever, both for Trout and Grayling.

There are several other baits, besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest gentleman, a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of Angling for a Trout at the bottom.

VIATOR. But, Sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question. Is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

PISCATOR. Not that I know of; or did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of ivy, camphire, asafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is anything to be done that way: though I must tell you, I have seen some men who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight taken five, and sometimes ten for one. But we'll let that business alone, if you please; and because we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of Angling for a Trout or Grayling, which is in the middle; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

VIATOR. 'Tis no trouble, Sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be; and I attend you.

CHAP. XII.

PISCATOR. ANGLING in the middle, then, for a Trout or Grayling is of two sorts; with a Pink or Minnow for a Trout; or with a Worm, Grub, or Cadis, for a Grayling.

For the first. It is with a minnow, half a foot or a foot within the superficies of the water. And as to the rest that concerns this sort of Angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr Walton's directions, who is undoubtedly the best Angler with a minnow in England; only, in plain truth, I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt,* unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had (though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure, more than with any other; nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them), and much less of his artificial one; † for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish. Which having said, I shall only add, and that out of my own experience, that I do believe a Bullhead, with his gill-fins cut off (at some times of the year especially), to be a much better bait for a Trout than a minnow, and a Loach much better than that: to prove which I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken Trouts with a bullhead or a loach in their throats (for there a Trout has questionless his first digestion) than a minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water as could be wished for that purpose, without raising any one fish, I at last fell to it with a worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space; amongst all which there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one that had not a loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six loaches in his throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of't.

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* See p. 94.

† See p. 95.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise; to which I shall only add, that a Grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one who shall consider the littleness of that fish's mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait; but is affirmed by many that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a Grayling so, yet a man of mine once did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of anything I did not see, and (which made it appear the more strange) the Grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown Trout, and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle: for though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise: and though I have taken with the angle, I may safely say, some thousands of Trouts in my life, my top never snapt, though my line still continued fast to the remaining part of my rod (by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened, with waxt silk, against such an accident), nor my hand never slackt, or slipt by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a Trout should so suddenly disengage himself from so great a hook as that we bait with a minnow, and so deep bearded as those hooks commonly are, when I have seen by the forenamed accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water, the fish cleared, and gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a Trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him; but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a Trout will do, if you be not too quick with him when he comes at a minnow, as sure and much sooner than a Pike: and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish, with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming.

But I am very confident a Trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only: nay, I do certainly know that a Trout, as soon as ever he feels himself prickt, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root, like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this first sort of angling in the middle for a Trout.

The second way of Angling in the middle is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait, for a Grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a Grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle, which is common to both Trout and Grayling; and (as I said before) the best way of angling with a worm of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning Angling for a Trout and Grayling, and I doubt not have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind whilst you stay, which I hope will be a good while longer.

VIATOR. That will not be above a day longer; but if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my Master Walton or without him; and in the meantime shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

PISCATOR. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now; but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND APPENDIX

TO THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

P. 3. The first edition of Walton's Angler appears, from the original advertisements, to have been published at eighteenpence. It was thus advertised in "*The Perfect Diurnall: from Monday, May* 9*th*, *to Monday, May* 16*th*, 1653," p. 2716, London, 4to:—

"The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers, of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Also the known Play of the Spanish Gipsee, never till now published: Both printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street. In the *Mercurius Politicus: from Thursday, May* 12, *to Thursday, May* 19, 1653, *p.* 2470, *London*, *4to*, the Complete Angler is thus noticed: "There is newly extant, a Book of 18*d.* price, called the Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in St Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street."

P. 14. Alexander Brome also edited Fletcher's comedy of "Monsieur Thomas" in 1639, which he dedicated to Charles Cotton, Esq., the father of the author of the second part of "The Complete Angler."

P. 18. The following translation of Dr Duport's verses to Walton is from the pen of the Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, and was first printed in his edition of Dr Zouch's works, vol. ii. p. 441:—

HAIL, Walton, with that *fisher*-skill,
Which whilom Peter's tribute paid;
And cheer'd Augustus earlier still
'Mid empire's toils in Tibur's shade!

Thee, friend, next Cæsar now we deem
Of fishing-rod and race the boast;
Reading, on no inglorious theme,
Deep lectures to a listening host.

And master thou, and scholar I,
A dread associate may record
(For I, too, watch the mimic fly)
—A fisher was great nature's Lord.

Among more recent verses in praise of Walton, the following which occur in a poem edited by N. Tate, entitled "The Innocent Epicure, or Angling," published in 1697, the author of which is not known, merit insertion from their commemorating Walton, Cotton, and Venables:—

HAIL, great Triumvirate * of Angling! hail,
Ye who best taught, and here did best excel!
Play here the Gods, play here the Hero's part,
Yourselves the Proto-Poets of the Art;
My humble Breast with pow'rful flames inspire,
To teach the World what justly we admire:
Joys fraught with Innocence, of Danger free;
Raptures which none enjoy so full as we.

---

* Walton, Cotton, and Venables.

But tell me first, for you or none can tell,
What God the mighty Science did reveal?
For sure a God he was; less than Divine
Could Blessings richer than the raciest Wine
Enlarge our Hearts, or strengthen his Design?
A God he was then, or at least to me;
And, my Associates, such he ought to be.
He taught us first the Grandeur of the Court;
Contemn'd and scorn'd for this, to choose a Sport
Full of Content, and crown'd with healthful Ease,
Where Nature frets not, while ourselves we please.

P. 35. In a poem by W. Vallans, entitled "A Tale of Two Swannes," printed in 1590, are these verses descriptive of Theobalds:—

* Thebalds.

Now see these Swannes, the new and worthie seate *
Of famous Cicill, tresorer of the land,
Whose wisedome, counsell, skill of princes state,
The world admires; then Swannes may doe the same:
The house it selfe doth shewe the owners wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land.

It may here be remarked, that the view of the exterior of Theobalds, which will be found at page 180 of this work, from a picture by Vinkenboom, now in the Fitzwilliam Collection at Cambridge, was engraved in the second volume of the Vetusta Monumenta, where it is called a view of Richmond Palace. The following statement on the subject occurs in the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1836: "There is a folio plate of it, engraved at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries in the year 1765, but under the *misnomer* of *Richmond Palace*, a very extraordinary instance of carelessness and want of research, as there are two old views in existence of Richmond Palace, showing that its architecture was totally different in style to that of Theobalds. The original painting was then 'in the possession of Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam *at Richmond*,' a circumstance which naturally led to the misnomer with inconsiderate persons." As the Vetusta Monumenta is published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, the blunder, however striking, surely cannot be considered *extraordinary*.

P. 42. Tradescant's House is now the residence of William Heseltine, Esq.

P. 54. The following verses, ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton, which occur in Clifford's "Tixall Poetry," p. 297, bear so much resemblance, in beauty and simplicity, to many of the pieces alluded to by Walton, that their insertion needs no apology:—

RUSTICATIO RELIGIOSI IN VACANTIIS.

QUIVERING feares, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighes, untimely teares,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to find worldly harts;
Where strain'd sardonick smiles are glossing still,
And griefe is forc'd to laugh against his will;
Where mirth is but mummery,
And sorrows only reall be.

Fly from our country pastime, fly,
Sad troopes of humane misery.
Come, serened lookes,
Cleare as these cristall brookes,
Or the pure azure heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty;
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seeke, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, hart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorne proud towers,
And seeke them in those bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering Care can never tempest make;

Nor murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of fountains which glide by us.

Here's no fantastike maske, or dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance,
Nor wars are seene,
Unless upon the greene
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
Nor wounds are ever found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites
To hasten too, too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldlings like, still look
Upon the baite, and never on the hooke;
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for praise of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seeke
For gemmes in some forlorne creeke;
We pearles do scorne,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each spire of grass,
Which careles sheapheards beat downe as they passe:
And gold nere here appeares
But what the yellow Ceres beares.

Sweet silent groves, O may you be
For ever mirth's best nursery.
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these meads, these downs, these rocks, these mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every yeare
Find when we come to sojourne here.

P. 54. There are strong reasons for believing that the "Secrets of Angling" was not written by John Davers, but by *John Dennys*, Esq., who was lord of Oldbury-sur-Montem, in the county of Gloucester, between 1572 and 1608. He was a younger son of Sir Walter Dennis, of Pucklechurch, in that county, by Agnes, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Davers, or Danvers. It has been observed by Mr James Williamson, that the author of the Secrets of Angling speaks of the river Boyd, "washing the cliffs of Deighton and Week, and through their rocks, with winding way, seeking the Avon, in whose fair streams are found trout, roaches, dace, gudgeon, and bleak." Mention is also made of the many pleasant banks of that river, and of parties of anglers from Bath and Bristol passing along the meadows near the sides of that beautiful stream. The author likewise speaks of the rivers Usk, Severn, and Wye, which flow not very far distant from that neighbourhood. It appears that there is a beautiful rivulet called Boyd, which is formed by four distinct streams, rising in the parishes of Codrington, Pucklechurch, Dyrham, and Toghill, in the southern part of the county of Gloucester, between Bath and Bristol, which join in Wyke or Week Street, in the parish of Alston and Wyck, near a bridge of three large arches, and thence by the name of Boyd down to Avon, at Kynsham Bridge, and which river passes through the village of Pucklechurch, and thence flows on to Bitton, where stands a stone bridge. At Alston and Wyke there are many high cliffs or rocks, whose quarries afford most excellent lime, and in the north aisle of the ancient Church of Pucklechurch is the burial-place of the family of Dennys. John Dennys, Esq., was resident in that neighbourhood in the year 1572, and so continued till 1608, during which interval he was lord of the manor of Oldbury-sur-Montem, and of other places in the county of Gloucester.

The poet who commends the "Secrets of Angling" in the copy of verses under the signature of "Jo. Daves," was probably the author's relation; and this seems to have been the old way of spelling the name of Davers or Danvers, as may be collected from Leland's Itinerarium, ed. 1769, vol. iii. p. 115.

P. 79. The following are the songs mentioned by Walton:—

COME, SHEPHERDS, DECK YOUR HEADS.[*]

(From a MS. in the collection of the late Mr Heber, communicated by Mr T. Rodd.)

Come, Shepheards, deck your heads
No more with bayes but willowes,
Forsake your downie beds
And make the downes your pillowes,
And mourne with me, since crost
As never yet was no man,
For shepheard neaver lost
So plain a dealing woman.

All yee forsaken wooers
That ever were distressed,
And all ye lusty doers
That ever wenches pressed,
That losses can condole
And altogeather summon
To mourne for the poor soule
Of my plaine-dealinge woman.

Faire Venus made her chast,
And Ceres beauty gave her,
Pan wept when shee was lost,
The Satyrs strove to have her;
Yet seem'd she to theire view
So coy, so nice, that no man
Could judge but he that knew
Shee was plaine-dealinge woman.

At all her pretty parts
I nere enough can wonder;
She overcame all hearts,
Yet shee all hearts came under;
Her inward parts were sweete,
Yet not so sweete as common,
Shepheard shall neaver meet
So plaine a dealinge woman.

"AS AT NOON DULCINA RESTED."

(Printed in Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poetry, 2d ed. p. 189.)

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon
The nymph he prays,
Whereto she says,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him,
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay—
What boots to say,
Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight:
Which she denies: night's murky noon,
In Venus' plays,
Makes bold (she says);
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair and he was young;
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers,
Joys unseen are never sung.
Did she consent
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her a maid
Or not, she said,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

"PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME."

(Printed in Ritson's "Ancient Songs," ed. 1790, p. 236, from the "Theatre of Compliments," in 1689.)

Oh! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it;
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth:
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay,
Alack, and well-a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

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[*] In the third, fourth, and fifth, as well as in the present edition of "The Complete Angler," this word is erroneously printed "*herds.*"

At the fair t'other day,
  As she pass'd by me,
She look'd another way,
  And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
  But could not get her;
Dick had her to the Vine,
  He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she wou'd not glance,
Oh! thrice unhappy chance,
    Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
  Do not disdain me;
I am my mother's joy,
  Sweet, entertain me.
I shall have, when she dies,
  All things that's fitting,
Her poultry and her bees,
  And her goose sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds:
And yet for all these goods,
    Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
  That she lov'd posies;
In the last month of May
  I gave her roses;
Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
  And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
  Of my dear Philly:
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
    Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds-and-cream
  All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream,
  Pleasant in tasting;
Swig whey until you burst,
  Eat bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
  Pears, plums, and cherries;
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin,
Yet all's not worth a pin,
    Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
  She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
  Nothing contents me;
I fade and pine away
  With grief and sorrow:
I fall quite to decay,
  Like any shadow;
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
And all because my dear
    Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
  And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
  If you forsake me:
There's Doll the dairymaid
  Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnifred
  Favours me greatly;
One throws milk on my clothes.
T'other plays with my nose;
What pretty toys are those?
    Phillida flouts me.

She hath a cloth of mine,
  Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which she keeps as a sign
  Of my fidelity;
But if she frowns on me,
  She ne'er shall wear it;
I'll give it my maid Joan,
  And she shall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
    Phillida flouts me.

CHEVY CHASE.

The length of this well-known ballad prevents its being reprinted here. It will be found in "Percy's Reliques," as well as in several other collections.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

(From Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads, ed. 1829, vol. ii. p. 215, where it is entitled "John Armstrong's Last Good-Night.")

Is there never a man in all Scotlànd,
  From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself now before the king,
  Scotlànd is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmorelànd,
  And John Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
  Yet he keeps eight-score men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
  And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
  With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving lettèr,
  And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
  To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
  Good lord, he look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree:
"I was never before a king in my life,
  My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

"But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord, we will go most gallantly;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three:

"And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five;
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when John he went from Giltnock Hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain:
"Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock Hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again."

Now John is to Edinburgh gone,
With his eight-score men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eight-score men so gallant to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

"O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eight-score men and me;
For my name it is John Armstrŏng,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitŏr,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But, to-morrow 'morn' by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eight-score men and thee."

Then John look'd over his left shouldĕr,
And to his merry men thus said he.
"I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you or me."

Then John pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
And it was made of metal so free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

"Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly,
It shall ne'er be said we were hung like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard,
There was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead upon the plain,
For they were resolved, before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain;
But little Musgrave that was his foot-page,
With his bonny Grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock Hall,
The lady spied him presently;
"What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master, and his company?"

"My news is bad, ladŷ," he said,
"Which I do bring, as you may see;
My master Johnny Armstrŏng is slain,
And all his gallant company."

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissĕl,
Full oft hast thou been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
"If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be."

TROY TOWN.

(From Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads, ed. 1829, vol. ii. p. 101, where it is entitled "the Wandering Prince of Troy." Ritson observes that "the old printed copies, being palpably corrupt, have been judiciously corrected by the ingenious Dr Percy, whose emendations are here adopted, though not without proper marks of distinction.")

When Troy town had, for ten years 'past,'
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes increase so fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood.

Æneas, wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,

At length, 'arriving' with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meat they sat,
The queen, desirous news to hear,
Says, "Of thy Troy's unhappy fate,
Declare to me, thou Trojan dear:
The heavy hap, and chance so bad,
Which thou, poor wandering prince, hast had."

And then, anon, this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of 'their' unhappy ten years' 'fight,'
So true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetch'd,
And every sigh brought tears amain;
That where he sate the place was wet,
As he had seen those wars again;
So that the queen, with ruth therefore,
Said, Worthy prince, enough, no more.

The darksome night apace grew on,
And twinkling stars in skies were spread;
And he his doleful tale had 'done,'
And every one was laid in bed;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Dido's boiling breast.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy, always wept,
And to the walls she made her moan;
That she should still desire in vain
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glittering 'light,'
Through misty clouds appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,
Did arm her heart as hard as stone,
Yet, somewhat loth to lose her life,
In woeful wise she made her moan;
And, rolling on her careful bed,
With sighs and sobs, these words she said:

O wretched Dido queen! quoth she,
I see thy end approacheth near;
For he is gone away from thee,
Whom thou didst love, and 'hold' so dear:
Is he then gone, and passed by?
O heart, prepare thyself to die.

Though Reason would thou shouldst forbear,
And stay thy hand from bloody stroke:
Yet Fancy says thou shouldst not fear,
Who fettereth thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come, Death, quoth she, resolve my smart:—
And with these words, she pierced her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart
Of Dido, Carthaginian queen;
And bloody knife did end the smart,
Which she sustain'd in woeful teen,—
Æneas being shipp'd and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her moan.—

Her funeral most costly made,
And all things furnish'd mournfully;
Her body fine in mould was laid,
Where it consumed speedily:
Her sister's tears her tomb bestrew'd;
Her subjects' grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle,
In Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
Whereas her sister, in short while,
Writ to him to his vile disgrace;
In phrase of letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.

False-hearted wretch, quoth she, thou art;
And treacherously thou hast betray'd
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
Which unto thee such welcome made;
My sister dear, and Carthage joy,
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet, on her deathbed when she lay,
She pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching Heaven, that every day
Might breed thy great felicity:
Thus, by thy means I lost a friend;
Heaven send thee such untimely end!

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perused had, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
And straight appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;
Which made this gallant soldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this grisly ghost,
My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
My fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou 'dug'st' my grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul
To wander with me in the air;
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care:
Delay no time, thy glass is run,
Thy day is pass'd, thy death is come.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite;
Be not so hasty to convey
My soul into eternal night,
Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.
O do not frown,—thy angry look
Hath 'all my soul with horror shook.'

But, woe to me! it is in vain,
And bootless is my dismal cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor thou surcease before I die:
O let me live, to make amends
Unto some of thy dearest friends.

But, seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content myself to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake.
And, like one being in a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance,
No help he had of any friends;
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying day.

P. 84. Commendation of ale. The following old ballad, which is printed in "A ryght pithy, pleasaunt, and merie comedie: Intytuled Gammer Gurton's Nedle" (London, 1575), by Bishop Still, was probably well known to Walton:—

I CANNOT eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde:
But belly, God sende thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab[*] laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me stead,
Much breade I do not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe,
Loueth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
The teares run downe her cheeke:
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
Euen as a mault-worm shuld;
And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
Even as good felowes shoulde doe:
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred boules
Or have them lustely trolde,
God saue the lyues of them and their wyues,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and side, &c.

P. 85. The following are the songs mentioned by Walton as having been composed by Mr William Basse:—

THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER.

(From a Collection of Old Ballads, ed. 1725, vol. iii. p. 196.)

LONG ere the morn
Expects the return
Of Apollo from th' Ocean Queen:
Before the creak
Of the crow, and the break
Of the day in the welkin seen;
Mounted he'd hallow,
And cheerfully follow,
To the chase with his bugle clear;
Echo doth he make,
And the mountains shake,
With the thunder of his career.

Now bonny Bay
In his foine waxeth gray,
Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood;
White Lilly stops,
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black Lady makes it good;
Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights for to hear;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the music of their career.

Hills with the heat
Of the gallopers sweat,
Reviving their frozen tops;
The dale's purple flowers,
That drop from the showers,
That down from the rowels drops:
Swains their repast
And strangers their haste
Neglect, when the horns they do hear;
To see a fleet
Pack of hounds in a sheet,
And the hunter in his career.

Thus he careers
Over heaths, over meers,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;
Till he hath won
The noon from the morn,
And the evening from the day:
His sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home again to his cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his career.

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[*] Apple.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

(From Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 357.)

Forth from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, how the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses:
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye[*] of tenses:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For Time will stay for no man:
In vain with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe, or else I dye!

Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of warr;

Mars with his weapon laid about,
And Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To me he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts,
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye,
A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe;
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

P. 89. Besides the above songs, William Basse was the author of verses "On William Shakespeare, who died in April 1616," which are printed in Malone's edition of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 470; and another poem by him will be found in the "Annalia Dubrensia, upon the yearely celebration of Mr Robert Dover's Olympic Games upon Cotswold Hills," 4to, 1636. He was also the author of a poem called the Sword and Buckler, printed in 8vo, in 1602, which is supposed to be in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library; and of a poem on the Death of Prince Henry, printed in 12mo, in 1613, of which a fragment only is known to exist, which is in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq. A quarto volume, in manuscript, entitled "Polyhymnia," a poem by William Basse, was in Mr Heber's collection. Vide "Bibliotheca Heberiana," Part xi. No. 70. Anthony Wood (Athen. Oxon. edit. Bliss, iv. 222) states that Basse was of Moreton near Thame, in Oxfordshire, and was sometime a retainer of Lord Wenman, of Thame Park, *i.e.*, Richard Viscount Wenman in the Peerage of Ireland.

P. 87. Since the Memoir of Walton was printed, a presentation copy of Walton's Lives, ed. 1670, has been discovered in the possession of the Rev. W. Cotton, of Newgate Street, in which Walton wrote "For my brother Chalkhill, Iz. Wa." but the connection between them has not been ascertained. See, however, the Memoir of Walton, p. xciii., and the Pedigree of Chalkhill in the Appendix. It ought also to be observed, that in the parish register of St Dunstan's in the West, the following entry occurs: "Jany. 2, 1628 [1628–9], Ann, the daughter of Roger Chalkhill, baptized;" and that John Ken (the half-brother of Walton's second wife) bequeathed £5, by his will dated 26th April 1651, to his kinsman Roger Chalkhill. This Roger Chalkhill may have been the person of that name who lived at Kingston-upon-Thames, the administration of whose effects was granted in 1669 to his widow Susannah.

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[*] Pentateuch.

P. 96. The caterpillar here described is that of the Privet Hawk, of which an engraving will be found in Harris's Aurelian, ed. 1766, plate 2; and of the Puss Moth, in the same work, plate 38.

P. 101. Mr THOMAS BARKER. The first line of the note to this page ought to be deleted. The passage referred to in the Complete Angler, and a few particulars which occur in the two editions of the Art of Angling published by Barker, contain nearly everything which is now known concerning that singular character. In "the Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to his "Art of Angling," Lond. 1651, 12mo, are related some circumstances of his life, which are amplified in the Dedication to "Barker's Delight," Lond. 1659, 12mo, which is the second and best edition of the foregoing work. The volume is inscribed "To the Right Honorable Edvvard Lord Montague, Generall of the Navy, and one of the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury;" and in the course of the Author's Epistle, he writes as follows. "I am now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book. I have written no more but my own experience and practise, and have set forth the true ground of Angling; which I have been gathering these threescore yeares, having spent many pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where I was born and educated, which is Bracemeale in the liberty of Salop, being a freeman and burgesse of the same city. If any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7th's Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westm. My name is Barker, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long."

The following quaint lines occur in the commendatory verses prefixed to the edition of the Art of Angling, printed in 1657 or 1659:—

"Perhaps some Rustick currishly will bark
At thee, brave *Barker:* but if in the dark
And silent night thou canst the knave espie,
With the captive Trout he soon shall make a die.
Then rogues thy name wil dread, and from thee gallop
As from the Devil, when 'tis *Tom* of *Salop.*
But thou ingenuous spirit, follow him
To christall streames, where nimble fish do swim
With fins display'd, and skipping up the streams:
Then (without help of *Phœbus*' glorious beams)
The Trout shall gorge thy bait with pleasure store;
Sweet *Philomel* shall eccho on the shore.
What now remains? thou hast ensnar'd the fish,
And *Barker's* Art will make a princely dish.
Edward Hopton, *Gen.* Hamtoniensis."

P. 104. *To buy a good wind of one of the honest witches.* Mr Richard Thomson observes on this passage, "Walton in this place most probably alludes to a passage in a superstitious and legendary book entitled "A

Compendious History of the Goths, Svvedes, and Vandals, and other Northern Nations. Written by Olaus Magnus, Arch-Bishop of Upsall, and Metropolitan of Svveden." Lond. 1658, folio. This was a translation from the Latin by J. S., and the particulars mentioned in the text occur on page 47, in book iii. chap. xv. "Of the Conjurors and Witches in Finland. Also, I shall shew very briefly what force conjurors and witches have in constraining the elements, enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their naturall order: premising this, that the extream land of the North Finland and Lapland, was so taught by witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this divellish art, of all arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, and other suchlike mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of Gentilisme, to sell winds to merchants, that were stopt on their coast by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them to the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy truth of it, who denied that there was any such power in those knots."

"Olaus Magnus, the author of the above, was brother and successor to John, Archbishop of Upsal; and, like him, he suffered much from his attachment to the Roman Catholic religion when Gustavus Erickson introduced Protestantism into Sweden. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and he died at Rome in 1555."

P. 117. In Evelyn's Memoirs (ii. 80, ed. 1827), under 22d July 1654, it is said, "We departed and dined at a farme of my uncle Hungerford's, called Darneford Magna, situate in a valley under the plaine, most sweetly watered, abounding in trouts *catch'd by speare in the night,* when they come attracted by a light set in the sterne of a boat." Pepys, in his Diary, March 18, 1667, says, "This day Mr Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minikin, a guttstring varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily."—Vol. iii. p. 171, ed. 1828.

P. 128. The conjecture in the note to this page that "R. R." may have been the R. Roe mentioned in the preface to Walton's Angler, is rendered improbable by the fact that in the *first* edition of the "Secrets of Angling" the initials are "R. B."

Since the Memoir of Walton was written, wherein it is said (p. lxvii.) that nothing had been discovered respecting his friends Nat. and R. Roe, the following entries have been found in the register of St Dunstan's in the West:—

1622. August 12. John, the sonne of Edward Roe, buried.

1624. August 5. Susanna and Elizabeth, daughters of Edward Roe and Barbara his wife, christened.

1636. January 3. Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Roe, was buried.

1652. March 22. Alexander Roe, infant, buryed, churchyard; out of he Friers.
1653. Nov. 17. Barbara, wife of Edward Roe, buryed.
1654. May 26. Edward Roe was buryed, churchyard; coffined, out of he Friars.

P. 163. It was then usual to exhibit curiosities of any kind at coffee-houses, and the custom is alluded to in the Spectator.

P. 166. By an error of the press, the note which refers to the Guiniad s made to apply to the Barbel.

P. 177. Cowper has beautifully expressed the same idea in the following lines:—

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?

THE TASK. *Book V.*

P. 179. It was intended to insert a poem, preserved in a MS. in the Library of the Royal Society, which is attributed to Walton, and is supposed to be unpublished, entitled "On a Lady fishing with an Angle," commencing—

"See where the fair Clorinda sits, and seeing."

On applying to the librarian of the Royal Society, with a letter from one of the Fellows, it appeared, however, that an extract was not allowed to be made from any manuscript belonging to that learned body, *without a special order of the Council.* As the Council would not meet for some weeks, it was not thought worth while to delay the publication of this work until all the necessary forms could be observed. Any remarks on the absurdity of a regulation which tends to render the library of a society, incorporated for the advancement of knowledge, comparatively useless, even to its own Fellows, must be unnecessary; but the hope may be expressed that it will not much longer be allowed to cast discredit on a body which claims the first place among the learned associations of Europe.

It would seem from the following verses, which were written by the witty Lord Rochester, that King Charles the Second was an angler. They are printed in a collection of Poems on Affairs of State, 8vo, 1703, vol. i. Continuation, p. 43:—

WINDSOR BY THE LORD R——R.

Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant angle trembling in his hand;

Pleas'd with the sport, good man, nor does he know,
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative, indeed, of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod.
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great Godship stoop'd to catching flies;
Bless us! what pretty sport have Deities!
But see, he now does up from Dochet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home;
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every King-fisher of state;
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught;
Then listen now how he himself is caught.
So well, alas! the fatal bait is known,
Which R—— does so greedily take down;
And, howe'er weak and slender be the string,
Bait it with whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty power of women, &c.

P. 197. Dr Wharton. The portrait of this learned physician has been recently engraved for the first time, and published by Mr Major.

P. 237. Cotton again notices his favourite river Dove in the "Wonders of the Peake:"—

'Twixt these twin-Provinces of Britain's shame,
The silver Dove (how pleasant is that name!)
Runs through a Vale high-crested Cliffs o'ershade
(By her fair progress only pleasant made):
But with so swift a torrent in her course,
As shows the nymph flies from her native source,
To seek what there's deny'd, the sun's warm beams,
And to embrace Trent's prouder swelling streams;
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a nook
Of this our little world, this pretty brook,
Alas! is all the recompence I share,
For all the intemperances of the air,
Perpetual winter, endless solitude,
Or the society of men so rude,
That it is ten times worse. Thy murmurs (Dove)*
Or humour of Lovers; or Men fall in love
With thy bright Beauties, and thy fair blue Eyes
Wound like a Parthian, whilst the shooter flies.
Of all fair Thetis' Daughters none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight
None yields the gentle Angler such delight.
To which the Bounty of her Stream is such,
As only with a swift and transient Touch,
T' enrich her steril Borders as she glides,
And force sweet Flowers from their marble sides.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE, QUARLES, BUNYAN, POPE, GAY, AND THOMSON, IN REFERENCE TO ANGLING.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.—*Ant. and Cleop.* act ii. sc. 4.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.—*Much Ado*, act iii. sc. 1.

If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him.—*Henry IV.* Pt. II. act iii. sc. 2.

Bait the hook well and the fish will bite.—*Much Ado*, act ii. sc. 3.

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* The river Dove.

QUARLES.

The broad-side bream,
The wary trout that thrives against the stream;
The well-grown carp, full laden with her spawn.

The surest way
To take the fish, is give her leave to play,
And yield her line.—*Shepheard's Eglogues.*

BUNYAN.

You see the ways the fishermen doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make?
Behold! how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets:
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine, can make thine:
They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

POPE.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
When cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Windsor Forest.

GAY.

When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams:
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every wat'ry snare:
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy Fisherman! now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not every worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed, they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:

Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, his eyes;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away:
The scaly shoals float by, and, seized with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air:
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downright plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase:
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey

Rural Sports.

THOMSON.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm
Convulsive twist in agonising folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch
Harsh pain and horror to the trembling hand.
When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams and roused the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair,
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool

Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw nice-judging the delusive fly:
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod:
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.
Spring.

Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy makes the following observations upon Angling:—

"Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it by nets, weeles, boats, angling, or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men, as dogs, hawkes. When they draw their fish upon the bank, saith Nic. Henselius, Silesiographia, cap. 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing and making of pooles. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book De Piscibus, telleth, how travelling by the highways side in Silesia, he found a nobleman booted up to the groins, and wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carps? Many gentlemen in like sort with us, will wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man of a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo.—But he that shall but consider the variety of baits, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say that it deserves as much commendation, requires as much study, and perspicacy as the rest, and much to be preferred before many of them.—But this is still and quiet; and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook's side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams, he hath fresh air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, &c., and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make."—*Part* 2, *sec.* 2, *m.* 4, *edit. Oxf.* 1621.

For the reasons stated in the following extract from the advertisement prefixed to a reprint of the "Treatyse of Fysshyng wyth an Angle," ascribed to Juliana Berners, in 1827, it is desirable that the most striking passages of that treatise should be inserted among these notes:—

It is not, however, merely as a literary curiosity that this treatise is of interest, for independently of the information which it contains of the state of Angling at the period in which it was written, there are some grounds for presuming that it suggested to Walton the idea of his "Complete Angler," for the most superficial reader cannot fail to be struck with the general resemblance between them. "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," commences with some observations, which are remarkable for their truth and simplicity; and after comparing the pursuits of Hunting, Hawking, and Fowling, with that of Angling, the preference is of course given to the latter. Then follow instructions for making tackle, rods, baits, &c., and a description of the most skilful manner of using them, together with an account of the various kinds of river fish, and their respective merits as food; and the treatise is concluded by some admirable rules for the conduct of Anglers towards each other, and towards those whose lands they frequent, an observance of which, it is emphatically added, would secure "the blessing of God and Saint Peter which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought."

Thus it is manifest, that in the most important features, Walton has closely followed the treatise, and although he has much enlarged upon it, and introduced his remarks in a dialogue, there is so great a similarity between them, as to justify the opinion, that if the original idea of his work was not derived from this tract, he was indebted to it in an eminent degree. In piety and virtue, in the inculcation of morality, in an ardent love for their art, and still more, in that placid and Christian spirit, for which the amiable Walton was so conspicuous, the early writer was scarcely inferior to his more celebrated successor. Nor ought the suggestion to offend the admirers of the latter, that judging from their writings upon the same subject, and making a proper allowance for the different state of manners in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, it would be difficult to find two more kindred spirits than the authors of "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," and of "The Complete Angler."

"Here beginneth the Treatise of Fishing with an Angle.—Solomon in his parables saith that a good spirit maketh a flowering age, that is, a fair age and a long. And, sith it is so: I ask this question, which be the means and the causes that induce a man into a merry spirit? Truly, to my best discretion, it seemeth good disports and honest games in whom a man joyeth without any repentance after. Then followeth it that good disports and honest games be cause of man's fair age and long life. And, therefore, now will I choose of four good disports and honest games, that is to wit: of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling. The best to my simple discretion which is fishing; called angling with a rod, and a line and a hook. And thereof to treat as my simple wit may suffice; both for the said reason of Solomon, and also for the reason that physic maketh in this wise. Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant: hec tria mens læta labor et moderata dieta. Ye shall understand that this is for to say, if a man lack leech or medicine he shall make three things his leech and medicine, and he shall need never no more. The first of them is a merry thought; the second is labour not outrageous; the third is diet measurable. First, that if a man will evermore be in merry thoughts and have a glad spirit, he must eschew all contrarious company, and all places of debate, where he might have any occasions of melancholy; and if he will have a labour not outrageous, he must then ordain him, to his heart's ease and pleasance, without study, pensiveness, or travail, a merry occupation which may rejoice his heart, and in which his spirits may have a merry delight; and if he will be dieted measurably, he must eschew all places of riot, which is cause of surfeit and of sickness; and he must draw him to places of sweet air and hunger, and eat nourishable meats and defiable also.

"Now then will I describe the said disports and games, to find the best of them, as verily as I can, albeit that the right noble and full worthy prince, the Duke of York, late called master of game, hath described the mirths of hunting, like as I think to describe of it and of all the other. For hunting as to my intent is too laborious, for the hunter must always run and follow his hounds, travelling and sweating full sore; he bloweth till his lips blister; and when he weneth it be a hare, full oft it is a hedgehog. Thus he chaseth and wots not what. He cometh home at even, rain-beaten, pricked, and his clothes torn, wet shod, all miry, some hound lost, some surbat. Such griefs and many other happeneth unto the hunter, which for displeasance of them that love it I dare not report. Thus truly me seemeth that this is not the best disport and game of the said four. The disport and game of hawking is laborious and noisome also as me seemeth; for often the falconer loseth his hawks, as the hunter his hounds, then is his game and his disport gone; full often crieth he and whistleth till that he be right evil athirst. His hawk taketh a bow and list not once on him reward; when he would have her for to flee, then will she bathe; with misfeeding she shall have the fronce, the rye, the cray, and many other sicknesses that bring them to the souse. Thus by proof this is not the best disport and game of the said four. The disport and game of fowling me seemeth most simple, for in the winter season the fowler speedeth not, but in the most hardest and coldest weather, which is grievous; for when he would go to his gins he may not for cold. Many a gin and many a snare he maketh: yet sorrily doth he fare; at morn-tide in the dew he is wet shod unto his tail. Many other such I could tell, but dread of meagre maketh me for to leave. Thus me seemeth that hunting and hawking and also fowling be so laborious and grievous, that none of them may perform nor be very mean that induce a man to a merry spirit: which is cause of his long life according unto the said parable of Solomon. Doubtless then followeth it that it must needs be the disport of fishing with an angle; for all other manner of fishing is also laborious and grievous: often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been seen cause of great infirmities. But the angler may have no cold nor no disease nor anger, but if he be causer himself. For he may not lose at the most but a line or a hook: of which he may have store plenty of his own making, as this simple treatise shall teach him. So then his loss is not grievous, and other griefs may he not have, saving but if any fish break away after that he is taken on the hook, or else that he catch nought: which be not grievous. For if he fail of one he may not fail of another, if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought in the water. And yet at the least he hath his wholesome walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers: that maketh him hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fowls. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods; which me seemeth better than all the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cry of fowls that hunters, falconers, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surely then is there no man merrier than he is in his spirit. Also whoso will use the game of angling, he must rise early, which thing is profitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, most to the heal of his soul. For it shall cause him to be holy, and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole. Also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous. Thus have I proved in my intent that the disport and game of angling is the very mean and cause that induceth a man into a merry spirit: which after the said parable of Solomon, and the said doctrine of physic, maketh a flowering age and a long. And therefore, to all you that be virtuous, gentle, and free-born, I write and make this simple treatise following, by which ye may have the full craft of angling to disport you at your lust, to the intent that your age may the more flower and the more longer to endure.

"Ye that can angle and take fish to your pleasures, as this foresaid treatise teacheth and showeth you, I charge and require you in the name of all noble men that ye fish not in no poor man's several water, as his pond, stew, or other necessary things to keep fish in, without his license and goodwill. Nor that ye use not to break no man's gins lying in their weirs and in other places due unto them; nor to take the fish away that is taken in them. For after a fish is taken in a man's gin, if the gin be laid in the common waters, or else in such waters as he hireth, it is his own proper goods: and if ye take it away ye rob him, which is a right shameful deed to any noble man to do that that thieves and bribers do: which are punished for their evil deeds by the neck and otherwise, when they may be espied and taken. And also if ye do in like manner as this treatise showeth you, ye shall have no need to take of other men's while ye shall have enough of your own taking if ye list to labour therefore, which shall be to you a very pleasure to see the fair bright shining scaled fishes deceived by your crafty means and drawn upon land. Also that ye break no man's hedges in going about your disports: nor open no man's gates but that ye shut them again. Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafty disport for no covetousness, to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the health of your body, and specially of your soul. For when ye purpose to go on your disports in fishing, ye will not desire greatly many persons with you, which might let you of your game; and then ye may serve God devoutly in saying affectuously your customable prayer. And thus doing ye shall eschew and avoid many vices, as idleness, which is principal cause to induce man to many other vices, as it is right well known. Also ye shall not be too ravenous in taking of your said game, as too much at one time, which ye may lightly do if ye do in every point as this present treatise showeth you in every point, which lightly be occasion to destroy your own disports and other men's also. As when ye have a sufficient mess ye should covet no more as at that time. Also ye shall busy yourself to nourish the game in all that ye may, and to destroy all such things as be devourers of it. And all those that do after this rule shall have the blessing of God and Saint Peter, which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought."

INDEX.

"ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS," 1650, 111 *n.*

"Accomplishment of the Prophecies," by Du Moulin, 8vo, 1613, 40.

Acre, carrier-pigeons used at the siege of, 27.

Action, question whether preferable to contemplation, 39; Lord Clarendon's opinion thereon, 39 *n.*

"Adenographia; sive Glandularum totus corporis descriptio," by Dr Wharton, 8vo, 1656, 33 *n.*

Adonis, or darling of the sea, a fish so called by Ælian, 46.

Ælianus, Claudius, quoted by Walton, 46.

Air, the element of the fowler, 25.

Aire, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*

Albertus Magnus, quoted by Walton, 74, 160.

"Alcilia. Philoparthens loving Folly," xix.

Aldersgate Street, Doctor Wharton's house in, 33 *n.*

Aldridge, Anne, wife of Robert, gent. of Burton, clv.

Aldrovandus, Ulysses, quoted by Walton, 96, 121, 156, 164.

Ale, a ballad in commendation of, 281, *v.* Ashbourn.

Aleppo, carrier-pigeons used at, 27.

Alfred, King, turned the course of the Lee to prevent the return of the Danes, who had sailed up it, 196 *n.*

Algiers, the pirates of, clxxxii.

Allington, Cordell, daughter of Richard, Esq., ccii.

Alstonefield Church, arms of Cotton carved on a pew in, 226.

Ambrose, St, Bishop of Milan, styles the grayling "the flower of fishes," 121.

Amerly trout considered superior to others, 73, 140.

Amos, the Prophet, mention of fish-hooks made by, 38, 49.

Amwell Hill, li, 21, 22; engraving of, 56.

Andrew, St, a fisherman, 49.

Andrews, Matthew, of Mathfield, co. Stafford, clv.

Angel, a coin of the value of ten shillings, 209 *n.*; explanation of the term to "*vie angels*," 209 *n.*

Angler, the idea of making one by a book justly ridiculed by Walton, xlvii; the qualifications of an, from Markham's "Country Contentments," 37 *n.*, vide "Complete Angler."

Anglers, Walton's character of the generality of, 24.

"Angler's Song," the, written by William Basse, 88, 178.

"Angler's Wish," the, by Walton, 110; contains the only allusion to his having resided at or near Stafford, xli.

"Angler's Wish," the, by John Davors, Esq., extract from, 55.

Angling, verses in praise of, addressed to Walton by the Rev. Thomas Weaver, xlix; a song in praise of, made by Basse, an eminent composer, at Walton's request, cxiv; the favourite amusement of Charles Cotton, clxx; not forgotten among his regrets at taking leave of his home, clxxiv; the antiquity of, 24 *n.*, 36; the art of, said to be as ancient as Deucalion's flood, 37; first invented by Belus, 37; of high esteem and of much use in other nations, 50; allowed to Churchmen by the ancient ecclesiastical canons, as a harmless recreation, 50; a recreation used by Cleopatra and Mark Antony, 50; commendations bestowed on, by the learned Perkins, 51; Dr Whitaker, a great lover of, 51; account of memorable men, ornaments of the art of, 51–53; a short discourse by way of postscript, touching the laws of, 212–214; different sorts of, and directions for, 241, et seq.; verses descriptive of the art and of the pleasures of, by Shakespeare, 286; by Quarles, Bunyan, Pope, and Gay, 287; by Thomson, 288.

Ankham, in Lincolnshire, famous for eels, 164 *n.*

Ant-fly, the, a bait for chub, 69; directions for preserving the, 184; directions for making the artificial, 261.

Anthony, St, the picture of, bequeathed to Lord Newport by Dr Donne the younger, cxiii.

"Antidote against Melancholy," 8vo, 1669, by Playford, 85 *n.*

Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey at whose ears she hung jewels or earrings, 119, 160 *n.*

Anus, the river, in Spain, 41.

Arabia, a river in, of which all the sheep that drink have their wool turned to a vermilion colour, 41.

Archer, Charlotte, cc; bequest made to, by her father, Dr Stanhope, cci.

Archer, Charlotte, wife of Robert Turner, ccii.
——, Elizabeth, ccii.
——, Emily, living in 1744, cciii.
——, the Rev. Dr Henry, rector of Feversham, in Kent, cc, ccii.
——, Henry, of Thaxted, ccii.
——, Olivia Alcione, cciii.
——, Stanhope, ccii.
Ardglass, Wingfield, second Earl of, clxxxiv.
——, Mary, Countess-Dowager of, the wife of Charles Cotton, clxxxv, cciii; administration of his effects granted to her, 12th Sept. 1687, clxxxviii.
Aristotle, quoted by Walton, 41, 45, 48.
Armstrong, Augustine, of the parish of St George the Martyr, cci, cciii.
——, Charles, cci, cciii.
——, Gilbert, ccii.
——, Katherine, ccii, cciii.
——, Mrs Lettice, sister of Sir Aston Cokayne, buried at Ashbourn, clxxviii *n.*
Artificial flies, Walton's list of, and directions for making, 100, 102–105; Cotton's directions for making, 244, et seq.; twelve only mentioned by Walton, 252; Cotton's list of, for January and February, 253; for March, 254; for April, 255; for May, 256–261; for June and July, 261; for August, September, October, November, and December, 262.
"Art of Angling," the, by Thomas Barker, Lond. 1651, 12mo, extract from, 101, 283.
Arundel mullet considered superior to others, 73, 140.
"As at noon Dulcina rested," copy of the song so called, 277.
Ashbourn, the town of, 222, 225; account of the Talbot Inn at, 227 *n.*; said by Cotton to be famous for the best malt and the worst ale in England, 235.
Ash-fly, the oak-fly so called, 106 *n.*
Ashford, county of Derby, 230.
Ashmole, Elias, his collection of natural history, 43; biographical account of, 43 *n.*
Aston, the family of, connected with that of Cotton by marriage, clxiv.
——, Walter, Lord, 21 *n.*; a copy of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, presented to him by Walton, preserved in the library at Tixall, lxxviii.
——, Sir Willoughby, of Aston, county of Chester, Bart., 1 *n.*
Atkinson, Mr, quantity of barbel caught by him at Shepperton, 9th Aug. 1807, 170 *n.*
Aubrey, John, Esq., his statement that Cotton had relieved Colonel Lovelace, during his distress, corroborated, clxviii; described as "a silly crackbrained enthusiast," 43 *n.*
Aurelius Macrobius, a writer of the fourth century, quoted by Walton, 33.
Ausonius, Decius, referred to by Walton, 45, 172.
Austin, St, his "Confessions," quoted by Walton, 210.
Aviaries in Italy, 26; Varro's, 26.
Avon, the river, 55; mentioned in one of Drayton's sonnets, 196; the name common to many rivers in England, 230 *n.*
Awber, the river, 231.
Awberson, co. of Derby, the town of, 231.
Aylesbury, the town of, 195 *n.*
Aylmer, Dr, letter from Walton to Anthony Wood, in reply to an inquiry respecting his death, xcix.

Babylon, carrier-pigeons used at, 27.
Backhouse, Mr, said to have imparted to Ashmole the secret of the philosopher's stone, 217 *n.*
Bacon, Sir Francis, his visit to John Hales, cxlvi; his works quoted by Walton, 74, 118, 123, 125, 127, 139, 144, 149, 159, 160.
Bagley, or Baily, a clergyman, complimentary verses addressed by him to Walton, on the publication of the second edition of "The Complete Angler," xlviii, 16.
Bagster, Mr, his account of the fishing-house at Beresford, 238, 251.
Baiting with a lob-worm, directions for, 93; with a minnow, 94; with live bait, 135; with dead bait, 138.
Baits, for barbel, 168; for bleak, 172; for bream, 149, 150; for bullheads, 193; for carp, 147, 148; for the chub, 68–70, 189, 190; for dace, 183–185, 188, 189; for eels, 161; for flounders, 165; for grayling, 122, 188; for gudgeon, 171; for loach, 192; for minnows, 192; for perch, 157; for pike, 135–139, 152; for roach, 184, et seq.; for ruffe, 171; for the salmon, 127; for tench, 155; for trout, 69, 70, 94, 117; directions for preserving dead baits, 138.
Baker, Sir Richard, quotation from his Chronicle respecting the first introduction of carp into England, 141.
Bakewell, county of Derby, 230.
Balæna, or whirlpool, a fish found in the Indian Sea, 42.
Bala Lake, the guiniad found in, 166 *n.*
Bald buzzard, the, a species of hawk, 29.
Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, et Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice, Explanatio; Lond. 1598, written by Matthias de Lobel, 160 *n.*
Bar, arms of the ancient Counts of, 166 *n.*
Barbel, the care taken by it of its spawn, 48; complaint made in 1384 that they were unlawfully taken in the Thames and sold as food for pigs, 63 *n.*; a leather-mouthed fish, 69; description of the, its haunts, 167; part of the arms of the ancient Earls of Bar, 166; spawning-time of, the spawn considered poisonous, 167; baits for, 168; directions for angling for, 169; quantity of caught by a fishing party at Shepperton, in 1807, 169 *n.*
Barker, Thomas, author of "The Art of Angling," biographical notice of, 283; his directions for fly-fishing adopted by Walton, 101; his recipe for anointing boots and shoes, 189 *n.*
Barker, ——, Elizabeth, widow of, ccv.

Barlow, Dr, Bishop of Lincoln, his letter to Walton, 10th May 1678, xcii.

——, Mr George, conveyed the king's lesser George, which had been preserved by Colonel Blague, after the battle of Worcester, to Robert Milward, Esq., xlv, vide Blore Pipe House.

Barm-fly, the, for June, directions for making, 261.

Barnacles, 43.

Barrington, the Hon. Daines, 166 *n.*

Basse, William, an eminent composer, intimate with Walton, cxiv; composed the "Angler's Song," at his request, 85, 88; author of the songs mentioned by Walton, called "The Hunter in his career," and "Tom of Bedlam," 281; list of other verses and poems composed by, 282.

Bat, the, called a half-year bird, 73.

Bateman, William, Esq. of Middleton, near Bakewell, anecdote of Cotton related from his information, clxxvii.

Battey, Francis, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.

Beaucham, Ion, vicar of East Brent, in March 1688; prebend of Wanstrow, in October 1689; fellow of Trinity College, 1713, cxxii, cciv; a bequest made to him by his "cousin" Izaak Walton, the younger, cxviii.

——, James, a goldsmith of London, godfather to Izaak Walton's "last son Isaac," xlii; a ring bequeathed to him by Walton, cii; living in July 1714, cxxii, cciv.

——, Martha, wife of James, mentioned in the will of her father, Mr Thomas Ken, xlii; Izaak Walton, the younger, enjoined by his father's will to be kind to her, cii.

——, William, fellow of New College, appears to have died before 1713, cxxii, cciv.

Bede, the Venerable, account of him, 159 *n.*

Bedford, Charles, Esq., the occupier of John Tradescant's house in Lambeth, 43.

Bee, the diligence of the, 28; the brood of the, a good bait for bream, dace, and roach, 186.

"Beggar's Bush, the," Lond. 1647, a comedy, by Fletcher, 113 *n.*

"Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," the ballad of the, 209 *n.*

Beketes, mentioned in the Rolls of Parliament, anno 1382, 140 *n.*

Bellonius, a voucher for the authenticity of the story of the bishop-fish, 45 *n.*

Belus, said to be the first inventor of the art of angling, 37.

Benion, the scent of the herb so called, said to deter otters from fish-ponds, 59.

Bentley Brook, near Ashbourn, 228.

Bently, county of Derby, the manor of, possessed by Charles Cotton, the father of the poet, in right of his wife, clxiv; settlement of on the marriage of Charles Cotton, the younger, clxxi.

Ben Jonson adopted several persons as his sons, 217 *n.*

Beresford Hall, county of Stafford, Walton supposed to have spent some weeks at, in May and June 1676, lxxxvi; description of the fishing-house at, built by Charles Cotton, lxxxvii *n.*, 238 *n.*; drawings of, made by Izaac Walton the younger, cxvi; enjoyed by Charles Cotton, the father of the poet, in right of his wife, clxiv; settlement of, on the marriage of Charles Cotton, the younger, clxxi; the grounds near, planted by him, clxx; settled on him for life by Act 27 Car. II., clxxxv; said to have been surrendered by him, in 1681, to Joseph Woodhouse, gent., clxxxviii; purchased by Lord Beresford in 1825, 238; engravings of the hall, 234, 257; engravings of the fishing-house, 237–239.

Beresford, John, Esq., of Ashbourn, portrait of Cotton in his possession, cxcix.

——, John, Esq., of Newton Grange, county of Derby, clxxxviii.

——, Olivia, daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford, county of Stafford, clxiv, cciii.

Berners, Dame Juliana, 29; extract from the advertisement prefixed to her "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," 290.

Berwick, the town of, 196.

Bibliotheca sive Catalogus Scriptorum, Lat Gr. and Heb., by Gesner, 1545–55, 44, *n.*

Biddulph, Ann, wife of Simon, Esq., of the Cape of Good Hope, the representative of Mrs Burnet, cc.

——, Walter, Esq., of Barton-under-Needwood, sale of his otter-hounds, 56 *n.*

Bird of Paradise, 43.

Birds' nests, 43.

Bishop-fish, the story of the, 45 *n.*

Bishop's Thorpe, the archiepiscopal palace at, 27 *n.*

Bittern, the, 63.

Blackbird, the, 26.

Black-blue dun fly, the, for July, directions for making, 262.

Black-fly, the, directions for making, 100, 257, 262.

Blackfriars, shoals of roach formerly settled at, 182 *n.*

Black gnats, directions for making, 255, 261.

Black hackle, the, for July, directions for making, 262.

Black patches, worn by women of fashion, 129 *n.*

Blagden, Mrs, the only living descendant of Walton, excepting the Rev. Dr Hawes, cxxi.

Blagden, Mr Thomas Knapp, of Winchester, cxxi, cxxxii, vide Hawkins.

Blague, Colonel, preserved the king's lesser George, after the battle of Worcester, xlv; imprisoned in the Tower, xlv.; escaped from thence, xlv.

Bleak, the, called the river Swallow; description of, and baits and mode of angling for, 172.

Bleak Hall, near Edmonton, liv, 64 *n.*, 78.

Bliss, Dr, a recipe for catching pike, from a MS. in his possession, 128 *n.*
Blood-red rook from Turkey, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Blore Pipe House, county of Stafford, the residence of Mr George Barlow, xlv.
Blowfield, John, gent., xxii, cxxxiv, vide Cranmer.
Bludworth, Elizabeth, widow, administration of the effects of Charles Cotton granted to her, clxxxviii.
Blue-dun fly, directions for making the, 254.
Bluet, Dorothy, daughter of John, of Holcomb Regis, county of Devon, Esq., xcvi, vide Wallop.
Boar, the wild, 30; a feast of, given by Cleopatra to Mark Antony, 30.
Bobbing for eels, the method of, 162 *n.*
Bockerel and Bockeret, the, 28.
Bocton Palace, lxxix.
"Bonny Milkmaid," the, a song, 83 *n.*
Booby, Thomas, cxxxiii, cxxxviii.
"Book of St Alban's," the, quoted, 141.
"Booke of Fishing with hooke and line," 4to, Lond. 1600, supposed to have been written by Leonard Mascal, 141 *n.*
Borradale, Dr, rector of Market Deeping, county of Lincoln, was in 1714 in possession of the letter written by the younger Donne to Izaak Walton, thanking him for having written his father's Life, xxix.
Borrowashe, settlement of the manor of, on the marriage of Charles Cotton, the younger, clxxi.
Boswell, James, requested by Dr Johnson, in 1777, to procure him all the editions of Walton's Lives, cxxiv, vide Johnson.
Botcher, the, description of, 126 *n.*
Boteler, Sir Francis, of Lewin, county Herts, ccii.
Boteler, or Butler, Dr William, his observation respecting strawberries quoted by Walton, 109; biographical account of, 109 *n.*
Bowles, the Rev. William Lisle, an error in his Life of Bishop Ken corrected, xxxix; no evidence in support of his assumption in his Life of Bishop Ken, that Dr Morley was Walton's guest at his cottage in Staffordshire, from April 1648 to May 1649, xl; his authority apparently derived from traditional information, xl *n*; his remark upon an alteration made by Walton in the epitaph of his second wife, lxix; his conjecture "that the retired spot which contains Walton's remains, was fixed on by himself, as suiting his humbler station of life," cvii; his account of Walton's merits, cxxviii.
Boulton, James, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.
Bowlker, extract from his "Art of Angling" respecting the mode of generation of eels; 164 *n.*; his directions for making the oak-fly, 105 *n.*; quotation from him respecting the making of fish-ponds, 200 *n.*
Boyle, the learned, advanced a sum of money to Bishop Sanderson, during a period of distress, xcii.
Bradford, the river, 230.
Bradley, A., his answer to the song "Phillida flouts me," 79 *n.*
Bradshaw, John, Esq., 237.
Brailsford, a village near Ashbourn, clxxxv, 222.
Brandling, the, a bait for trout, where to be found, 91; method of preserving it, 92; the best bait for perch, 157.
Brandon, Charles, his residence near the Swan, in Golden Lane, lx; mentioned in the first and second editions of the "Complete Angler," 188 *n.*
Bream, the, 11; description of, 148; found in the larger lakes and still rivers of Europe, and in the Caspian Sea, 148 *n.*; highly esteemed by the French, 149; instances of the high price of in the 15th century, 149 *n.*; baits for, 149, 185, 186, 188; directions for angling for, 150, 152; ground-bait for, 151; a kind of bastard roach bred from the bream and the roach, 182.
Breton, Nicolas, the author of "Poste with a packet of Mad Letters," 1637, 81.
"Brewsed Reide," the, by Dr Sibbs, bequeathed by Walton to his son Izaac, ci.
Bridgeman, Sir Orlando, lord keeper, his plan for the compression of the more moderate of the dissenters from the Established Church, and allowing indulgences to such as could not be brought within the comprehension, rejected by the House of Commons, xcvi.
Bright brown fly, directions for making, 254.
Bright dun gnat, the, directions for making, 253.
Brightman, Mr, his comment on the Revelations, cxliv.
"Britannia," Camden's, the edition of 1637, quoted by Walton, 5, vide Camden.
Broderick, Sir Allan, a bequest made to by Dr Donne, the younger, cxlii.
Brome, Alexander, complimentary verses addressed by him to Walton, on the publication of the second edition of "The Complete Angler," xlviii, 14; an "humble eclogue," addressed to him by Walton, on the Restoration, lxv; the first edition of his songs and other poems printed in 1661, lxvi; died 29th June 1666, lxvi *n.*; the second edition of his poems, printed in 1668, lxvi *n.*; an epode written to, by Charles Cotton, on the king's return, clxix; verses on his death, by the same, clxxii; was one of the adopted sons of Ben Jonson, 217 *n.*; edited Fletcher's Comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," in 1639, 274.
——, Mr Henry, of St Paul's Churchyard, London, xcvii, clxxvi *n.*, clxxxiii; the publisher of Charles Cotton, presumed to be the brother of the poet of that name, clxxxi.
Bromley, William, son of Sir William Bromley, K.B., cxxxv.

Brookhouse, Anne, wife of Robert, of Bubton, co. Derby, clv.

Broughton, Mary, daughter of Thomas Broughton, of Broughton, county of Stafford, 1 *n*.

Brown Gnat, the, for June, directions for making, 261.

Brown, Miss Elizabeth, married the Rev. Henry Hawes, cxxi, cxxxii.

Browne, Mr Leonard, alderman of Canterbury, married Anne, daughter of Captain Richard Bargrave, of Patricksbourne, xxx.

——, Martin, alderman of London, ccv.

——, the Rev. Moses, reprinted the "Complete Angler," in 1772, cxxiv; quotation from his preface, cxxvii, 28 *n*., 40 *n*., 59 *n*.

——, Rebecca, ccv.

——, William, Esq., cxxxii.

Brydges, Margaret, of Upleaden, county of Hereford, 143 *n*.

Buck, the, 29, 30, 75.

Bulbourne, a spring so called, near Tring, county of Herts, said to be one of the heads of the Thames, 195 *n*.

Bullhead, or miller's-thumb, description of the, 193; spawning-time, haunts of and baits for the, 193.

Bullock, Daniel, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.

Bull-trout, a trout so called in Northumberland, 74.

Burgess, Mr John, mentioned in the will of Mrs Floud, mother-in-law to Izaak Walton, xxx.

Burleigh, Lord, extract from instructions to him for the regulation of his fish-ponds, 144; Theobalds, the residence of, 180.

"Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoffed," 8vo, 1675, written by Charles Cotton, clxxxiii.

Burlesque on the great frost, written by Cotton, quotation from, cxc.

Burman, Charles, Esq., his Memoirs of Elias Ashmole, 43 *n*.

Burnet, Dr, Bishop of Salisbury, the friend of Isaac Walton, the younger, cxvi.

——, Gilbert, grandson of Dr Stanhope, cc, ccii.

——, Thomas, ccii.

——, Mrs, wife of William, governor of New York, eldest son of Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, ccii; anecdote of, cc.

Burrowash, county of Derby, 231.

Burrows, Margaret, of Ashbourn, county of Derby, widow, clv.

Burton, county of Stafford, 229.

Burton, Francis, Esq., cxxxii.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, extract from, relative to the art of angling, 289.

Bury, Lady Charlotte, formerly Lady Charlotte Campbell, verses supposed to have been written by her in a copy of the "Complete Angler," which belonged to Sir Humphrey Davy, cxxv.

Butterflies, baits for salmon, 127 *n*.

Buxton, the town of, famous for its baths, 230.

Buzzard, the, a species of hawk, 29.

Bysshe, Sir Edward, Clarenceux king-of-arms, solicited Walton to write the Life of Sir Henry Wotton, xlii.

Cadara, an island near the Ganges, the inhabitants whereof make the timber for their houses of fish-bones, 42.

Cadis or case worms, where found, 189, 191; different kinds of, 190.

Calthorp, Sir William, the case of cited, 213.

Camden's Britannia, quoted by Walton, 5, 40, 41, 124, 126, 160, 161, 166, 198.

Camel brown fly, the, for September, directions for making, 262.

Cameleon, the, 74.

"Camerarius' Living Library," fol. Lond. 1621, copy of, formerly belonging to Walton, in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.

Camlet fly, the, mentioned by Cotton, 241; directions for making, 261.

Campbell, Lady Charlotte, cxxv, vide Bury.

Camphire, said to give worms a tempting smell, 93.

Cannon, or down-hill fly, the oak-fly so called in Shropshire, 106.

Canterbury, a bequest of £40 made to the poor of St Mildred's parish by Mrs Floud, mother-in-law of Izaak Walton, xxx.

Cantharus, a fish mentioned by Du Bartas, 46.

Cardanus, Hieronymus, quoted by Walton, 136; account of him, 136 *n*.

Carew, the friend of Charles Cotton, the elder, clxiv.

Carey, Sir Lucius, verses written by him on the death of Dr Donne, xxiv.

Carleton, Sir Dudley, ambassador to the States, cxliii.

Carlingford, in Ireland, Thomas Cranmer, slain in an action with the Irish at, xxii.

Carp, the, 11; a leather-mouthed fish, 69; assembled to feed by the ringing of a bell, 118; killed by frogs, 134, 143; said to have been brought into England by Mr Mascal, of Plumstead, in Sussex, 141; mentioned in the "Book of St Alban's," 141 *n*.; quotation from Baker's Chronicle, respecting its first introduction into England, 141; lives longer out of the water than any other fish, 141; presents of made to King Henry the Eighth, 141 *n*.; breeds several months in one year, 141; will not breed in cold ponds, 142; large size of in Italy, 142; receipt for making them fat in gravelly water, 142 *n*.; their breeding and decay very mysterious, 143; account of very large ones, 142 *n*.; their longevity, 144; instances thereof at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and at the Prince of Condé's seat at Chantilly, 144 *n*.; their time of spawning, 144 *n*.; the galls and stones in their heads very medicinable; great profit made by the Italians by selling their roes to the Jews to make caviare, 145; eat their own spawn; will not fatten where there are many tench, 145 *n.*; directions for angling for, 145, 147; baits for, 146, 147, 150, 185; the haunts of, 147; recipe for cooking, 147; called the water fox, 182; the spawn of, devoured by ducks, 199; thrive and breed best when no other fish is put into the same pond, 200; directions for storing ponds with, and feeding them, 200 *n.*, 201.

Carpenter, Anne, sister of John, second son of John Carpenter, of Rye, in Sussex, supposed to have been the mother of Izaak Walton's first wife, xxiii, cxxxv.

Carthusians, the college of, never eat flesh, 59.

Cartwright, Edmund, of Ossington, in the county of Notts, cxxxv.

——, William, a collection of his poems published in 1643, xxxii; elegies on his death, referred to by Walton, cxlviii; was one of the adopted sons of Ben Jonson, 217 *n.*

Cary [or Carew], Mr Thomas, "a poet of note," anecdote of, cxlvi.

Casaubon, Dr, his "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," quoted by Walton, 41, 116; biographical account of, 41 *n.*

Cases of Conscience, Hale's letters on, cxlvii.

Case-worm, the, a bait for chub, 69.

Catechism, dissertation on the authorship of the, 52 *n.*

Caterpillars, mode of generation, and different kinds of, 95–97.

Cats, quotation from Montaigne relative to, 23.

Caussin, Nicholas, account of, 207 *n.*; quotation from, cxv.

Caviare, made from the roes of carp, 145.

Cecil, the arms of, on a building called the Almshouse, on the road leading from Waltham Cross to Cheshunt, 36 *n.*

——, Sir Robert, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, 35 *n.*

——, Sir William, afterwards Lord Burleigh, Theobald's Palace built by, 35.

"Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé," a French proverb quoted by Cotton, 232.

"Certaine Experiments concerning Fish," 4to, 1600, by Taverner, extract from, 132 *n.*

Chalkhill, Anne, daughter of Roger, 283.

——, John, Esq., the author of a poem entitled "Thealma and Clearchus," xciii; his identity unascertained, xciv; styled by Walton in a presentation copy of his Lives, now in the possession of the Rev. W. Cotton, "my brother Chalkhill, 282; song, "Oh the sweet contentment," composed by, 86 *n.*; verses of Angling by, 174; the supposed author of "Alcilia," xix.

——, John, fellow of Winchester College, his monumental inscription in Winchester Cathedral, xciv *n.*

——, Martha, daughter of Ion, married Mr Thomas Ken, xxxix *n.*, xlviii, cciv.

——, pedigree of, ccv.

Chalk hills, near London Bridge, formerly resorted to for roach-fishing, 182 *n.*

Chancery Lane, Walton's residence in, xxix, xl; a house in, bequeathed by Walton to his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, and his wife, c.

Chantilly, tame carp at the Prince of Condé's seat at, 144.

Chapman, Geo., the poet, alluded to in some verses by Sir Aston Cokayne, clxviii.

Char, the, 165; where found, 165 *n.*

Charles the First, expressed his approbation of Walton's Life of Dr Donne, xxviii, lxiv; anecdotes of, xxxvi; Walton's account of the religious dissensions which preceded his death, cix.

Charles the Second, his restoration attended by the promotion of many eminent divines who had suffered in his cause, lxv; satirical verses on his angling, by Lord Rochester, 285.

Charleton, Sir Job, chief-justice of Chester, 111 *n.*

"Charon of Wisdom," 4to, Lond. *n. d.*, copy of, formerly belonging to Walton, in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.

Chatfield, Elizabeth, wife of William, of Bermondsey Street in Southwark, clv.

Chatsworth, in the county of Derby, 231; a poem descriptive of, published by Cotton in 1681, clxxxvi.

Chaucer's prologue to the Canterbury Tales, quotation from, 140.

Chauncy, Sir Henry, 21 *n.*

Chavender, vide Chub.

Cheeke, Sir John, secretary of state and preceptor to Edward the Sixth, clxiii *n.*

Chelsea, Bishop Morley's house at, lxxviii.

Chepstow, the town of, 230 *n.*

Chester, Cotton's account of his meeting with, and visit to the Mayor of, clxxv.

Chesterfield, Philip, first Earl of, xliii.

——, Philip, second Earl of, ccii; the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" dedicated to him by Walton in 1673, lxxix; the translation of De Montluc's "Commentaries" dedicated to him by Charles Cotton, clxxx.

——, Katherine, wife of Henry, Lord Stanhope, created Countess of, for life, xliii, ccii.; the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" dedicated to her, xliii.

"Chevy Chace," a song, 79.

Chichester lobsters considered superior to others, 73, 140.

Child and Greenhill, the case of, cited, 213.

Chillingworth, Mr, mentioned in the dedication of Walton's Life of Bishop Sanderson, xci.

China, gold and silver fish brought from, 192 *n.*

Chiswick, the drag-net much used by the fishermen of, 182 *n.*

"Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol," fol. 1675, 185 *n.*

"Choice Drollery, with Songs and Sonnets," 1656, written by Thomas Weaver, 13 *n.*

Cholmondeley, Lord, 131 *n.*

"Christ's Passion," a tragedy, translated from Grotius, 1640, 12mo, 27 *n.*

Chub or Chavender, the, 11; reckoned the worst of fish, 64; an engraving of the, 65; called by the French "un villain," 67; receipts for cooking, 67, 68; directions for angling for, 68, 106; baits for, 69, 70, 184, 185, 189; the flesh of, accounted best in winter months, 70; haunts of, 71.

"Chudley's Elegies," referred to by Walton, cxlviii.

Churchey, George, fellow of Lyon's Inn, the translator of Dubravius's treatise of "Fish and Fish-ponds," 133 *n.*

Clarenceux king-of-arms, xlii, vide Bysshe.

Clarendon, Lord, the friend of Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv; his account of him, clxiv, clxxi; his opinion on the subject whether contemplation be preferable to action, 39 *n.*

Cleare, Jane, the wife of Richard, xlii *n.*

Cleobury, Sir John, Bart. of Bradstone, in the county of Devon, cxxxv.

Cleopatra, a feast of wild boars given by, to Mark Antony, 30; used the recreation of angling, 50.

Clerkenwell, Walton's residence in, xli, xlv; extracts from the parish register of, xli *n.*

Clifford, Mr, the editor of the "Academy of Compliments," 111 *n.*

Clifton, Sir Clifford, an epistle to, from Charles Cotton, clxxvi.

Cock, the, his want of care in hatching his brood, 47.

Cockle, the, of Shelsey, considered superior to others, 73, 140.

Cockspur, the case-worm so called, 190; produces the may-fly, 190 *n.*

Cod-worm, the, a bait for chub, 69.

Cokayne, the family of, connected with that of Cotton by marriage, clxiv; anecdote of Cotton's having been disinherited by a female relative of that name, clxxvii.

——, Anne, wife of Sir Francis Boteler, ccii.

——, Sir Aston, ccii; "Small Poems of divers sorts," written by him, London, 12mo, 1658, xlv *n.*; verses written by him, on the death of his cousin, Mrs Cotton, clxiv *n.*; educated at Cambridge, clxv *n.*; verses addressed by him to Charles Cotton, the poet, clxvi, clxvii, clxxi; an epitaph by him on the death of his sisters, clxxviii.

——, Isabella, died unmarried, ccii.

——, Katherine, wife of Richard Weston, ccii.

——, Lettice, wife of Gilbert Armstrong, ccii.

——, Mrs Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas, of Ashbourn, clxxviii *n.*, ccii.

Coke, Anne, 21 *n.*

——, Sir Edward, chief justice, 21 *n.*

Coleman, Charles, doctor of music, 178 *n.*

Collar of SS., anecdote respecting a, found amongst the king's baggage, after the battle of Worcester, xlv.

"Come live with me and be my love," a song, 79; doubtful whether written by Christopher Marlowe or by Shakespeare, 80 *n.*; imitations of it, 82 *n.*; a song in imitation of, written by Marlowe, 158.

"Come, Shepherds, deck your herds," a song, 79; copy thereof, 277.

"Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero," by Aurelius Macrobius, 33 *n.*

"Commentaries," the, of De Montluc, Marshal of France, translated by Cotton, clxxxi.

"Complete Angler," the, first edition of, published in 1653, xlvi; the second edition in 1655, xlviii; observations upon, and analysis of the contents of that edition, xlviii, lxii; the third edition, published in 1661, lxvii; the fourth edition, in 1668, lxxv; the fifth, in 1676, lxxxv; price and advertisement of the first edition of the, 274.

"Compleat Gamester," the, published in 1674, attributed to Cotton, clxxxi.

Comprehension, Walton said to have written a letter to a kinsman at Coventry, on the rejection of the Bill of, lxxiv.

Compton, Charles, son of George, fourth Earl of Northampton, cci, cciii.

——, Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton, cciii.

——, Charles, ninth Earl of Northampton, cciii.

——, Spencer, eighth Earl of Northampton, cciii.

——, Spencer Joshua Alwyne, second Marquess and tenth Earl of Northampton, one of the present representatives of Charles Cotton, cciii.

Condé, the Prince of, 144, vide Chantilly.

Conger, the, 165.

"Considerations," by John Valdesso, 40 *n.*

Contemplation, question whether preferable to action, 39; Lord Clarendon's opinion thereupon, 39 *n.*

"Contemplation on God's Providence," by Mr George Herbert, quotation from, 44.

"Contentation," the, a poem, by Charles Cotton, cxcvi.

Cony-fish, the, 43.

Cooke, Clarenceux king-of-arms, ccv.

Coppinger, a Nonconformist, his death alluded to by Walton, cxi.

Corbet, Major, brought to the Parliament a collar of SS. and a garter found amongst the king's baggage, after the battle of Worcester, xlv.

Coriate, Tom, biographical account of, 233 *n.*

Cormorant, the, 63.

Corneille's tragedy of Horace, translated by Charles Cotton, clxxii.

"Corona Florida Medicinæ sive de Conservatione Sanitatis," fo. 1491, 168 *n.*

Cornwall, famous for otter-hunting, 59.

Corracle, description of a, 122.

Cotswold Hills, the Olympic Games annually celebrated upon, by Mr Robert Dover, 282.

Cotton, pedigree of the family of, ccii.

——, Beresford, son of Charles, ccii.

——, Cassandra, wife of Sir George, clxiii, ccii.

——, Cassandra, daughter of Sir George, clxiii *n.*, cciii; an Elegy on her death, written by Colonel Lovelace, clxiii.

——, Charles, of Ovingdean, county Sussex, cciii.

Cotton, Charles, father of the poet, the friend and companion of many of the most eminent of his contemporaries, clxiii; his character by Lord Clarendon, clxiv *n*.

——, Charles, the poet, born April 28, 1630; is supposed to have been educated at Cambridge, clxv; his affection for his tutor, Mr Ralph Rawson, strongly expressed in the translation of an Ode of Johannes Secundus, clxv; did not take his degree at either University, clxv; possessed considerable classic attainments, and an extensive knowledge of modern languages, clxv; little known of his pursuits until after the Restoration; probably went abroad before his twenty-fourth year; many of his poems published after his decease, written at an early period of his life, clxvi; an Elegy upon the death of Henry Lord Hastings, 1649, and a copy of verses prefixed to Edmund Prestwich's translation of the Hippolitus of Seneca in 1651, attributed to him, clxvi *n*.; verses addressed to him by Sir Aston Cokayne, clxvi, clxvii; the "Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret," inscribed to him, by Col. Lovelace, clxviii; is stated by Aubrey, to have relieved Lovelace in his distress, clxviii; was a zealous Loyalist, and an uncompromising enemy of Cromwell, clxix; his political opinions strongly expressed in his verses on the execution of James, Earl of Derby, in 1651, and in his castigation of Waller, for writing a panegyric on the Protector, about the year 1654, clxix; neither the name of his father nor of himself, found in connection with any political event during the Commonwealth, clxx; became one of the intimate friends of Izaak Walton, clxx; married in August 1657, his cousin, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson; settlement of the manors of Bentley, Borrowashe, and Beresford, and of rectory of Spoondon, made in contemplation of his marriage, clxxi; lost his father in December 1658; first appeared before the public as an author on the Restoration of Charles the Second; birth of his eldest son Beresford; published a burlesque poem, entitled "Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie," in 1664, and prepared for the press a translation of "The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," from the French of Du Vaix, published in 1667, clxxii; an Act passed in 1665, to enable him to sell part of his estates, for the payment of his debts; translated Corneille's Tragedy of Horace for the amusement of his wife's sister, Miss Stanhope Hutchinson; the dedication dated 7th November 1665; published in 1671; wrote some verses on the poems of his friend, Alexander Brome, about the year 1667, clxxii; his dislike at being obliged to live in the country, and at being separated from his literary friends, frequently expressed in his works, clxxiii; his "Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque," composed about the year 1670 or 1671; extracts therefrom, descriptive of his history, situation, and feelings, clxxiv, clxxv; allusions made to himself in his Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, clxxvi; published a new edition of his "Virgil Travestie," in 1670; critical remarks thereupon, clxxvi; some lines in that work said to have given such offence to a female relative, whose name he had used in allusion to her ruff, that she changed her intention of leaving him her fortune; this anecdote extremely doubtful, clxxvii; published a translation of Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, dedicated to Dr Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1670, clxxviii; his motives for inscribing it to that prelate, as explained in a letter to the archbishop, 30th Oct. 1669, clxxviii; extracts from the preface, clxxviii, et seq.; translated the Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France, between 1670 and 1674, clxxx; alluded to in a letter from Walton to Lord Chesterfield, in Feb. 1673, lxxx; his literary labours attended with little success, clxxx; authorship of "The Compleat Gamester," published in 1674, attributed to him, clxxxi; published "The Fair One of Tunis," in 1674, clxxxi; printed a work entitled "Burlesque upon Burlesque," in 1675, and "The Planter's Manual," in same year, clxxxiii; death of first wife, and issue by her, clxxxiv; remarried Mary, daughter of Sir W. Russell, before 1675, clxxxiv; application made to Parliament for authority to sell part of his estates, for payment of his debts, clxxxiv; was applied to by Walton to write a treatise on Fly-Fishing, lxxxv; treatise thereon written in ten days, Feb. 1676, lxxxvi, clxxxv; published "The Wonders of the Peak," in 1681, clxxxvi; translation of Montaigne's Essays, printed in 1685, considered to be his most important contribution to English literature, clxxxvii; complimentary letter to him from George, Marquis of Halifax, to whom that work was dedicated, clxxxvii; said to have sold Beresford, in 1681, clxxxviii; a ring bequeathed to him by Walton, in 1683, cii; was engaged in translating the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, at his death, in Feb. 1687, clxxxviii; administration of his effects granted, Sep. 12, 1687, clxxxviii; an imperfect edition of his works published soon after decease, clxxxviii; the most valuable and interesting facts relative to his feelings and character, obtained from this volume, clxxxix; extracts therefrom, cxci; his "Ode to Hope," cxciii; his poem entitled "Contentation," cxcv; anecdotes relative to his pecuniary embarrassments, cxcvii; his literary merits not sufficiently appreciated at the present day, cxcvii; the idea that he was an author by profession, shown to be erroneous, cxcviii; his conduct and character, cxcviii; his portrait in possession of John Beresford, Esq., of Ashbourn, cxcix; account of his children and present representatives,

cxcix; commemorated in a poem entitled the "Innocent Epicure, or Angling," published in 1697, 274.
Cotton, Charles, son of Charles, of Beresford, cciii.
——, Sir George, of Warblenton, co. Essex, clxiii, cciii.
——, Isabella, first wife of Charles, of Beresford, cciii.
——, Isabella, daughter of Charles, ccii.
——, Jane, daughter of Charles, cciii.
——, Katherine, daughter of Charles, cciii.
——, Mary, wife of Sir George, clxiii *n.*
——, Mary, second wife of Charles, of Beresford, cciii.
——, Mary, daughter of Charles, cciii.
——, Olive, mother of Charles Cotton, the poet, clxiv, cciii; her death, clxiv; verses to her memory, by Sir Aston Cokayne, clxiv *n.*
——, Olive, wife of Dr Stanhope, ccii.
——. Persis, daughter of Charles, clxv *n.*
——, Sir Richard, comptroller of the household, and privy councillor to Edward VI., of Warblenton, county Essex, clxiii.
——, Susan, sister of Sir G., of Warblenton, and wife of Charles, Earl of Kent, clxiii *n.*
——, Wingfield, son of Charles, of Beresford, ccii.
"Counterblast to Tobacco," by King James I., 240 *n.*
"Country Contentments," by Markham, quotation from, 37 *n.*
"Country Parsons," Herbert's, eulogised by Walton, lxxvi.
Court of Judicature for determination of differences touching houses burnt in London, lxxix.
Covenanters, the Scottish, invited into England by the Presbyterian party in 1643, xxxiv; their motto, xxxiv.
"Covent Garden Drollery," 1672, 15 *n.*
Cow-dung fly, a, for May, directions for making, 257.
"Cowley's Works," fol. 1674, copy of, formerly belonging to Walton, in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlviii.
"Cowper's Heaven Opened," 4to, 1631, copy of, formerly belonging to Walton, in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlviii.
Cowper the poet, one of Walton's ideas beautifully expressed in his "Task," 285.
"Cozen's Devotions," referred to by Walton, cxlviii.
Craber, the, or water-rat, 64.
Cranefield, Thomas, of Bromham, county of Norfolk, 131 *n.*
Cranmer, pedigree of, cxxxiv. cxxxv.
——, Anne, wife of John Sellar, xxii, cxxxv.
——, Dorothy, supposed to have married Dr Richard Field, Dean of Gloucester, xxii, cxxxv.
——, Elizabeth. the wife of Alexander Norwood, xxii, cxxxv.
——, Francis, son of John, cliv.
——, George, of Christ's Church, Oxford, uncle of Mrs Walton, biographical account of, xxii *n.*, cxxxiv; alluded to in a letter from Dr King, Bishop of Chichester, to Izaak Walton, lxxii.
Cranmer, Humphry, cliv.
——, Jane, xxii, cxxxv.
——, Margaret, xxii, cxxxv.
——, Rachael, wife of John Blowfield, gent., xxii, cxxxiv.
——, Susan, sister and co-heiress of Sir William, cv, cxxxiv.
——, Susanna, the daughter of Thomas, of Canterbury, married —— Floud, xxi, xxii, cxxxiv.
——, Thomas, xxii, cxxxiv.
——, William, the intimate friend of Izaak Walton, xxii, cxxxiv.
——, Sir William, governor of the Merchants' Adventurers of England, xxii, cxxxiv.
Crassus, the orator, his grief for the death of a tame lamprey, 160.
Crawley, Thomas, a witness to Izaak Walton's will, cii.
Crew, Anne, daughter and co-heiress of John, Esq., 1.
——, John, of Crew, Esq., 1.
Crispes, ——, Isabel, widow of, cxxxii.
Crocodile, the, 75; longevity of the, 142.
Cromwell, Lord, an instance of his gratitude to Sir Frescobaldi, a Florentine merchant, 118 *n.*
——, Oliver, offered a pension of £300 per annum to Dr Casaubon, to write a history of his time, 42 *n.*
——, Wingfield, fifth baron, clxxxiv.
Crook, John, a publisher, of the Ship, in St Paul's Churchyard, 210 *n.*
Crooked Lane, many fishing-tackle shops formerly in, 182 *n.*
"Crown of Laurell," the, by Skelton, extract from, 149 *n.*
Crowther's Well Alley, near Aldersgate Street, the residence of a descendant of Charles Kerbye, famous for the shape and temper of his hooks, 188 *n.*
Crucian carp, brought into England, from Germany, since Walton wrote, 192 *n.*
Cuckoo, the, its want of care of its eggs, 48.
Cuckow's spit, 73.
Cullen, R., clxxxi *n.*
"Cunning Lovers," the, a tragedy, 1654, 15 *n.*
Curiosities, formerly the custom to exhibit, in coffee-houses, 285.
Cuttle-fish, account of the, 46.
Cyrus, hunting one of the qualifications bestowed upon him by Xenophon, 30.

Dace, the, swims in shoals, 132; baits for, 184–186, 188; their haunts, and instructions for angling for, 187; directions for cooking, 189 *n.*
Dalbin, Mrs, mentioned in Walton's will, cii; not identified, cvi.
Dallaway's "Letheræum sive Horti Letheræani," 41 *n.*
Dale, Mr, a pedigree of Ken compiled by, cxxii *n.*
"Damon and Dorus," an humble eclogue, addressed by Walton to "his ingenious friend, Mr Brome," lxvi.

Danow, the river, 196.
Danube, the river, 167.
Darbishire, Mr John, bequests made to by Walton, ci, cii; not identified, cvi.
Dark brown flies for February and April, directions for making, 254, 255.
Darley, county of Derby, 231.
Darneford Magna, a farm belonging to Mr Hungerford, the uncle of Sir John Evelyn, 284.
Davenant, Sir William, the poet, intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv; supposed author of some verses quoted by Walton, in praise of music, 179 *n.*
Davers, or Danvers, Agnes, daughter of Sir Robert, 276, vide Davers.
——, John, supposed to be the author of the "Secrets of Angling," 37 *n*; and of the "Angler's Wish," 54, vide Dennys.
Daves, John, 54 *n.*, 276; the old way of spelling Davers, or Danvers, 276.
David, the prophet, quoted, 48.
Davison, Anne, sister of Mr Secretary Davison, married John Carpenter, of Rye, in Sussex, xxiii, cxxxv.
——, Francis, eldest son of Secretary Davison, biographical account of, 113 *n.*; editor of the "Poetical Rhapsody," xxii; author of the "Beggars' Song," in the "Complete Angler," xxiii, lvii.
——, Mr Henry, of Gray's Inn, godfather to Walton's last son Izaak, xlii, cxl; his will, xlii *n.*
——, Jane, the wife of Richard Cleare, xlii *n.*
——, Mary, xlii *n.*
——, William, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, xxii.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, cxxv, vide Bury.
Debat, Elizabeth, wife of Henry Archer, ccii.
Decimus Brutus, 27, vide Hircus.
Dee, the river, 166, 196.
Defoe's "Tour through England," quoted, 41 *n.*
Deighton, the cliffs of, 276.
Deloney's "Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonnets," 12mo, 1607, 81 *n.*
Dennys, John, Esq. of Oldbury-sur-Montem, co. Gloucester, 54 *n.*; reasons for believing that the "Secrets of Angling" were written by him, and not, as commonly supposed, by John Davers, 276.
——, Sir Walter, of Pucklechurch, co. Gloucester, 276.
Derby, the county of, famed for trout and grayling, 224.
——, the town of, 231.
——, James, Earl of, verses on his execution, by Charles Cotton, clxix.
Derwent, the river, 196, 229, 231; made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I. c. 47, 62 *n.*
"Description of the spring on a bank, as I sat a-fishing," by Sir Henry Wotton, xliv.
Devonshire, the Countess of; Cotton's "Wonders of the Peak," dedicated to her, in 1681, clxxxvi.
Dew-worm or lob-worm, 91; directions for baiting with, 93.
Dibbing, instructions for, by an anonymous writer, 106 *n.*
Dickenson, the lord mayor in 1757, destroyed all the stops or weirs in the Thames, between London and Staines, 183 *n.*
Diodorus Siculus, quoted by Walton, 177.
"Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," by Casaubon, 42 *n.*
Dixon, Cecily, widow of ——, ccv.
Dock-worm, 91; directions for finding, 91 *n.*
Dogfish, the, 43.
Dolphin, the, fond of music, 42.
Donne, George, son of the dean, biographical account of, lxx *n.*
——, Dr John, Dean of St Paul's, intimate friend of Izaak Walton, xx; was attended by him in last hours, and presented to him a seal of blood-stone, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv; edition of his poems, printed in 1633, xxiv; second edition, with a portrait, published 1655, xxvi; first volume of his sermons, with Life by Izaak Walton, prefixed, published 1640, xxvii; author of the song, "Come, live with me and be my love," lviii, 158; said to be author of a poem called a "Farewell to the Vanities of the World," lx; also poem called "The Bait" 81 *n.*; second edition of his Life, published 1658, lxiii; republished with the Lives of Herbert, Hooker, and Wotton, about 1670, lxxvi; again in 1675, lxxxi; sermons bequeathed by Walton to Dr Hawkins, ci; Letters, 4to, Lond. 1651; and his Eighty Sermons, fol. 1640, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlviii; intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv.
——, Dr John, the younger, bequeathed his father's collection of extracts to Bishop King, for the son of Izaak Walton, xxiv; letter to Walton, thanking him for having written his father's Life, xxix; death, lxx; character of, by Anthony Wood, lxx; biographical account of, lxx *n.*; extracts from will, lxxi; copy of will, cxli.
Dorchester, the town of, 195 *n.*
Dove, the, 27; dissertation on two passages in Scripture, respecting descent of the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove, 27 *n.*
—— the river, lxxxvi, 196, 231, 232, 234, 246; made subject to the fence months, by stat. 13 Edw. I. 62 *n.*; divided the counties of Derby and Stafford, 229; Cotton's description of, 236, 286.
Dove bridge, clxxxvi.
Dovedale, description of, 229 *n.*
Dover, Mr Robert; a poem by William Basse upon the Olympic games annually celebrated by him upon the Cotswold Hills, 4to, 1636, 282.
Drake, Dr, a passage from "Complete Angler," on singing of birds, quoted by him in "Literary Hours," cxiv *n.*
Dravus, the river, 196.
Drayton, Michael, poet, biographical account of, 124 *n.*; quoted by Walton, 197.

Droxford, Walton's books at, mentioned in his will, c, ci, civ.
Dryden, imitation by, of lines quoted by Walton, from an unknown poet, lii *n.*
Du Bartas, quoted by Walton, 45–47, 97; account of his works, 45 *n.*
Dubbing, list of materials for, 103 *n.*
Dubravius, Janus, biographical account of, 133 *n.*; his treatise "De Piscinis et Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis," quoted by Walton, lxi, 133, 134, 144, 145, 199; anecdote related by, 289.
Duck, the, destructive to fish, 63.
"Ductor Dubitantium," by Bishop Taylor, cited, 27.
Dugdale, Sir William, showed to Walton a letter from Sir Thomas Herbert, wherein he and others were directed to compare with the original King Charles the First's translation of Dr Sanderson's lectures "De Juramento," xxxvii.
Dug-worm, the, 91.
Dulas, the name of, common to many rivers in Wales, 230 *n.*
Duncombe, Mr, extract from his "History of Herefordshire," relative to the salmon of the Wye, 126 *n.*
Dun-cut fly for May, the directions for making, 257.
Dundell, co. of Herts, the source of one of the heads of the river Thames, 195.
Dunnington, the town of, 229.
Duport, Dr James, Latin verses addressed by him to Walton, lxxxviii, 18; translation thereof by Archdeacon Wrangham, 274; biographical account of him, 18 *n.*
Duppa, Dr, presented by Dr Donne, with a seal of bloodstone, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv.
Durfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," 83 *n.*
"Dutch Fair," the picture of a, cxlii.
Dyrham, in Gloucestershire, 276.

EAGLE, the, styled Jove's servant in ordinary, 25; a species of hawk, 28.
Eastcarlton, county of Norfolk, tenure of the manor of, 198 *n.*
Eaton-fords, clxxxvi.
Eaton, James, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.
Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, xlv; a farm near, bequeathed by Walton to the town of Stafford, ci.
Edghill, Thomas, Walton's servant, a bequest made to him, ci.
Eels, said to be found in river Ganges, thirty feet in length, 42; unbed themselves and stir during thunder, 118; better for age and size, 130; much esteemed by the Romans, 158; different opinions as to their mode of generation, 159, 164 *n*; those bred in rivers near the sea said never to return to fresh water, 160; supposed to lie torpid half the year, 160; varieties of, 161; baits and directions for fishing for, 161; mode of sniggling for, 162; bobbing for, 162 *n.*; directions for cooking, 163; very large one caught at Peterborough, 163; their haunts, 164 *n.*
Eggington, county of Derby, 299.
Erie, the, a species of hawk, 29.
Elephant, the, 30, 33.
Elijah, the prophet, fed by ravens, 27.
Elizabeth, Queen, often wished herself a milkmaid all the month of May, 81.
Elusina, the river, 41.
"England's Helicon," published in 1600, 80 *n.*
"English Guzman," the, or the history of that unparalleled thief, James Hind, 4to, 1652, 113 *n.*
"Epigrams," by Sir John Harrington, xix.
Epirus, a river in, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any that was not lighted, 41.
Eroways, the river, county of Derby, 231.
Espernon, Gerard's Life of the Duke of, translated by Charles Cotton, clxxviii.
Evans, Eyans, or Janes, Thomas, of Bow, county of Middlesex, cxxxiv.
——, Susan, cxxxv.
"Eusebius, Socrates, and Evagrius, Ecclesiastical Histories," fol. Lond. 1636, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlviii.
Exton, Sir Thomas, cii.

FAIRCLOUGH, alias Featley, Dr Daniel, 13 *n.*
Fairfax, Sir Thomas, 33 *n.*
"Fair One of Tunis, or the Generous Mistress; a new piece of gallantry, out of the French," published by Charles Cotton, in 1674, clxxxi.
Faithorne, the fish in the first edition of the "Complete Angler," supposed to have been engraved by, 3 *n.*
Falcon, the, a species of the hawk, 28.
Falkland, Lord, his visit to John Heals, cxlvi.
Faringdon, Mr Anthony, cxlvi; Mr Fulman referred to him for information relative to the Life of John Hales, lxxx; his sermons bequeathed by Walton to Mr John Darbishire, cii.
"Farewell to the Vanities of the World," a poem said to have been written by Dr Donne, lx.
Farnham Castle, in Surrey, a seat of the Bishop of Winchester, xcvi; visited by Walton in May 1683, xcix; prints and pictures at, bequeathed by him to his son Izaak, ci, cv.
Farwell, Mrs Anne and Mrs Elizabeth, bequest made to by their "cousin" Izaak Walton, the younger, cxviii; not identified, cxxiii.
Faulkner, "an industrious angler," mentioned by Robert Frank in his "Northern Memoirs," lxi.
Feathers for fly-making, directions for choosing, 104 *n.*
Fell, Dr, master of Christ's Church, lxxxv; expelled from the university, xxxv.
Fence months, the, regulated by stat. 13 Edw. I. c. 47, and stat. 13 Rich. II. c. 19, 62 *n.*
Ferabosco, Sig. Alfonso, 111 *n.*

Fern-fly, the, directions for making, 262.
Ferrers, John, Esq., a translation of the "Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," from the French of Du Vaix, dedicated to him by Charles Cotton, clxxii.
Ferret, the, 29.
Fichet, the, 29.
Field, Dr Richard, Dean of Gloucester, xxii, lxxviii.
Finlanders, superstition of the, 284.
Firman, Raymond, executor of the will of Jane Walton, of Derby, cxxxix.
Fish, have hearing, 118; salmon called *a fish*, par excellence, in Scotland, lxii.
Fishing-frog, called by the Dalmatians "the water devil," 134.
Fishing-house, Cotton's, vide Beresford.
——, Sir Henry Wotton's, near Eton, description of, by Mr Jesse, cxxix.
Fishing-lines, directions for making, 202, 203.
Fish-ponds, directions for making, 198–200.
Fitzwilliam Collection at Cambridge, error respecting a view of Theobalds in, published by Society of Antiquaries, corrected, 275.
Flatman, Thomas, the poet, verses addressed to Walton on publication of Chalkhill's poem of Thealma and Clearchus, xcv; to Charles Cotton, on his translation of De Montluc's Commentaries, clxxxi.
Fleet Street, Walton's house in, xx.
Flesh-flies, directions for breeding, 261.
Fletcher, Giles, 177 *n.*
——, Phineas, the poet, 111 *n.*, 119 *n.*; account of, 177 *n.*; intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv.
——, John, his comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," edited by Alexander Brome in 1639, 274.
Florence, the beauty of, 34.
Floud, John, A.M., biographical notices of, xxi, cxxxv; mentioned in his mother's will, xxx; verses to Walton on the publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii, 9.
——, Rachel, the wife of Izaak Walton, xxi, cxxxiii, cxxxv.
——, Robert, son of John Floud, xxi, cxxxv.
——, Robert, his son, B.A., xxi, cxxxv; mentioned in his mother's will, xxx; verses to Walton on the publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii, xlix, 14.
——, Mrs Susannah, xxx, cxxxv; abstract of her will, xxx.
——, Sir Thomas, of Milgate, co. Kent, xxi.
Flounder, the, description of, baits, and directions for angler for, 165.
Flower, Alice, daughter of John, of Whitwell, co. Rutland, 60 *n.*
Fly-fishing, Cotton's treatise on the art of, written by him at Walton's request, within ten days, lxxxv, clxxxv; Walton's directions for, quoted from Barker, 101 et seq.; instructions for, from an anonymous writer, 106 *n.*; Cotton's instructions for, 240 et seq.
Fly-making, list of materials necessary for, 103 *n.*, vide Artificial flies.
Ford, John, married Elizabeth Walton, cliv.
Fordidge trout, never caught by angling, 73; eats nothing in fresh water, 74.
Forked kite, the, a species of hawk, 29.
Fox, the, 29.
Frank, Robert, author of "Northern Memoirs," his criticism of the "Complete Angler," lx.
French pye, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Frescobaldi, Signor, a Florentine merchant, 118 *n.*
Frog, the, several kinds of, described by Topsel, 74 *n.*; said to be venomous in spawning-time, 132; very destructive to carp, 134 *n.*, 143; a bait for pike, 135; different kinds of, and directions for baiting with, 136, 137.
Frome, George, a witness to the will of Izaak Walton the younger, cxix.
Fuller, Dr, Walton's opinion of his "Church History," lxiii; quoted by Walton, 51 *n.*, 52 *n.*
Fuller's "Abel Redivivus," 4to, 1651, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlvii.
Fulman, William, author of the "Notitia Oxoniensis Academiæ," lxxx.
Fulimart, the, 29 *n.*

Gaisford, Stephen, a witness to the will of Izaac Walton the younger, cxix.
"Gammer Gurton's Nedle, a ryght pithy, pleasaunt and merie Comedie," 1575, 281.
Ganges, the river, 42, vide Eels.
Gardner, Dr, expelled from the University of Oxford, xxxv.
Garrard, Mr Thomas, a ring bequeathed to by Walton, cii; notice of, cv.
Garrick, widow of David, 142 *n.*
Garter, a, and George, belonging to Charles II., taken after the battle of Worcester, xlv.
Gasius, Antonius, quoted by Walton, 168; account of, 168 *n.*
Gatehouse at Westminster, the, 283.
Gauden, Dr, Bishop of Exeter, published the Life of Richard Hooker, lxxvii.
Gay, the poet, verses descriptive of the art of angling, by, 287–289.
Geneva, the trout taken in the lake of, a great article of commerce, 72.
Gentles, breeding and preserving, 185.
George, the King's lesser, preserved by Colonel Blague, after battle of Worcester, xlv; its restoration to his Majesty, xlv.
Gerard, John, quoted by Walton, 160; account of, 160 *n.*
Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, translated by Charles Cotton, clxxviii.
Gerfalcon, the, a species of the hawk, 28.
Gesner, Conrade, biographical account of, 44 *n.*; his "Historia Animalium," and "De Serpentum Naturâ," quoted by Walton, lxi, 44, 48, 59, 72, 118, 120, 123, 125, 127, 130, 132, 140, 141, 144, 148, 156, 160, 166, 167, 193.
Gise, Mr Christopher, a bequest made to, by Dr Donne, the younger, cxlii.
Glanville, Sir Bartholomew, custos of Orford Castle, temp. Hen. II., 45 *n.*
Glascocke, William, a witness to the will of Dr Donne, the younger, cxlii.

Gloucester, the town of, 195.

Goedartius, Joannes, "De Insectis," Lond. 8vo, 1685, 96 *n.*

Golden Lane, London, the Swan, in, lix.

Goldsmith, Francis, Esq., 197 *n.*, vide Grotius.

"Go, lovely rose, &c.," song by Waller, cxcv.

Goose, the, destructive to fish, 63.

Gorara, the, destructive to fish, 63.

Goshawk, the, 28.

Gower, Earl, his supercilious mention of Dr Johnson, 124 *n.*

Grasshopper, the, a good bait for chub, 68, 84; for trout, 69; said to have no mouth, 73; varieties of, 73 *n.*; artificial, 106, 261.

Gravel lastspring, a fish so called, found only in the Wye and Severn, 129 *n.*

Grayling or Umber, the, styled by the French "an humble chevalier," said to be very medicinable, 120; called by St Ambrose "the flower of fishes," 121; engraving of, 121; where found, baits for, and directions for angling for, 121; Cotton's instructions for angling for, 240 et seq.

Great blue fly, for February, 254.

Great dun fly, for February, 253.

Great hackles or palmer flies, for February and May, 253–255.

Green-drake fly, description of, where found, and directions for making, 241, 257, 259.

Gregory, Mr John, the posthumous works of, 4to, Lond. 1683, quoted, 45 *n.*

Greinsell, "my cozen's widow," mentioned by Walton in his will, cii; not identified, cvi, vide Grinsell.

Greinwood, Mrs, mentioned in Walton's will, c.

Grey drake, the, for May, 259.

Greyhound, the, 30.

Grinsell, Mrs Anne, widow, cliv.

——, John, son of Thomas, cliii.

——, Mr Thomas, cliii.

——, Walter, son of Thomas, cliii.

"Grotius; his Sophompaneas or Joseph," a tragedy, by Francis Goldsmith, Esq., 12mo, Lond. 1652, quoted, 197 *n.*

Ground-bait for bream and carp, 151.

Gudgeon, the, a leather-mouthed fish, 69; description of, and directions for angling for, 171.

Guiniad, the, description of, and places where found, 166 *n.*

Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, clxviii.

Gustavus Erickson, introduced Protestantism into Sweden, 284.

Hackles, directions for choosing, 103 *n.*

Haddock, the, 30.

Haddon, county of Derby, 230.

Haggard, the, a species of hawk, 29.

Hailes, Lord, said to have contemplated a new edition of Walton's Lives, cxxiv.

Hakewill, Dr, account of his "Apology of God's Power and Providence," 118 *n.*; quoted, 130 *n.*, 160.

Hale, Sir Matthew, prepared a bill for the compression of the more moderate dissenters from the Church, and allowing certain indulgences to such as could not be brought within the comprehension, 96.

Hales, Anne, wife of Sir Edward, first edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," dedicated to, xliii.

——, John, of Eton, intimate friend of Izaak Walton, xx, lxxiii; styled "the walking library;" his opinion of the merits of Walton's Life of Dr Donne, xxviii; collections for his Life by Walton, lxxx; his portrait painted after death by Lady Anne Howe, lxxxi; Walton's memoranda respecting him, cxliv–cxlvii.

Hale's Treatise on Fencing, ridiculed by Walton, 3, 5, 7.

Halifax, George Savile, Marquis of; letter to Charles Cotton on his translation of Montaigne's Essays, 1685, clxxxvii.

Hall, Dr, Bishop of Exeter, presented by Dr Donne with a seal of bloodstone, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv; his works bequeathed by Walton to his daughter, Mrs Hawkins, ci.

Ham, in Essex, 196 *n.*

Hambleton Lock, 115 *n.*, vide Howell.

Hammond, Dr, expelled from the University of Oxford, xxxv; attended King Charles I. during his imprisonment, xxxvi; intimate with Walton, xci; copy of his "Christian's Obligations to Peace and Charity," ten Sermons, 4to, 1649, formerly belonging to Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlvii.

Hampton, chiefly resorted to by Londoners, for the purpose of angling, 183 *n.*

Hampton Court, the conference at, 52 *n.*

Hanson, Richard, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.

Hanson-Toot, Derby, engraving of, 233.

Harboone, John, Esq., of Tackley, county of Oxford, 54.

Harcourt, Humphrey, son of John Harcourt, of Ranton Hall, co. Stafford, cvi.

——, Mr Valantine, ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; notice of, cvi.

Hare, the, 29, 30; formerly supposed to change its sex every year, 116.

Harington, Dr, 60 *n.*

——, Sir John, epigrams written by, xix.

Harp Alley, in Shoe Lane, the residence of Charles Kerbye, 188.

Harrison, Jas., alias Walton, his will, cxxxix.

Harry Long-legs, 262.

Hartley, Thomas, of London, merchant, cxxxiv.

Hartshorn, co. Derby, lxxxvi *n.*

Harvey, Thomas, 108 *n.*

Harvie, the Rev. Christopher, verses addressed by him to Walton on publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii, 10; verses by him, on the Book of Common Prayer, lvii, 108; verses addressed by him to Walton, on publication of the fourth edition of his poem called "The Synagogue," lxvii.

Harvy, Mr John, bequest made to, by Dr Donne the younger, cxlii.

Haslam, Alice, cxxxiii.
Hastings, Sir George, son of Henry Hastings of Woodlands, 2d son of George, 4th Earl of Huntingdon, 72 *n.*, 128, 186.
——, Henry Lord, elegy upon his death by Charles Cotton the poet, clxvi *n.*
Hatfield, Agnes, daughter of Lawrence, of Willoughby, co. Notts, cxxxiv.
——, an ancient royal residence, 36 *n.*
Hawes, pedigree of, cxxxii, cxxxiii.
——, Anne, cxxi, cxxxiii.
——, Rev. Henry, minister of Clifton, cxxi, cxxxii.
——, Rev. Dr Herbert, prebendary of Salisbury, great-great-grandson, and, except Mrs Blagden, only living descendant of Walton, cxxi, cxxxiii; copy of Walton's prayer-book in his possession, xli; list of portraits of Walton's family in his possession, cli.
——, Margaret Jane, cxxi, cxxxiii.
——, Rev. John, married Anne Hawkins, cxxi, cxxxiii; his death, cxxi; his issue, cxxi.
Hawk, varieties of the, 28, 29; has only four or five young ones at a time, 76.
Hawking, the pleasures of, 25.
Hawkins, pedigree of, cxxxii, cxxxiii.
——, Anne, daughter of Walton, bequests made to by her father, c, ci; by her brother, Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii; appointed his executrix and residuary legatee, cxviii; her portrait in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli.
——, Anne, granddaughter of Walton, bequest made to her by him, ci; by her uncle, Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii; biographical account and epitaph of, cxx; her portrait in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli.
——, Anne, daughter of William Hawkins, Esq., married the Rev. John Hawes, cxxi, cxxxiii.
——, Frances, the wife of Mr Thomas Knapp Blagden, cxxi, cxxxii.
——, Henrietta Rebecca, cxxi, cxxxiii.
——, Jane, her epitaph, cxxi, cxxxii.
——, Sir John, error in his statement respecting Walton's marriage, xx; his conjecture that the Life of Wotton was finished in 1644 supposed to be erroneous, xlii; mentions letters of Walton extant in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a Life of Mr Henry Savile, lxiii; his description of the fishing-house at Beresford, lxxxvii, 238 *n.*; his conjecture that the fish in the first edition of the "Complete Angler" were engraved on silver proved to be erroneous, 3 *n.*; discovered the tune to which the song "Come, live with me," &c., was sung, 81.
——, Mary, cxxi, cxxxiii.
——, Dr William, prebendary of Winchester, married Walton's daughter Anne, lxxxiv, cxxii, cxxxiii; bequests made to him by Walton's will, c, ci; his death, cxli; his portrait in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli.
Hawkins, William, Esq., bequest made to him by his uncle, Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii; executor of his will, cxix; biographical account and epitaph of himself, and Jane, his wife, cxx; their issue, cxxi, cxxxii; his portrait in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli.
——, Rev. William, vicar of Boldre, county of Hants, cxxxii.
Hawthorn-fly, the, Walton's directions for making, 106; Barker's do., 105 *n.*
Hayne, Richard, Esq., of Ashbourn, 227 *n.*
Headley, a passage from the "Complete Angler," quoted by him in his notes to the Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, cxiv *n.*
Heath, J., the translator of Du Moulin's "Accomplishment of the Prophecies," 39 *n.*
Heber, Mr, copy of a song entitled "Come, Shepherds, deck your Heads," from a MS. in his possession, 277.
Helmet pigeon, the, 76.
Henchman, Dr, Bishop of Salisbury, lxv; contributed to Walton's Life of Herbert, lxxvi.
——, Humphry, LL.D., cxix.
Hen-driver, the, a species of hawk, 29.
Henley Bridge, 184.
Henly, "old Oliver," a noted fisher, both for trout and salmon, 127.
Henry, Prince, a poem on the death of, printed in 12mo in 1613, by William Basse, 282.
Henry VII.'s Gifts, next door to the Gatehouse in Westminster, the residence of Thomas Barker, author of "The Art of Angling," 283.
Henshaw, Samuel, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.
Herbert, George, author of "The Temple," presented by Dr Donne with a seal of bloodstone, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv; his Life by Walton, published in May 1670, lxxv; quotation from his poem entitled "Contemplation on God's Providence," 44; from "The Temple," 107.
——, Sir Thomas, attended Charles I. during his imprisonment, xxxvii.
Hermit-fish, the, 46.
"Hero and Leander," a poem by Christopher Marlow, 78 *n.*
Heron, the, destructive to fish, 63; marrow of the thigh-bone of, a tempting bait, 138.
Herrick, the poet, intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv; his "Hesperides," quoted, 81 *n.*
Herring, the, dies out of water sooner than any other sea-fish, 141; plentiful near Yarmouth, 198, vide Yarmouth.
Hertford, the castle of, built by Edward the elder, 196 *n.*
Heseltine, William, Esq., Tradescant's house in Lambeth now in his occupation, 275.
Heylin's Cosmography, quoted by Walton, 194; copies of his Microcosmus, 4to, 1621, and of his "Parable of the Tares," 4to,

1659, formerly belonging to Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.
Hickes, Thomas, M.A., his Lucian's Dialogues, 22 *n.*
Higgs, Mr Walter, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii ; notice of, cvi.
Hind, James, the "English Guzman," biographical account of, 113 *n.*
Hircus, the consul, held intelligence with Decimus Brutus, besieged in Mutina, by means of a pigeon, 27.
"History of Thomas Lord Cromwell," published as Shakespeare's, 118 *n.*
Hobart, Sir Richard, cv.
Hobbes "De Mirabilibus Pecci," clxxxvi.
Hobby, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Hobson, Ellen, of Bromley, in Kent, clv.
Hoddesdon, the Thatched House at, l, 20, 36; engraving of the, 56.
Hog-fish, the, 43.
Holdsworth, Dr Richard, 13 *n.*
Holinshed, Mr, a bequest made to, by Walton, ci ; not identified, cvi.
Hollar, portraits of the John Tradescants, father and son, engraved by, 42 *n.*
Holmes-Chapel, co. Chester, the ale at praised by Cotton, clxxiv.
Holt, Sir John, Bart., cxxxv.
——, Sir Robert, of Aston, co. Warwick, Bart., the second edition of Donne's Life dedicated to, lxiv.
Holtenby, Daniel, overseer of the parish of St Dunstan's in the West, clii.
Hooker, Richard, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," xxii ; his Life, by Walton, published in January 1665, lxxi ; reprinted in 1666, lxxiv ; republished with the Lives of Donne, Herbert, and Wotton, about 1670, lxxvi ; again in 1675, lxxxi ; a copy of his "Ecclesiastical Politie," fol. 1666, formerly belonging to Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlviii.
Hooks, for fishing, mentioned by the prophet Amos, and in the Book of Job, 38, 49 ; Charles Kerbye, famed for his method of tempering, 188 *n.*
Hooper, Mr, warden of the Stationers' Company in 1612, 54 *n.*
"Hope," an Ode to, by Charles Cotton, cxciii.
Hopton, Edward, gent., commendatory verses by, prefixed to Barker's "Art of Angling," 1657 or 1659, 283.
Horne, Bishop, a passage from the "Complete Angler," quoted in his commentary on the 104th Psalm, cxiv *n.*; contemplated the republication of Walton's Lives, cxxiv.
Horse-flesh fly, the, for April, 256.
Hoskins, Elizabeth, Susan, and William, bequests to by their "cousin" Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii, cxxiii.
——, Matthew, cxviii, cxxiii.
Howe, the Lady Anne ; formerly Mrs Anne King, cxliv ; painted the portrait of John Hales, after his death, lxxxi, cxliv ; a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii ; biographical account of, cv.
——, Sir Richard, Bart., lxxxi.
Howell, Mr, large trout taken by, at Hambleton Lock, 115 *n.*
Hubball, Adam, of Stafford, apprenticed by Walton, cxlix.
Hughes, Jane, daughter of Rowland, of Essenden, co. Herts, the mother of Walton's second wife, xxxix, cciv.
Humber, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I. c. 47, 62 *n.*; grayling plentiful in the, 122 *n* ; the æstuarium, 196.
"Hunter in his Choice Career," the, a song by William Basse, 85 ; copy of, 281.
Huntingdon, Ferdinand, Earl of, clxvi *n.*
——, George, 4th Earl of, 72 *n.*
Hunting, the pleasures of, 29, 31.
Hutchinson, Charles, of Willoughby on the Wolds, co. Derby, cciii.
——, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas, of Owthorpe, co. Notts, wife of Charles Cotton the younger, clxxi, cciii.
——, Katherine, wife of Sir Thomas, ccii.
——, Miss Stanhope, clxxii, cciii.
"Hygrasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ et vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ," by Leonard Lessius, 99.

INGELO, N., and the Life of Hales, cxlvi.
"Innocent Epicure," a poem, commemorating Walton, Cotton, and Venables, 274.
Ireland, Mrs Mary, bequest to, by Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii ; not identified, cxxiii.
Irk, the river, in Lancashire, famed for eels, 164 *n.*
Iron, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Isabella, the colour, why so termed, 254 *n.*
Isis, the river, 195, 196.
Ivy-berries, worms anointed with the oil of, very attractive to fish, 127.

JACK, the pike, so called until it attains the length of twenty-four inches, 138.
——, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Jackson, Captain Henry, ccxlv.
——, Mr Roger, 54 *n.*
James I., a copy of his works, fol. Lond. 1616, formerly belonging to Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.
Jenkinson, Sir Robert, of Oxfordshire, Bart., cxxxiv.
Jerkin, the, a species of the hawk, 28.
Jervis, Mrs, only child of John Swinfen, Esq., grandmother of the late Earl St Vincent ; a MS. note in a copy of the Life of Bishop Sanderson, presented by Walton to her grandfather, supposed to have been written by her, xxxvi.
"Jew of Malta," a tragedy by Marlowe, 80 *n.*
"Johnny Armstrong," a song, 79, 278.
Johnson, Mrs Elyza, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii ; notice of, cvi ; bequest to her by Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii.
Johnson, Dr, a great admirer of Walton, cxxiii.
Jons, Mr, large trout speared by, at Cook's Ferry, 115.

Jonson, Ben, author of the "Beggar's Bush," 113; his adopted sons, 217 *n.*

"Jovial Crew, the, or the Merry Beggars," a comedy by Brome, 87 *n.*

Jovius, Paulus, the author of a tract, "De Romanis Piscibus," 142 *n.*

Judea, a river in, mentioned by Josephus, that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still on the Sabbath, 42.

Juxon, Dr, Bishop of London, attended Charles I. during his imprisonment, xxxvi.

Ken, pedigree of, cciv.

——, Anne, the second wife of Izaak Walton, xxxix, cciv.

——, Elizabeth, xxxix *n.*, cxxiii, cciv.

——, Jane, the wife of Thomas, xxxix.

——, Jane, the wife of John Symons, xxxix *n.*, xlvii, cciv.

——, Ion, Treasurer of the East India Company, xxxix *n.*, xlviii, cxxii, cciv; a ring bequeathed to him by Walton, cii.

——, Ion, B.D., cxxii, cciv.

——, John, xxxix *n.*, cciv, 283.

——, Margaret, xxxix *n.*, cxxii, cciv.

——, Martha, wife of Thomas, xxxix *n.*, cciv.

——, Martha, wife of Christopher Frederick Kreinberg, xxxix *n.*, xlii, xlviii, cxxii, cciv.

——, Martin, cciv.

——, Mary, xxxix *n.*, cciv.

——, Rose, cxxii, cciv; Isaac Walton the younger directed by his father's will to be kind to her, ci, civ; bequest to her, by her nephew, Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii.

——, Thomas, xxxix; his will, xlvii.

——, Thos., his son by his first wife, xxxix *n.*

——, Thomas, his son by his second wife, Bishop of Bath and Wells, xxxix; supposed by Mr Bowles to have been the issue of the first wife, xxxix; mentioned in his father's will, xlviii; a ring bequeathed to by Walton, cii; after being deprived of his see resided with Izaak Walton the younger, cxvi; bequeathed part of his books to him, cxvii; his death, cciv, cxli; his portrait, in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli.

Kenilworth, near Coventry, a pike in a pond at, seized a woman's foot whilst washing clothes, 130.

Kennet, the river, a trout taken in, forty-five inches in length, 115 *n.*; famed for eels, 164 *n.*

Kenrick, Dorothy, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv, cxxxiv.

——, Edward, of London, merchant, cv, cxxxiv.

——, John, of Shropshire, cxxxiv.

——, John, of London, xxii, cxxxiv.

——, Mary, cxxxiv.

——, Mathew, cxxxiv.

Kentish hens, great compared with others, 76.

Kerbye, Charles, famed for a method of tempering hooks, obtained from Prince Rupert, 188 *n.*

Kerobyn, Thomas, of Burton, co. Stafford, surgeon, clv.

Killigrew, Sir H., ambassador to France, xxii.

Killigrew, Mr Thomas, bequest made to, by Dr Donne the younger, cxlii; stated by Pepys to have introduced good music, 111 *n.*

Kilmorrey, Robert, Viscount, 1 *n.*

King, Dr Henry, Bishop of Chichester, intimate friend of Walton, xx, lxiv; executor to Dr Donne, xxiii; presented by him with a seal of bloodstone, with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv; verses on Dr Donne's death, xxiv; mentioned by Walton, in the second edition of his Life of Dr Donne, lxiv; restored to his see, after the Restoration, lxv; bequest to him by Dr Donne the younger, lxxi; letter to Walton, lxxi.

——, H., of Foster Lane, London, gent., clv.

——, Dr John, Bishop of London, lxiv.

——, John, son of the Bishop of Chichester, cxcix.

——, John, of Fleet Street, London, gent., clv.

——, Mrs, the wife of Dr Philip, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv.

Kingfisher, destructive to fish, 63; its nest, 190.

Kingston-upon-Hull, the town of, 230.

Kingston-upon-Thames, 283.

Kirby, in Westmoreland, a well near, which ebbs and flows several times a day, 41.

Kniveton, Mary, daughter of Sir Gilbert, of Murcaston, in Derbyshire, ccii.

Krienberg, Mr Frederick, and his wife, bequests to, by Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii, cciv.

Ladbroke, Mr, of Gatton, 142 *n.*

Lake Leman; trout of three cubits in length said to have been taken in, 72.

Lake Lurian in Italy, carp taken in, of fifty pounds weight, 142.

Lambeth, John Tradescant's house at, now called Turret House, 43.

Lamperne, the, 165 *n.*

Lamprey, a favourite dish of the Romans, 33, 119, 160, 165 *n.*

Laneare, Mr Nicholas, an eminent master of music, 110 *n.*

Laner, and Laneret, a species of hawk, 28.

Langdale, Mr, of Ashbourn, 227 *n.*

Lark, the, 26.

Last-spring, a fish of the salmon kind, 129 *n.*

Lathkin, the river, 230

Laud, Archbishop, his execution, xxxv, cxlvi, cxlvii.

Laverock, the, cxiv, 26.

Lawes, Henry, 178 *n.*

Lawson, W., 54 *n.*

Lee, the river, account of, 196 *n.*

Lees, Richard, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.

Lentner, the, a species of hawk, 29.

Leominster, co. Hereford, 119.

Lessius, Leonard, biographical account of, 99 *n.*

Lewin, ——, a ring bequeathed to, by his "coz." Walton, cii.

Lidcott, Dorothy, daughter of Sir John, of Mousley, in Surrey, 1 *n.*

Liebault, Dr, author of "L'Agriculture et Maison Rustique," account of, 198 *n.*
Light brown fly for May, 257.
"Like Hermit Poor," a song, 110 *n.*
Lilly, the astrologer, 43 *n.*
Linnet, the, cxiv, 26.
Little brown fly for April, 256.
—— dun fly for May, 257.
—— yellow May fly, 257, 260.
Liturgy, abolished by Act of Parliament, 108 *n.*
Livy, the choicest of historians, 34.
Lloyde, Mr John, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified, cvi.
Llyn Quellyn, near Snowdon, the char caught in, 166 *n.*
—— Raithlyn, co. Merioneth, a singular variety of perch found in, 157 *n.*
Loach, the, breeds several times in the year, 141; description of, 192.
Lobel, Mathias de, biographical account of, 160 *n.*
Lobster, the, 140, vide Chichester.
Lochmaben, the guiniad found in, 166 *n.*
Lochmere, in Ireland, 41.
Lombart, the fish in the first edition of the "Complete Angler," engraved by, 3 *n.*
London Bridge, an engraving of, 183.
Long, Elizabeth, of Bury St Edmunds, clv.
Longleat, the asylum of Dr Ken, after he was deprived of his see, cxvi.
Lough Neagh, in Ireland, the guiniad found in, 166 *n.*
Lovelace, Colonel Richard, intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv; addressed an Ode to Charles Cotton the elder, and wrote an elegy on the death of his sister Cassandra, clxviii; relieved by the younger Cotton, in his distress, clxviii; his death, clxviii *n.*
Low, the river, made subject to the fence months, by stat 13 Rich. II., 62 *n.*
Lowe, Mrs Bridget, a bequest made to, by Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii.
Lowth, Bishop, his translation of a passage in Isaiah, where fishing-hooks are mentioned, 49 *n.*
Luce, the old name for Pike, 129.
Lucian's Dialogues, translated by Mr Francis Hickes, 22 *n.*
Lucy, arms of the family of, 140 *n.*
——, Geoffry de, temp. Hen. III., 140 *n.*
——, Sir Berkeley, Bart., of Broxbourne, co. Herts, cci, cciii.
——, Katherine, Lady, cci, cciii.
——, Mary, wife of the Hon. Charles Compton, cciii.
Lymington, John Wallop, Viscount, and Earl of Portsmouth, xcvi.

Macrobius, Aurelius, account of, 33 *n.*; quoted by Walton, 33.
Mac William, Ambrose, clxiii *n.*
——, Cassandra, the wife of Sir George Cotton, clxiii, cciii.
——, Cicely, clxiii *n.*
——, Edward, clxiii *n.*
——, Henry, clxiii *n.*
Mac William, Susan, the wife of Edward Sanders, clxiii *n.*
Margrave, Mr, a seller of fishing-tackle, mentioned in the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler, 188 *n.*
Mark Antony, 30.
Markham, Jervase, author of "The Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations," containing a discourse of the general art of fishing with an angle, or otherwise, 4to, 1614, 37 *n.*
Markland, Abraham, a witness to Izaak Walton's will, cii, civ.
Marlowe, Christopher, a song made by, liv; biographical account of, 78 *n.*
Marriott, Ann, daughter of Richard, cliii.
——, Edward, son of John, cliii.
——, Elizabeth, daughter of John, cliii.
——, Elizabeth, wife of John, cliii.
——, Jane, widow, cliii.
——, John, the publisher of Donne's Poems, ed. 1633, xxiv, xxxvii, cliii.
——, John, son of John, cliii.
——, Mary, daughter of John, cliii.
——, Richard, the friend and publisher of Izaak Walton for nearly half a century, xxviii, xxxvii, xcviii; letter from Walton, lxxx; bequest by Walton, cii, civ; his shop in St Dunstan's Churchyard, 274.
——, Richard, an infant, cliii.
——, Sarah, daughter of John, cliii.
——, Valentine, son of John, cliii.
Marsh, J., anecdote of Cotton told by, clxxviii.
Marston, John, the author of Pigmalion's Image, xix.
Martins, caught by whipping with a fly, 172.
Martyn, ——, Susannah, wife of, ccv.
Mascal, Leonard, author of the "Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," 4to, Lond. 1600, 141 *n.*
——, Mr, of Plumstead, county of Essex, introduced the carp into England, 141.
Mason, Mr, 54 *n.*
——, John, a hosier, joint tenant with Walton of a house in Fleet Street, xx.
Matlock, 231.
Mayerne, Sir Theodore, 73 *n.*
May-fly, the directions for making, 105.
Maynard, Wm., 2d son of Wm. Lord, cxxxv.
Medway, the, 195, 196.
Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, translated by Charles Cotton, clxxxviii, clxxxix.
Mendez Pinto, Ferdinand, account of, 50 *n.*
"Mensa Lubrica," a poem, by Thomas Master, 173 *n.*
Mercator, Gerard, account of, 72 *n.*
"Mercurius Politicus," the first edition of the "Complete Angler," advertised in the, 274.
Merewether, Jane, the wife of William Hawkins, Esq., cxx, cxxxii.
——, John, M.D., cxx, cxxxii.
Merlin, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Merril, ——, an industrious angler, mentioned by Frank, in his "Northern Memoirs," lxi.
Mersey, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Rich. II., 62 *n.*

Mew, definition of the term, 20 *n*.
Milington, Mr, mentioned by Walton in a letter to his publisher, lxxx.
Miller's-Thumb, or Bullhead, the, 192.
Millington, Sir Thomas, M.D., cxcix.
Milton, supposed to have taken the hint for the last lines of "L'Allegro and Penseroso," from the ballad, "Come, live with me," &c., 81 *n*.
Milward, Mrs Eliza, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv.
——, Henry, of Dovebridge, co. Stafford, cxxxii, cliv.
——, John, of Dovebridge, cliv.
——, Margaret, wife of Henry, cxxxii, cliv.
——, Robert, of Catton, in the county of Derby, cxxxii.
——, Robert, Esq., an intimate friend of Izaak Walton's, xlv.
——, William, of Christ Church, Oxford, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv.
Milwood, Robert (? Milward), cxxxviii.
Minnow, the, directions for baiting with, 94, 193; artificial, instructions for making, 94; description of the, 192.
Mole, the river, erroneously said to run underground, 41 *n*.
Monings, John, lieutenant of Dover Castle, cxxxv.
"Monsieur Thomas," Fletcher's comedy of, 274.
Montague, Edward, Lord, General of the Navy, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, 283.
Montaigne's fondness for cats, 23; his Essays translated by Charles Cotton, clxxxvii.
Montfort, Dr, residentiary of St Paul's, xxiii.
Moor, Sir Thomas, a portrait of, bequeathed by Dr Donne the younger to Mr Christopher Gise, cxlii.
Moore, Elizabeth, daughter of William, cciii.
Moor-fly, the, 95; directions for making, 101.
"Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," from the French of Du Vaix, translated by Charles Cotton, clxxii.
Mordiford, co. Hereford, 230 *n*.
Moreton, near Thame in Oxfordshire, the birthplace of William Basse, 282.
Morley, Dr George, anecdote told by Walton respecting his expulsion from Oxford, xxxv; no authority for Mr Bowles' assumption that he was Walton's guest at his cottage in Staffordshire, from April 1648 to May 1649, xl; verses addressed by him to Walton on the publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii; Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Worcester, lxv; Walton's second wife supposed to have died whilst on a visit to him at Worcester, lxix; translated to the see of Winchester in 1662, from which year Walton constantly resided with him, lxx; the Lives of Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson dedicated to him by Walton, lxxi, lxxvii, xc; a bequest made to him by Walton, ci, ciii.
——, Mr Francis, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii.
Morney, on the Christian Religion, 4to, 1617, a copy of, formerly belonging to Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlviii.
Morton, Dr, Bishop of Durham, intimate with Walton, lxxiii.
Mossop, Mr William, 115 *n*.
Mouldwarp, the, 29.
Mountague, Mr, formerly schoolmaster of Eton, promised to afford information to Walton respecting John Hales, lxxx, cxlv, cxlvi.
Mountjoy, Lord, lord-lieutenant in Ireland, xxii.
Moxon, Mr, a sonnet by him, cxxvi.
Mullet, a favourite dish of the Romans, 33, 47; those taken at Arundel superior to others, 73, 140.
Musket, the, a species of hawk, 28.

NARES, Archdeacon, first discovered the fallacy of the hypothesis that the poem of Thealma and Clearchus was written by Walton, xciii, xcviii.
Nelson, the Rev. Henry, rector of Haugham, co. Lincoln, cv.
——, Mrs, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv.
Neville, Mr Henry, xlii *n*.
Newark, the town of, 229.
Newbury, the town of, 115 *n*.
Newcastle, the Duchess of, her plays alluded to by Cotton, clxxxiii.
Newport, Francis Lord, a bequest made to, by Dr Donne the younger, cxlii.
Nid, the river, made subject to the fence months, by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n*.
Nightingale, the, cxiv, 26.
Nile, the river, 197.
Noel, Sir John, of Kirby, co. Leicester, cxxxv.
Noell, Mr Walter, lands near Stafford bought of him by Walton, c, ciii.
Norington farm, held by Walton, by lease from the Bishop of Winchester, c.
Northampton, George, 4th Earl of, cci, vide Compton.
"Northern Memoirs," written by Robert Frank; extract from, relative to the "Complete Angler," lx.
Norton, Alice, wife of Thomas, cxxxv.
Norwood, Alexander, gent., xxii, cxxxv.
Notley Abbey, 195 *n*.
Nottingham, the town of, 229.
Nowel, Dr Alexander, Dean of St Paul's, biographical account of, 51 *n*.; his portrait, 52, 53.

OAK-FLY, the, directions for making, 105.
Offley, Crew, of Wichner, county Stafford, 1 *n*.
——, Sir John, of Madeley, county Stafford, knight, 1 *n*.
——, John, of Madeley Manor, county Stafford, Esq.; the first edition of the "Complete Angler" dedicated to, xlvii, 1, 2; his issue, 1 *n*.
——, John, of Crew, Esq., 1 *n*.
——, Lawrence, 1 *n*.

Offley, Mary, wife of Robert, Viscount Kilmorrey, 1 *n.*
——, Sir Thomas, lord mayor in 1557, 1 *n.*
"Oh! the Gallant Fisher's Life," a song partly composed by Walton, lviii, 174.
"Oh! the sweet Contentment," a song by John Chalkhill, 86.
Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, and Metropolitan of Sweden, 284.
Oldbury-sur-Montem, co. Gloucester, 276.
"Old Rose," the song so called, li, 60.
Oldys, William, Norroy king-of-arms, lxxiii.
Oley, Barnabas, his preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," lxxvi.
Orange-fly, the, for June, 261.
Orford, account of a sea monster taken at, temp. Hen. II., 45 *n.*
Ormond, the Duke of; the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis dedicated to him by Charles Cotton, cc.
Osprey, the, 63.
Otter, very destructive to fish, 21; pleasures of hunting it, 29; gloves made of the skin of the, recommended by Walton, 59; said to travel as much as ten miles in a night, 59; a young one tamed by Mr Nicholas Segrave of Leicestershire, 60; said to smell fish at a distance of forty furlongs, 118, 127.
Otter-hounds, belonging to Mr Sadler, of Standon, co. Herts, mentioned by Walton, l, 21; the pack of Walter Biddulph, Esq., of Barton-under-Needwood, advertised for sale in May 1760, 56.
Ottersey, the river, co. Devon, so called from the number of otters that breed in it, 59.
Oudert, Nicholas, a confidential servant of Sir Henry Wotton, xlii.
Oughtred, Mr, his "Key to the Mathematics," 33.
Ouse, the river, made subject to the fence months, by stat. 13 Edward I., 62 *n.*, 196; the name common to several rivers in England, 230 *n.*
Overall, Dr John, 52 *n.*
Overbury, Sir Thomas, his "character" of a milkmaid, 82 *n.*
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1626, a copy of, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlviii.
Owen, John, anecdote of, 34 *n.*
Owldham, Isaac, an industrious angler, mentioned by Frank, in his "Northern Memoirs," lxi.
Owl-fly, the, for June, 261.
Oziander, Anne, niece to the wife of ——, cxxxiv.

Paine, Dr, expelled from the University of Oxford, xxxv.
Palmer, Mr, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified, cvi.
Palmer-fly, the, 96, 102.
"Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon," 4to, 1641, 27 *n.*
Parke, James, Esq.; verses by him in praise of Walton, cxxvi.
Parkyns, Beaumont, of Sutton Bonington, co. Notts, cci, cciii.
Parkyns, Jane, cci, cciii.
——, Sir Thomas, Bart., cciii.
Parrot-fish, the, 43.
Partridge, the, 47.
"Passionate Pilgrim," and other sonnets, by Mr William Shakespeare, 1599, 80 *n.*
Paternoster-line, the, why so called, 172.
Paternoster Row, a house in, called "The Cross Keys," rented by Walton, lxxi; burnt during the Fire of London, lxxix; Walton's interest therein bequeathed to his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, c.
Peacock-fly, the, for June, 261.
Pemble Mere, the char caught in, 166 *n.*
Perch, description of the, 156; German proverb respecting, 156; its time of spawning, 156, 157; engraving of the, 157; baits and directions for angling for, 157; haunts of, 157 *n.*; a singular variety of, found in a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, 157 *n.*
"Perfect Diurnall," first edition of the "Complete Angler," advertised in, 274.
Perkins, Dr William, biographical account of, 51 *n.*
Petty, George, clxviii *n.*
"Pheer," definition of the term, 47 *n.*
"Philida flouts me," a song, liv, 79; copy of, 277.
"Phœnix Nest," the, a collection of poems, published in 1593, 110 *n.*
Philips, Mrs Katherine; her translation of Corneille's Tragedy of Horace, clxxii.
Phillippes, Margaret, cliv.
Pickerel, their appearance in ponds not known to have been stored with them, accounted for, lxi.
Pickering Tor and the Iron Chest in Dovedale, view of, 235.
Pierce, Dr, letter from, to Walton, xciii.
Pigeons, used to convey letters, 27.
"Pigmalion's Image," xix.
Pike, the said by Gesner to be generated by the pickerel weed, 129; instance of longevity of, 130 *n.*; voracity of, 130–132; time of breeding, 132; destroyed by frogs, 133; directions for fishing for with a live bait, 135–137; baits for, and trolling for, 138 *n.*; recipe for cooking, 139; cooking in the 14th and 15th centuries, 140 *n.*; not introduced into England before the reign of Henry VIII., 140 *n.*; early mention of, 140 *n.*
Pike, the, a rock so called, in the river Dove, near Beresford Hall, 221; description of, 250 *n.*
Pilsbury, William, of Stafford, cli.
Piper-cadis, the, description of, 189.
"Piscatory Eclogues," 177, vide Fletcher.
Pitts, Mr George, a bequest made to, by Dr Donne the younger, cxlii. Mr, of Encomb, county Dorset, 134 *n.*
Plain hackle, a, for February, 253.
"Planter's Manual," the, by Charles Cotton, 8vo, 1675, clxxxiii.
"Playford's Antidote against Melancholy," 85 *n.*
Plinlimmon Hill, 195.

Pliny, quoted by Walton, 42, 44, 48, 95, 142, 160.

Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, clxxxviii.

Poetical Rhapsody, the, edited by Francis Davison, 113 *n.*

Poison-fish, the, 43.

Poker, William, cxxxix.

Pole-cat, the, 29.

Pollen, the guiniad, in Ireland, 166 *n.*

Polshot, bequest to the poor of the parish of, by Izaak Walton the younger, cxviii.

"Polyhymnia," a poem, by Wm. Basse, 282.

"Polyolbion," the, by Michael Drayton, quotation from, 124.

Pope, quotation from, in reference to angling, 287.

Port, the family of, connected with that of Cotton, by marriage, clxiv.

Portland, Jerome, Earl of, executor to the will of Dr Donne the younger, cxlii.

"Poverty," an Ode to, by Cotton, cxci.

Powell, Charles, rector of Cheddington, author of "The Religious Rebel," 14 *n.* Edward, verses to Walton, on the publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii, 13. Sir Edward, of Pengethley, co. Hereford, cxxxiv. Susannah, his sister and co-heir, wife of William Cranmer, cxxxiv.

Powny, Mrs, of Windsor, lxxx, cxlv, cxlvi.

Prescott, George, Esq., 36 *n.* Sir George, Bart., 36 *n.*

Prestwich, Edmund; his translation of the Hippolitus of Seneca, clxvi *n.*

Pride, small species of lamprey, 162.

Prior, Mathew, and Bishop Burnet, 124 *n.*

"Private School of Defence," the, by Hales, 3, 5, 7.

Privet hawk, the, a caterpillar, 283.

Pucklechurch, county Gloucester, the burial-place of the family of Dennys, 276.

Puet, the, destructive to fish, 63.

Pulston, George, cxxxix.

Purchas, Samuel, the author of "The Pilgrimage," xix.

"Purple Island," the, a poem, by Phineas Fletcher, 177 *n.*

Puss moth, the, 283.

Puttenham, county Herts, 195 *n.*

Pye, Mrs, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii.

Quarles, Francis; his "Shepherd's Eclogues;" the Address to the Reader, written by Walton, xxxvii; quotation from in reference to angling, 287; his death, xxxvii *n.*

"Quatrains on Morning, Noon, and Evening," by Charles Cotton, cxcv.

"Queen Elinor," a ballad, 81 *n.*

Queenhithe, 182 *n.*

Raikes, Job Mathew, Esq., 36 *n.*

Raleigh, Sir Walter, song composed by, 78; verses written by, whilst a prisoner in the Tower, 209.

Ramish-hawk, the, 29.

Randolph, Thomas, one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons, 217.

"Rascal game," definition of, 30 *n.*

Ratclyffe, Mary, daughter of Sir John, of Ordsall, co. Lancaster, cciii.

Ravens, the prophet Elijah fed by, 27.

Rawson, Ralph, fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, tutor of Charles Cotton the younger, clxv; verses addressed by him to Cotton, clxv.

Red-brown flies for February, 253.

Rede, Mr, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cvi.

Reeves, John, a waterman, obtained a living by giving notice to anglers of the arrival of roach in the Thames, near London Bridge, 182 *n.*

"Religious Rebel," by Edward Powel, 14 *n.*

"Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," published by Walton in 1651, xlii; a second edition in 1654, xlviii; a third in 1673, lxxix.

"Retirement," the, "Stanzes Irreguliers to Mr Izaak Walton," by Charles Cotton, 219–221.

Reynell and Champernon, case of, 214.

Reynolds, Bishop, a copy of his "Treatise of the Passions," 4to, 1640, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.

Rhodes, besieged by the Turks, 27.

Ribble, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Rich. II., 62 *n.*

Richmond Palace, an engraving of Theobalds, published by the Society of Antiquaries, under the misnomer of, 275.

Ricking, abode of John Hales, cxlv.

Ringtail, the, a species of hawk, 28.

Roach, the, why so called, 182; the season for angling for in the Thames, 182 *n.*; the Londoners considered the best roach-anglers, 183; baits for, 184–186, 188; directions for angling for, 183 *n.*; their haunts, 187 *n.*; method of cooking, 189.

Roberts, Mr John, of the Cross Keys, Littleport, 131 *n.*

——, Lewis, the publisher of the Merchants' Map of Commerce, xxxii.

Robin, the, cxiv, 26.

Robinson, George, Esq., editor of Marlowe's Dramatic and Poetical Works, 78.

Rochester, Lord. satirical verses by, on seeing Charles II. angling, 285.

Rock, Mrs, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified, cvi.

Rods, Walton's directions for painting, 203; Cotton's directions for choosing, 242.

Roe, or Row, Mrs, the godmother of Izaak Walton the younger, xlii, cxl.

——, Nat. and R., mentioned by Walton, xlii, xlvii, lx, lxvii, 3, 5, 7.

——, persons of the name of, interred in St Dunstan's Churchyard, 284.

Rogers, Mrs Mary, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified. cvi.

Rondeletius, quoted by Walton, 44, 153, 159, 160, 167; account of him. 44 *n.*

Rosicrucians, account of the, 186 *n.*

Rossell, Dorothy, wife of Harrold, cxxxv.

Rowell, George, citizen and upholder, of London, clv.
Rowsley, co. Derby, 230.
Royal Society, the, absurdity of the regulations respecting their library, 285.
Rud, kind of bastard roach engendered between the roach and the bream, 182.
Ruddy-fly, the, for May, 100.
Ruffcoat, the, a species of cadis, 190.
Ruffe, the, description of, and directions for angling for, 171.
Rufford, Francis, of Sapy, co. Worcester, Esq., 143 *n.*: Benjamin, 143 *n.*; Francis, his son and heir, 143- *n.*; Tamerlane, of London, 143 *n.*
Running-line, the, why so called, and directions for making it, 93 *n.*
Rupert, Prince, communicated to Charles Kerbye a method of tempering hooks, 188.
Russell, Mary, daughter of Sir William, of Strensham, in Worcestershire, Bart., clxxxiv, cciii.
Rusticatio Religiosi in Vacantiis, verses by Sir Henry Wotton, 275.

Sacaret, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Sadler, Ralph, of Standon, co. Herts, Esq., his otter-hounds; Sir Ralph, knight banneret, temp. Hen. VIII. and Eliz., *n.*; Sir Thomas, knight, 21.
St Dunstan's in the West, parish books and registers, clii, 284; Richard Marriott's shop in the churchyard of, 274.
St James's Park, 111 *n.*; ladies angling in the canal in, alluded to by Waller, 200 *n.*
St Peter never visited Rome, 34 *n.*
Saker, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Salamander, the, 43.
Salisbury Cathedral, epitaph of Izaak Walton the younger in, cxvii; bequest to the dean and chapter of, cxviii; list of books belonging to Izaak Walton the elder in the library of, cxlvii.
Salmon—salmon rivers made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I. cap. 47, and 13 Rich. II. cap. 19, 62 *n.*; spawning-time of, 122; migration, 123, 124; growth, 125; extract from Duncombe's History of Herefordshire respecting the salmon of the Wye, 126 *n.*; engraving of, 126; baits, flies, and directions for fishing for, 126, 127; varieties of, 129 *n.*; the roe of, recommended by Barker as an excellent bait, 189 *n.*; directions for preserving it, 189 *n.*
Salter, Mr Edmund, the son of Lady Salter, cxlvi. Sir William, cxlvi.
Sancroft, Archbishop, attributed to Walton the authorship of two letters of political affairs in 1678 and 1679, xcvii, xcviii.
Sanderson, Dr Robert, expelled from the University of Oxford, xxxv; his lectures "De Juramento," approved of by Charles I., and translated by him into English during his imprisonment, xxxvi; Walton's interview with, lxiii; made Bishop of Lincoln after the Restoration, lxv; his Life by Walton, xc; a copy of his Sermons, which belonged to Walton, now in the possession of Mr Pickering, xcii.
Sandwich, Lord and Lady, 129 *n.*
Sandys, Dr Edwin, Archbp. of York, 27 *n.* Sir Edwyn, xxii, lxxii. Mr George, biographical account of, 27.
Sargas, account of a fish called the, 46.
Saturnalia Convivia, by Aurelius Macrobius, quoted by Walton, 33.
Saunde, Anne, wife of Ed. Cranmer, cxxxv.
Saunders, Susan, wife of Edward, clxiii.
Saville, George, Marquis of Halifax, Cotton's translation of "Montaigne's Essays" dedicated to, clxxxvii. Sir Henry, cxliii; Walton erroneously supposed to have intended to write the Life of, lxxii.
Scala, Janus Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz in Moravia, account of, 133 *n.*
"Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie," published by Charles Cotton in 1664, clxxi; a new edition in 1670, clxxvi.
Schoo Brook, in Derbyshire, 227 *n.*
"Scillaes Metamorphosis, enterlaced with the unfortunate love of Glaucus, &c.," by Thomas Lodge, 1589, 4to, 110 *n.*
"Scintillula Altaris, or a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion, as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church," by E. Sparke, xlvi.
Scott, John, Esq., 56 *n.* Sir Walter, his defence of Walton against the criticism of Robert Frank, author of the "Northern Memoirs," lxii; allusions to Walton in his works, cxxiv.
Sea-angler, the cuttle-fish so called, 46.
Sea-gull, the, destructive to fish, 63.
Seale, Edward, a witness to the will of Izaak Walton the younger, cxix.
Seals of helitropium or bloodstone engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor instead of a cross, presented by Mr Donne to his friends before his death, xxiv.
"Secrets of Angling," a poem, by John Davors, Esq., 37 *n.*, 54 *n.*; observations respecting the authorship of, 276; quotation from, 128.
Segrave, Charles, of Scalford, co. Leicester, Esq., 60. Nicholas, mentioned by Walton as having tamed an otter, 60, 130.
Selarus, the river of, said to possess the power of converting wood into stone, 41.
Selby, John, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex, cc; his issue, cciii. Robert, Esq., of Kingsbury, in Middlesex, one of the representatives of Charles Cotton, cc, cciii.
Selden, John, intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv.
"Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces: to the Theorbo-Lute and Basse Viol," by John Wilson and C. Coleman, doctors in music, 178 *n.*
Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues for 1633, 111 *n.*
Sellar, Chas., mentioned in the will of Mrs Floud, xxx. John, xxii, vide Cranmer.
Seneca's "Natural Questions" quoted, 71.

Sergius I., Pope, the Venerable Bede invited to Rome by, 159 *n.*
Serpentine river, a perch weighing nine pounds taken in the, 157 *n.*
Severn, salmon of the, when in season, 5, 7; the conger in the, 165; source of the, 195; mentioned by Drayton, 196 *n.*
Seymour, Richard, Esq., clxxxi *n.*
Shakespeare, Mr William, author of the "Passionate Pilgrim," and other sonnets in, 1599, 80 *n.*; verses on his death, by William Basse, 282; quotations from his plays, in reference to angling, 286.
Shark, the, 43.
Shawford Brook, alluded to by Walton, in "The Angler's Wish," xli; that part of the river Sow that runs through the land bequeathed by Walton to the corporation of Stafford, 111 *n.*
Sheldon, Dr Gilbert, Warden of All Souls College, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the friend of Walton, lxxi, lxxix; Cotton's translation of Gerald's "History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon" dedicated to, clxxviii; mentioned by Walton as a famous angler for barbel, 170.
Shelley, Mary, daughter of John, of Michelgrove, co. Sussex, clxiii *n.*
Shell-fly, the, 95, 101, 262.
Shelsey cockles, superior to others, 73.
"Shepherd's Eclogues," xxxvii, vide Quarles.
Shepperton, chiefly resorted to by Londoners, for the sport of angling, 183.
Shirley, James, his poems, 14 *n.*
Shovelboard, account of the game of, 173.
Shrewsbury, the town of, 195.
Shrigley, Isabel, daughter of Lawrence, of Sinfin, co. Derby, cxxxii.
Shute's Divine Cordials, in Ten Sermons, a copy of, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library at Salisbury, cxlvii.
Sibbs, Dr, his "Soules Conflict," bequeathed by Walton to his son Izaak, ci; his "Saints Cordial," and "Returning Backslider," formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlviii.
"Sicelides, a Piscatory," by Phineas Fletcher, 119 *n.*
Skelton, the poet, extract from his "Crown of Laurell," 149 *n.*
Slane, ——, Anne Cranmer, wife of, cxxxv.
Small bright-brown fly, for April, 255.
"Small Poems of Divers Sorts," by Sir Aston Cokaine, xlv *n.*
Smith, Martha, of Stafford, cli.
Sniggling for eels, directions for, 162.
Solan goose, the, 43.
"Songs and Poems of Love," by Thomas Weaver, 13 *n.*
"Songs and other Poems," by Alexander Brome, 1664, 15 *n.*
South, Nathaniel, President of India, cxxxv.
Sow, the river, near Stafford, xli.
"Spanish Gipsee," the play of, 274.
Sparke, Edward, verses by Walton, prefixed to his "Scintillula Altaris," xlvi.
Sparrowhawk, the, 28.
Spencer, Dr J., President of Corpus Christi College, married a daughter of Thomas Cranmer, of Canterbury, xxii; mentioned in will of Mrs Floud, mother-in-law to Walton, xxx; pupil and friend of Hooker, cxxxv *n.*
Spiders, thirty-three kinds of, discovered and published by the Royal Society, 76.
Spoondon, rectory of, co. Derby, clxxi, cc.
Stafford, the birthplace of Walton, xvii; no allusion in his works to his residence at, xli; a farm near, bequeathed to his son Izaak, c; bequest to the town of, c; his charities to the town of, cxlix–clii. Henry, son of Mr William, bequest to, by Dr Donne the younger, cxlii.
Standon, co. Herts, the seat of Ralph Sadler, Esq., 21 *n.*
Stanhope, the family of, connected with that of Cotton by marriage, clxiv. Anne, daughter of Sir John; Charlotte, wife of Rev. Henry Archer, cc, ccii. Elizabeth, cc. Dr George, Dean of Canterbury; G., his son, cc–cci. Henry Lord, eldest son of Philip, 1st Earl of Chesterfield, xliii, lxxix. Sir Henry, K.B.; Sir John, of Shelton, co. Notts, and of Elvaston, co. Derby; John, ancestor of the Earls of Harrington, cc, ccii. Katherine, daughter of Sir John, ccii. Mary, wife of William Burnet, Governor of New York, cc, ccii. Olive, daughter of Sir John, of Elvaston, in Derbyshire, wife of Charles Cotton, clxiii, clxiv, ccii. Olivia, wife of Dr George, cci. Sir Philip, 1st Earl of Chesterfield; Philip, 2d Earl of Chesterfield, ccii.
Stangel, the, a species of hawk, 28.
Staples, Mary, wife of John Donne, lxx.
Starkin, Mr, of Stafford, his charity, cl.
Steletto, species of hawk, 28.
Stickleback, baiting with, 193.
Still, Bishop, author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," 1575, 281.
Stone-fly, the, for April, 95, 100, 257, 259.
Stour, in Dorsetshire, famous for eels, 164 *n.* The name of, common to several rivers in England, 230 *n.*
Stourhead, a carp caught at, eighteen pounds in weight, 142 *n.*
Strafford, the Earl of, Charles I.'s assent to his death, xxxvi.
Strawberries, Dr Boteler's observations respecting, quoted by Walton, 109.
Straw-worm, a species of cadis, 190.
Stubs, Mr John, near to the Swan in Golden Lane, mentioned by Walton as a seller of fishing-tackle, 188.
Sturgeon, the, ushered in with music by the Romans, 33.
Sudbury, the seat of Lord Vernon, clxxxvi.
Sussex, boasts of four sorts of fish, 140.
Sutton, George, of Stafford, apprenticed by Izaak Walton, cxlix.
Sutton, co. Warwick, a bream pie made at, and sent to the Earl of Warwick at Middleham, 218 *n.*
Swale, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*

Swallow, carrying letters between armies, 39; called a half-year bird, 73.

Swan, the, destructive to fish, 63.

Swinfen, Mr, a member of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons in 1647, to hear arguments adduced on behalf of the University of Oxford, to show why they should not take the Covenant, xxxv; conjectured to have been the "powerful man in the Parliament" who desired Walton to advise his friend Dr Morley to leave Oxford on the arrival of the Visitors, xxxvi.

"Sword and Buckler," a poem by William Basse, 282.

Sword-fish, the, 43.

Symonds, John, xxxix *n.*, xlvii, cciv.

Symson's Historie of the Church, formerly belonging to Izaak Walton, now in the cathedral library of Salisbury, cxlvii.

"Synagogue," the, a religious poem by the Rev. Christopher Harvie, lxvii.

Taglis, Thomas, clii.

"Tale of Two Swannes," by W. Vallans, 275.

Tanner, John, Joseph, and Judith, ccv.

Tarcel, the, a species of hawk, 28.

Tassel-gentle, a species of hawk, 28.

Tate, Rev. James, his translation of a Latin ode, addressed by Dr James Duport to Walton, on the publication of the "Complete Angler," lxxxviii. N., editor of "The Innocent Epicure," 274.

Tawny fly, the, 95.

Tayler, Joseph, a witness to Izaak Walton's will, cii; not identified, cvi. Mr, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii.

Tees, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*

"Temple," a poem, by G. Herbert, lxxxi.

Tench, description of, 153; old recipe for cooking, 153 *n.*; the Physician of fishes, 154; engraving of, 155; baits for, 155; its haunts, 155 *n.*; a large one caught at Thornville Royal, 155 *n.*

Thame, the town of, 195 *n.*

Thames, the salmon of, when in season, 9, 12; made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Rich. II., 62 *n.*; the Lord Mayor appointed conservator of, by stat. 17 Rich. II., 62 *n.*; complaint made by the Commons in 1384, of the taking of fish in, with unlawful nets, 63 *n.*; directions for chub-fishing in, 70 *n.*; weirs forbidden to be made in, by Magna Charta, 183 *n.*; weirs in, between London and Staines, destroyed by the Lord Mayor in 1757, 183 *n.*; sources of, 195 *n.*; mentioned by Drayton, 196 *n.*

Thatched House at Hoddesdon, l, 20, 36; engraving of, 56.

Thaurosthones, gave notice to his father in Ægina, by a pigeon stained with purple, of his victory at the Olympian games, 27.

"Thealma and Clearchus," a Pastoral, by John Chalkhill, Esq., published by Walton about 1678, xciii.

"Theatre of Compliments; or, New Academy," 79 *n.*

Theobald's Palace, engraving of the interior of, 35; historical account of, 35 *n.*; one of King James' favourite places of retirement, 35 *n.*; general view of, 180; verses descriptive of, 275; plate of, under the misnomer of Richmond Palace, 275.

Thompson, Mr Richard, his observations upon the phrase, "To buy a good wind of one of the honest witches," 283.

Thomson, quotation from his "Seasons," descriptive of the art of angling, 288.

Thrustros, Mr, baptized Izaak Walton the younger, xli.

Thorn tree-fly, the, for March, 254.

Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, an extraordinary tench taken at, 155 *n.*

Thracimane Lake, in Italy, the largest pike said to be found in, 132.

Thrassel, the, cxiv, 26.

Throckmorton, Mary, daughter of Sir Arthur, xliii.

Thynne, Lady Isabella, quotation from Waller, on her playing the lute, 179 *n.*

Titlark, the, cxiv, 26.

Tivy, the river, in Pembrokeshire, extract from Drayton's Polyolbion respecting the salmon-leap in, 124.

Tixall, a presentation copy of Walton's Life of Hooker, in the library at, lxxviii.

Tobacco, King James' Counterblast, 240 *n.*

Toghill, in Gloucestershire, 276.

Tombs, Mr Thomas, goldsmith of London, inscription on his gravestone, in Hampton Churchyard, 183 *n.*

Tomlins, Thomas, of London, merchant, cxxxiv. Sarah, wife of Sir Thomas Jenkinson, cxxxiv.

"Tom of Bedlam," a song, by William Basse, 85; copy thereof, 282.

Topsel, Edward, author of a "History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents," 74 *n.*

Tottenham Cross, 19, 191 *n.*, 194, 203, 207.

Tradescant, John, grandfather, father, and son, collection of Natural History, 42; monument in Lambeth Churchyard, 42 *n.*; residence in Lambeth, 42 *n.*; now occupied by William Heseltine, Esq., 275.

"Travels to the Holy Land, Egypt, and elsewhere," by George Sandys, 27 *n.*

"Treatise on the Nature of God," the model adopted by Walton for the "Complete Angler," xlvi; extract from, 19.

"Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," by Juliana Berners, 289.

Trent, salmon of the, when in season, 5, 7; made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*; and 13 Rich. II., 63 *n*; the grayling found in, 122; "Practical Observations on Angling" in, 165 *n.*; source and course of, 195, 229; mentioned by Drayton, 196 *n.*

Trentham, Katherine, daughter of Thomas, of Rowcester, co. Stafford, cciii. Co. Stafford, 229.

"Triall of Treasure," the, a new and merry Enterlude, 1567, 87.

Tring, co. Hertford, three sources of the river Thame, in the parish of, 195 *n.*

"Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret," an elegy, inscribed by Colonel Lovelace to Charles Cotton, clxviii.
Trollope, Sir Thomas, Bart., cxxxv.
Trolly Lolly, a notorious female offender, prostitute, and housebreaker, 87 *n.*
Trout, the, when in season, 72, 75; caught in the Lake of Geneva three cubits in length; varieties of, 72; Fordidge trout will not take a bait, 72; bull-trout, 74; time of spawning, 75; varieties of, 76; engraving of, 84; baits for, 90, 91, 94; directions for angling for, 93, 99, 117, 119; natural flies for, Walton's list of, 95; list of artificial flies, and directions for making, quoted from Barker, 100, 106; painting of a trout near an ell long, at the George Inn, Ware, 115; very large ones, noticed, 115 *n.*; instance of longevity of, 115 *n.*; its haunts, 120 *n.*; dies sooner out of water than other fresh-water fish, 141; the roe of, recommended by Barker as an excellent bait, 189; directions for preserving, 189 *n.*; Cotton's directions for fishing for, 241 et seq.
Trout Hall, mentioned by Walton, li.
"Troy Town," a song, printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 79 *n.*; copy, 279.
Tufton, Margaret, wife of Sir John, xliii.
Tully, the best of orators, 34.
Turkey-fly, the, for May, 257.
Turtle-dove, the, 27, 47.
Tweed, the, mentioned by Drayton, 196 *n.*
Twety, master of the game to Edw. II., 116 *n.*
Tyne, the river, 196.

ULLSWATER, the guiniad taken in, 166 *n.*
Underhill, S., son of Mr Francis, cliv.
Usher, Dr, Archbp. of Armagh, xxxvii, lxxiii.
Usk, the salmon of, when in season, 5, 7.
Uxbridge, a gudgeon taken at, weighing half a pound, 171.

VALDESSO, John, a Spanish author, 40 *n.*
Vallans, W., author of "A Tale of Two Swannes," 275.
Varro Marcus Terentius, quoted by Walton, 33.
Vaughan, the fish in the first edition of the "Complete Angler" engraved by, 3. Lord Chief-Justice, intimate with Chas. Cotton the elder, clxiv.
Venables, Colonel, commemorated in "The Innocent Epicure," in 1697, 274.
Vernon, Anna, daughter of George, of Sudbury, civ *n.* Dorothy, daughter of George, of Sudbury, cv *n.* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George, of Farnham, cv. Sir George, of Farnham, a ring bequeathed to, by Izaak Walton, cii. George, son of George, of Sudbury, cv. Henry, son of George, of Sudbury, ancestor of the present Lord, cv *n.* Henry, of Congerton, in Cheshire, letter to Sir Edward Vernon, of Sudbury, clxxxvi. Rose, sister of Sir Thomas, of Coleman Street, xxxix *n.*, cv.
Villiers, Colonel George, cxcix.
Vine-fly, the 95.
Violet-fly, the, for April, 255.
Virgil, his tomb, erroneously said by Walton to be at Florence, 34.
"Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque," a poem by Charles Cotton, clxxiv.
Vuedvill, Mrs, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified, cvi.

WAGTAIL, the, called a half-year bird, 73.
Walker's "History of the Sufferings of the Clergy," Izaak Walton the younger said to have been a contributor to, cxvi.
Waller, Edmund, the poet, castigated by Charles Cotton for writing a panegyric on "The Protector," clxix; extract from a poem by, in praise of music, 179; extract from a poem by, on St James' Park, 200 *n.*
Wallop, Mrs Dorothy, a copy of the "Complete Angler" presented to, by Walton, xcvi; a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii. Henry, of Farley, in Hampshire, Esq., xcvi. John, Viscount Lymington, and Earl of Portsmouth, xcvi.
Waltham, the town of, 196 *n.*
Walton, pedigree of the family of, cxxxii, cxxxiii; wills of persons of the name of, from the bishop's registry at Lichfield, cxxxvii; list of portraits in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli; births, marriages, and deaths, from the registers of St Dunstan's in the West, clii; from the registers of St Mary, Stafford, cliv; observations upon the early part of the pedigree of, cliv. Anne, daughter of Izaak, her birth, xli; married Dr William Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, lxxxiv; bequests to by her father's will, c; also by the will of her brother, Isaac Walton, cxviii; appointed sole executrix of his will, cxviii; her death, monumental inscription, and issue, cxx. Henry, of Whitechapel, Izaak Walton the elder supposed to have been apprenticed to, clv.
WALTON, IZAAK, THE ELDER; birth and parentage, xvii; childhood, xvii; apprenticed to a sempster or haberdasher in London, xviii; observations on an article in "The Freebooter," 18th October 1823, xviii *n.*; "The Love of Amos and Laura, written by S. P.," xix; corrected, or partly written by him, previous to the first publication, when twenty years of age, xix; identity of S. P. with Samuel Purchas, author of "The Pilgrimage," unascertained, xix; resided in Fleet Street in 1624, xx; intimacy with Dr Donne, through whom he became acquainted with Sir Henry Wotton, Dr Henry King, John Hales of Eton, and other eminent persons, xx; known to Ben Jonson, and terms Drayton his honest old friend, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished literary men of his age, xx; their acquaintance proof of the esteem in which he was held, xx; errors of his biographers respecting his wives; stated by Sir John Hawkins and Dr Zouch to have been only once married, the name of his

first wife contained in every edition of the "Complete Angler," except the first, xxi; his acquaintance with Dr King the cause of his introduction to the family of Floud of Canterbury, xxi; married Rachel, daughter of Robert Floud, xxi; his wife's mother removed to London, and resided with them until her death, xxii; Walton's account of his connection with the Cranmer family from his Life of Hooker, xxii; the two sisters of William Cranmer, supposed to have been his mother-in-law, Mrs Floud, and the widow of Dr Spencer, xxii; his account of the death of his friend Dr Donne, whom he attended in his last hours, xxiii; presented by the Dr with a ring of heliotropium, or bloodstone, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, instead of the cross, which he always used, xxiv; Elegy on Dr Donne's death, xxiv; remark on his use of the word "convert" in the Elegy, xxvi; lines written by him and placed under a portrait of Dr Donne, xxvi; requested by Sir Henry Wotton to collect materials for an intended Life of Donne, xxvi; letter on the subject from Sir Henry Wotton, xxvii; Sir Henry dying, Walton himself undertakes to write the Life, xxvii; his motives for so doing, xxviii; his first essay as a biographer highly applauded by his contemporaries, xxviii; received the approbation of Charles I., and of "the ever-memorable" John Hales, xxviii; Donne's son sends him a copy of the volume of Sermons and a letter of thanks, for having written his father's Life, xxix; his residence from 1628 until 1644, as stated in the parish books of St Dunstan's, xxix; filled various parish offices between 1632 and 1640, xxix; birth and death of his two sons, respectively named Henry, and death of his mother-in-law, Mrs Floud, xxx; bequests to him and his wife by her, xxx; death of his wife Rachel, and of his only child Anne, xxx; the original of his picture of the married state presented to him by his own home, xxxi; only one allusion to his first wife in his works, xxxi; in "The Angler's Wish" he speaks of the happiness it affords him to "hear my *Chlora* sing a song," but in the fifth edition, in 1676, "*Kenna*" is substituted for "*Chlora*," xxxii; verses to his friend Lewis Roberts, the author of "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," xxxii; supposed to have published George Cranmer's Letter to Hooker concerning the new church discipline, xxxii; verses prefixed to a collection of the Poems of Wm. Cartwright, xxxiii; continued to reside in Chancery Lane until August 1644, xxxiii; his place of residence between 1644 and 1651 doubtful, xxxiii; supposed to have retired from mercantile pursuits, xxxiii; political and religious opinions, account of the Scotch Covenanters, and the proceedings of the Long Parliament, xxxiv; remarkable fact respecting the execution of Archbishop Laud, xxxv; in London in Jan. 1645, and in Dec. 1647, xxxv; his account of the expulsion of Dr George Morley, canon of Christ Church, from Oxford, xxxv; anecdotes of Charles I., xxxvi; the address to the reader prefixed to F. Quarles' "Shepherd's Eclogues," attributed to Walton, xxxvii; married Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, xxxviii; his wife's age and character, xxxix; refutation of Anthony Wood's statement respecting Walton's removal from London, xl; said to have retired during the civil wars to a cottage of his own, near Stafford, xl; the accuracy of this statement considered to be doubtful, xl; no allusion in his works to his having lived at or near Stafford, excepting the mention of "Shawford Brook" in "The Angler's Wish," xli; Mrs Walton delivered of a daughter, Anne, on the 11th March 1648, xli; the event recorded by Walton in a copy of his prayer-book, now in the possession of Dr Hawes, xli; description of that book, xli; took a house in Clerkenwell before the year 1650, where Mrs Walton gave birth to a son, Izaak, who was buried there on the 10th June, xli; his last son Izaak, born 7th September 1651, xli; published a collection of the writings of Sir Henry Wotton, under the title of "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," with a memoir of the author, xlii; his motives for becoming Wotton's biographer, xlii; observations on that work, xliii; Walton the "friend" alluded to by Wotton in his "Description of the Spring, on a bank as I sat a-fishing," xliv; letter by Sir Henry Wotton, enclosing a hymn, written during a severe illness, xliv; intrusted by Robert Milward, Esq., a prisoner in the garrison at Stafford, to convey to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower, the King's lesser George, preserved by the latter after the battle of Worcester, xlv; resided in Clerkenwell from 1650 to 1661, xlv; commendatory verses, prefixed to his "worthy friend" Edward Sparke's "Scintillula Altaris," xlvi; published the first edition of the "Complete Angler" in 1653, being then sixty years of age, xlvi; adopted as the model for his work, "A Treatise on the Nature of God," and indebted for some of his ideas to Heresbachius' Husbandry, by Googe, xlvi; dedicated the work to John Offley, of Madeley Manor, in Staffordshire, Esq., xlvii; accomplished in the "Complete Angler," as in the "Life of Donne," an object which had been contemplated by Sir Henry Wotton, xlvii; proved the will of his father-in-law, Mr Thomas Ken, xlvii; made large additions to the second edition of the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, xlviii; published a second edition of the "Complete Angler" in 1655; analysis of the contents of his second edition, xlviii–lx; can be no doubt that Walton meant to identify himself with Piscator, lx; his treatise gave universal satisfaction to his contemporaries, with the exception of Robert Frank, the author of "Northern Memoirs," lx; defended from this attack by Sir Walter Scott, in a second edition of Frank's work, lxii; account of his interview with Bishop Sanderson, in 1655, lxii; his opinion of Dr Fuller's "Church History," lxiii; published a second edition of his "Life of Dr Donne" in 1658, dedicated to Sir Robert Holt, of Aston, in Warwickshire, lxiv; the memorials of Walton again imperfect until after the Restoration, lxv; an "Humble Eclogue," addressed to his "ingenious friend Mr Brome, on his varicus and excellent poems," lxvi; published the third edition of the "Complete Angler" in 1661, wherein he alludes to the loss of his fishing companions, Nat. and R. Roe, although he does not notice the death of Mr Offley, to whom he had dedicated the previous edition, lxvii; also wrote some verses on the publication of the fourth edition of a poem, called "The Synagogue," by the Rev. Christopher Harvie, lxvii; death of his second wife, lxviii; epitaph to her memory, lxix; remarks on the alterations in a manuscript copy thereof, in his Prayer-Book, lxix; conjectured to have been on a visit to his friend Dr Morley at the time of his wife's death, lxix; became the permanent guest of Dr Morley soon after his translation to the see of Winchester, lxx; had a bequest from Dr Donne the younger, who died in the winter of 1662, "of all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son if he makes him a scholar," lxxi; obtained a lease of a building adjoining a house called the Cross Keys, in Paternoster Row, lxxi; the first two years of his residence with Bishop Morley occupied in writing the Life of Richard Hooker, lxxi; letter from Dr King, Bishop of Chichester, congratulating him on that undertaking, lxxii; the inference which has been drawn from a passage in Dr King's letter, that Walton intended to write the Life of Sir Henry Savile, apparently without foundation, lxxiii; his motives for writing the Life of Hooker, lxxiii; said to have written a letter to a kinsman at Coventry, on the rejection of the Bill of Comprehension, in 1668, lxxv; published a fourth edition of the "Complete Angler," in 1668, which is stated in the title-page to have been "much corrected and enlarged," lxxv; still the guest of Bishop Morley, and engaged upon the Life of Mr George Herbert, and in revising the Memoirs of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, lxxv; indebted for some of the facts respecting Herbert to Dr Henchman, Bishop of London, and to Mr Oley's preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," lxxvi; complimentary verses addressed to him "upon his excellent Life of Mr George Herbert," by Samuel Woodford, afterwards prebendary of Chichester, lxxvi; Walton's account of his biographical labours, lxxvii; complimentary verses to Walton upon the Life of Hooker, by Dr Woodford, lxxviii; a copy of the "Lives," presented by Walton to Walter, Lord Aston, preserved in the library at Tixall, lxxviii; presented a petition to the Court of Judicature for the determination of differences touching houses burnt in London, lxxix; dedicated the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, lxxix; copy of his letter of dedication, lxxix; letter from him to his publisher Marriott, lxxx; the tenth edition of Herbert's poem, "The Temple," with Walton's "Life of Herbert," for the first time prefixed to it, lxxxi; poem addressed to Walton, by Charles Cotton, on the republication of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, lxxxi–lxxxiv; no allusion made by Walton to his only surviving son and daughter during their childhood, lxxxiv; his son destined for holy orders, lxxxiv; marriage of his daughter Anne with Dr William Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, lxxxiv; published the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler," in 1676, lxxxv; observations upon the additions made by him in that edition, lxxxv; Cotton's treatise on fly-fishing, written in consequence of Walton's application to him, lxxxv; his letter to Walton which accompanied the MS., dated at Beresford, 10th March 1676; a printed copy of the treatise, with an answer, dated at London, returned to him on the 29th of the following month, lxxxvi; supposed that Walton spent some weeks at Beresford in May and June 1676, lxxxvi; the intimacy between Walton and Cotton well known to the readers of the "Complete Angler," lxxxvi; their initials joined in a cipher on a stone placed over the door of a fishing-house which the latter erected on the banks of the Dove, between Walton's last visit to Beresford and that paid in 1676, lxxxvii; Walton's description of the scenery near the fishing-house, lxxxvii; eulogiums upon his character introduced into Cotton's treatise, lxxxvii; his allusions thereto in a letter to Cotton, lxxxviii; complimentary verses to Walton, on the publication of the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler," in a Latin Ode, by Dr James Duport, translated by the Rev. James Tate, canon residentiary of St Paul's, lxxxviii; verses addressed to him by Cotton, inviting him to renew their piscatory sports in the ensuing May, xc; published his last work, the Life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, xc; dedication to Bishop Morley, xci; his reasons for writing the Life, xci; requested information relative to Sanderson from Dr Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, xcii; whilst writing the account of Bishop Sanderson's death, appears to have been deeply impressed with the close approach of his own, xcii; the Life of Sanderson, with a corrected edition of his sermons, reprinted in 1678, xciii; determined in 1678 on publishing a poem, entitled Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral history, which had been written many years before, by John Chalkhill, Esq.; the authorship erroneously attributed to himself, xciii; his preface thereto, xciv; verses by the poet Flatman on the publication of this poem, xcv; copy of the "Complete Angler" presented by him to Mrs Wallop, at Farnham Castle; account of that lady, xcvi; two letters on political subjects in 1678 and 1679, ascribed to him; inquiry into their authenticity, xcvi–xcix; his son presented to the living of Polshot, in Wiltshire; wrote to Anthony Wood, in reply to an inquiry respecting the death of Dr Aylmer; made his will 9th August 1683, xcix; copy thereof, xcix–cii; observations thereupon, and biographical notices of the persons mentioned therein, ciii–cvi; died at Winchester on the 15th December 1683; buried in Prior Silkstead's Chapel, in Winchester Cathedral, cvi; his character and education, cvii; his opinion of ancestry and honours, cviii; his political and religious opinions, cix–cxii; fond of poetry and music, cxiv; had some knowledge of the art of design, cxiv; his contempt for riches, cxv; account of his surviving issue and representatives, cxvi, cxxiii; tributes paid to his memory by some of the most distinguished writers of the present age, cxxiii, cxxvii; copy of entries of the births and deaths of his family made by him in his Book of Common Prayer, cxli; copy of his memoranda respecting John Hales, cxliii–cxlvii; list of books belonging to him, now in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury, cxlvii; his charities to the town of Stafford, cxlix; list of portraits of his family, in the possession of the Rev. Dr Hawes, cli; extracts from the parish books of St Dunstan's in the West, and from the registers of that parish, relative to parochial offices filled by him, clii; additional reasons for supposing that he was apprenticed to Henry Walton, of Whitechapel, clv.

Walton, Izaak, the younger, his birth, xli; bequest made to his use by Dr Donne the younger, lxxi; destined for holy orders, lxxxiv; presented to the living of Polshot, in Wiltshire, xcix; bequests made to him by his father's will, ci; biographical account of, cxvi; his death, cxvii; his will, cxvii, cxix.

——, Mr Richard, a ring bequeathed to, by Izaak Walton the elder, cii.

Ward, Dr Seth, Bishop of Salisbury, xcix; a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii, cv.

Ware, the town of, 20, 196 *n.*; painting of a trout near an ell long, at the George Inn at, mentioned by Walton, 115.

Warren, Mr, large barbel caught by, in Walton Deeps, 170.

Warrington, the battle of, 113 *n.*

Waskite, a species of hawk from Virginia, 28.

Wasp-fly, the, for July, 101, 261.

Water, 31; its productiveness, 32.

Weaver, the Rev. Thomas, commendatory verses on the publication of the "Complete Angler," xlviii, 10; biographical account of, 13 *n.*

Webb, or Webburie, Elizabeth, wife of John, of Rotterdam, merchant, cxxxv.

Wenman, Richard, Viscount, 282.

Westminster, King Street in, 163.

Weston, Rich., Baron of Exchequer, ccii.

Whale, the, 33, vide Balæna.

Wharfe, the river, subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*

Wharton, Dr, biographical account of, 33 *n.*; description of a strange fish dissected by, 197; his portrait, 286.

Whetley Bridge, 195 *n.*

Whirling dun-flies, for March and April, directions for making, 254, 255.

Whitaker, Dr William, a lover of angling, 51; account of him, 51 *n.*

White-dun fly, the, for July, 261.

White gnat, the, for May, 257.

White hackle, the, for August, 262.

White, Mr Peter, a ring bequeathed to, by Walton, cii; not identified, cvi.

Whitehead, Mr John, mentioned in Walton's will, ci.

Whitgift, Archbishop, lxxii.

Whitish-dun fly, a, for March, 254.

Wildon, co. Derby, 229.

Williams, Sir Abraham, mentioned by Walton, 156.

Williamson, Mr James, his observations respecting the author of "The Secrets of Angling," 276.

Willy, the river, mentioned by Drayton, 196*n.*

Wilson, John, doctor in music, 178 *n.*

——, the ornithologist, cxxv.

Winander Mere, in Westmoreland, the char taken in, 165.

Winchester, Walton's books at, bequeathed to his daughter, Mrs Hawkins, c, ci; his epitaph in Prior Silkstead's Chapel, in the cathedral of, cvii.

Windsor, the town of, lxxx, 184; the castle of, cxxx.

Winniff, Dr, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, xxiii.

Winston, co. Durham, the birthplace of Dr Wharton, 33 *n.*

"Wise Men of Gotham," a facetious penny history much in circulation in the time of Walton, 11 *n.*

Wolseley Bridge, co. Stafford, 229.

"Wonders of the Peak," a poem published by Cotton in 1681, clxxxvi; extract from, 286.

Wood, Anthony, quoted, xl, lxx.

Woodford, Samuel, prebendary of Winchester, complimentary verses addressed by him to Walton, on the publication of his Life of Herbert, lxxvii; also on the Life of Hooker, lxxxviii.

Woodhouse, Joseph, of Wollescote, co. Derby, gent., clxxxviii.
Worcester, the battle of, xliv; Mrs Walton's epitaph in the cathedral of, lxix.
Wordsworth, a sonnet by, in praise of Walton's biographical works, cxxiv.
Worms, different kinds of, directions for finding, scouring, and keeping, 91, 92.
Wotton, Anne, wife of Sir E. Hales, xliii. Sir Henry, the intimate friend of Izaak Walton, xx; presented by Dr Donne with a seal of bloodstone engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, xxiv; letter to Walton, in reply to communication from him respecting an intended Life of Dr Donne, xxvii; his writings published by Walton, under the title of "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," xlii; account of him, xlii; his "Description of the Spring, on a bank as I sat a-fishing," xliv, l, 54; letter from him to Walton, enclosing a hymn written at night during a severe illness, xliv; intended to have written a discourse of the art and in praise of angling, xlvii, 2; mentioned by Walton, lxxix, lxxx, 172; intimate with Charles Cotton the elder, clxiv; a lover of angling, 53; oils used by him to tempt fish to bite, 186; verses by him quoted by Walton, 208, 209; descriptive account of his fishing-house near Eton, by Mr Jesse, cxxix; verses entitled "Rusticatio Religiosi in vacantiis," ascribed to him, 275.
Wotton, Katherine, wife of Henry, Lord Stanhope, xliii, ccii. Margaret, wife of Sir John Tufton, xliii. Mary Baroness, the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," dedicated to, xliii. Thomas, 2d Lord, of Marley, xliii.
Wrangham, Archdeacon, his translation of verses, written by James Park, Esq., in praise of Walton, cxxvi; his translation of verses addressed to Walton by Dr Duport, 274.
Wye, the salmon of the, when in season, 5, 7, 126; grayling plentiful in the, 122; both the lamperne and the lamprey taken in the, 165 *n.*; sources of the, 230.
Wyre, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Rich. II., 62 *n.*

YANANTON, Ann, wife of John, of Redstone, co. Worcester, 143 *n.*
Yare, the river, made subject to the fence months by stat. 13 Edw. I., 62 *n.*
Yarmouth, herrings plentiful at, 198; the town of, bound by charter to send to the king, yearly, one hundred herrings baked in twenty-four pies, 198 *n.*
Yellow-dun fly, a, for April, 256.
Yellow flies, for May and June, 100.
York, the Duke of, master of the game, alluded to by Juliana Berners, 291.

ZOUCH, Dr, error in his statement respecting Walton's marriage, xx; his Life of Walton quoted, lxxxviii, cxiii, cxxvii.

THE END.

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